



Sarah Murfin
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READINGS

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

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PREFACE.

THE Extracts which form this Second Part of "READINGS FROM THE BEST AUTHORS," have been selected mainly with a regard to their suitableness as Exercises in Elocution for the members of middle and upper classes in schools. And thus, while many of them are of a higher order than the specimens of Part I., it has nevertheless been deemed essential that each piece should exhibit some of the following characteristics:—

1st, That the subject be one which boys can thoroughly appreciate, and which may therefore largely enlist their sympathies.

2d, That the subject be *so treated* that the thoughts and imagery may be readily apprehended, and speedily brought home to the heart and the feelings. For it cannot be expected that those portions of an author which require for their comprehension a laborious and minute explanation on the part of the teacher, and a great exercise of thought on the part of the pupil, can be read with spirit and with taste.

3d, That strongly marked rhetorical peculiarities abound, so that the young may be early taught to avoid a monotonous and unimpressive style of reading.

To each Piece has been prefixed a very brief notice of its author, and, when necessary, of the circumstances under which it was written. A few notes have been added to explain the more obscure references; but it has been judged best for the interests of both teacher and pupil to limit these within narrow bounds.

It is not intended that the Extracts in this volume be read in the order in which they are printed, but that, on the contrary, teachers

should select from day to day such passages as they may deem most suitable. An attempt has therefore been made at a classification on a simple and natural principle. It has not, however, been found easy to decide under which head certain pieces should most appropriately be ranged, partaking, as many of them do, of the characteristics of more than one class.

While a large proportion of the specimens now selected have not previously appeared in any class-book, it will nevertheless be seen that many old favourites have been retained in their place of honour. Some of these may be objected to as hackneyed; but it must be remembered that though familiar to us, they are fresh to the rising generation; and that if they delighted our youthful fancies, they will be no less successful in captivating the minds of our children.

Example is in all things, proverbially, more powerful than precept; and this is especially true in training to a correct and tasteful style of reading. The voice of the teacher and the ear of the pupil are the two great instruments by means of which the desired result must be accomplished:—for the young, rules are comparatively valueless. It has therefore been decided not to cumber this volume with any system of rhetorical canons. Those teachers who seek such aid may find it in Vandenhoff's, Bell's, or Chambers' Principles of Elocution.

In conclusion, the Editor begs to return his best thanks to the various Publishers who have given him permission to insert in this Work those extracts which are copyright.

CONTENTS.

PROSE.

SECTION I.—HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

	Page
I. Death of William III.....	<i>Lord Macaulay</i> 9
II. Capture and Execution of Monmouth.....	<i>Lord Macaulay.</i> 12
III. George III.....	<i>Thackeray.</i> 15
IV. Sack of the Bastille.....	<i>Carlyle.</i> 20
V. Death of Marie Antoinette.....	<i>Carlyle.</i> 23
VI. The Cave of Dahra.....	<i>Douglas Jerrold.</i> 26
VII. The Battle of Balaclava—Cavalry Charge.....	<i>W. H. Russell.</i> 28
VIII. The Voyage.....	<i>W. Irving.</i> 31
IX. Vision of Sudden Death.....	<i>De Quincey.</i> 35
X. Lucy Fleming.....	<i>Professor Wilson.</i> 38

SECTION II.—FICTION.

I. Story of Le Fevre.....	<i>Sterne.</i> 43
II. The Brothers Dorrit.....	<i>Dickens</i> 50
III. The Vision of Mirza.....	<i>Addison.</i> 52

SECTION III.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I. Character of Napoleon.....	<i>Phillips.</i> 58
II. Character of Washington.....	<i>Phillips.</i> 61
III. Science and Art.....	<i>Sir D. Brewster.</i> 62
IV. Mountains.....	<i>W. Howitt.</i> 64
V. Inventive Genius and Labour.....	<i>Elihu Burritt.</i> 66
VI. Duty of Forgiveness.....	<i>S. Johnson.</i> 68
VII. Marshal Bugeaud and Arab Chieftain.....	<i>W. S. Lander.</i> 70
VIII. The Deluge.....	<i>Dr. Guthrie.</i> 73

SECTION IV.—ORATORY.

	Page
I. Cicero for Milo.....	76
II. Pitt's Reply to Walpole.....	80
III. P. Henry on British Rule in America.....	82
IV. Burke's Panegyric on Sheridan.....	84
V. Burke's Panegyric on Marie Antoinette.....	85
VI. Adams on the Sword of Washington and the Staff of Franklin.....	86
VII. Sheil's Reply to Lord Lyndhurst.....	88
VIII. Curran on Freedom.....	89
IX. Fox on the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.....	90
X. Webster on Slavery in the United States.....	93
XI. Brougham in Defence of Queen Caroline.....	94
XII. Kossuth on the Hungarian Revolution.....	95
XIII. Gladstone on the Affairs of Greece.....	99
XIV. South on Man before the Fall.....	101
XV. Archer Butler on the Majesty of Christ.....	103

POETRY.

SECTION I.—HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

I. Triumphs of the English Language.....	<i>J. G. Lyons.</i>	107
II. The Threatened Invasion.....	<i>Campbell.</i>	109
III. The Abbot to Bruce.....	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i>	110
IV. Ancient Greece.....	<i>Byron.</i>	113
V. Present State of Greece.....	<i>Byron.</i>	114
VI. Battle of Killiecrankie.....	<i>Aytoun.</i>	116
VII. Death of Leonidas.....	<i>Croly.</i>	118
VIII. The Plain of Marathon.....	<i>Byron.</i>	120
IX. Alexander's Feast.....	<i>Dryden.</i>	122
X. Marco Bozzaris.....	<i>F. Hallock.</i>	126
XI. The Cid's Funeral Procession.....	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	128
XII. Franklin, Sir John.....	<i>"Punch."</i>	131
XIII. The Avenging Child.....	<i>Lockhart.</i>	133
XIV. Battle of Bunker's Hill.....	<i>Cozzens.</i>	135
XV. Belshazzar's Feast.....	<i>Drummond.</i>	138
XVI. The Caves of Dahra—or, Vive la Guerre.....	<i>"Punch."</i>	142
XVII. Charge of the Light Brigade.....	<i>Tennyson.</i>	145
XVIII. Scene before the Siege of Corinth.....	<i>Byron.</i>	146
XIX. Scene after the Siege of Corinth.....	<i>Byron.</i>	148
XX. Lay of Virginia.....	<i>Lord Macaulay.</i>	150
XXI. The Fate of Macgregor.....	<i>Hogg.</i>	155
XXII. The Battle of Naseby.....	<i>Lord Macaulay.</i>	158

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
XXIII. The Island of the Scots.....	<i>Aytoun.</i> 161
XXIV. Thunder Storm among the Alps.....	<i>Byron.</i> 165
XXV. Pitt—Nelson—Fox.....	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i> 166
XXVI. Ivan the Czar.....	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i> 170
XXVII. A Ship Sinking.....	<i>Professor Wilson.</i> 172
XXVIII. The Convict Ship.....	<i>Hervey.</i> 174
XXIX. The Red Fisherman.....	<i>Præd.</i> 176
XXX. Absalom and Achitophel.....	<i>Dryden.</i> 183
XXXI. The Leper.....	<i>Willis.</i> 184
XXXII. The Field of Waterloo.....	<i>Byron.</i> 187
XXXIII. The Forging of the Anchor.....	<i>S. Ferguson.</i> 189
XXXIV. The Day of the Funeral.....	<i>Anon.</i> 193
XXXV. The Dirge of Nicholas.....	<i>W. S. Daniel.</i> 195
XXXVI. The Founding of the Bell.....	<i>C. Mackay.</i> 197
XXXVII. The Launching of the Ship.....	<i>Longfellow.</i> 199
XXXVIII. King Arthur and Queen Guinevere.....	<i>Tennyson.</i> 202
XXXIX. The Burial of Jacob.....	<i>J. D. Burns.</i> 206
XL. Shipwreck in Dublin Bay.....	<i>Drummond.</i> 209
XLI. The Ballad of Rou.....	<i>Sir E. B. Lytton.</i> 211

SECTION II.—DOMESTIC AND NATIONAL.

I. Loch-na-Garr.....	<i>Byron.</i> 215
II. America to Great Britain.....	<i>Alston.</i> 216
III. Great Britain to America.....	<i>Tupper.</i> 218
IV. Death of the First-born.....	<i>A. A. Watts.</i> 221

SECTION III.—SACRED AND MORAL.

I. The Existence of a God.....	<i>Young.</i> 224
II. Ode of Thanksgiving.....	<i>Addison.</i> 225
III. Thanatopsis; or, a View of Death.....	<i>Bryant.</i> 227
IV. Forest Hymn.....	<i>Bryant.</i> 229
V. All's for the Best.....	<i>Tupper.</i> 232
VI. Man.....	<i>Young.</i> 233
VII. The Pulpit.....	<i>Cowper.</i> 235
VIII. Adam and Eve in Paradise.....	<i>Milton.</i> 237
IX. Satan's Address to the Sun.....	<i>Milton.</i> 239
X. Speech of Belial in Council.....	<i>Milton.</i> 241

SECTION IV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I. The Ocean.....	<i>Byron.</i> 245
II. The Passions.....	<i>Collins.</i> 246

	Page
III. The Voice and Pen.....	<i>M. Carthy</i> 249
IV. Elegy in a Country Church-Yard.....	<i>Gray.</i> 251
V. Napoleon's Last Request.....	<i>Anon.</i> 254
VI. Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 255
VII. The Comet of 1811.....	<i>Hogg.</i> 257
VIII. Theme for a Poet.....	<i>Bailey.</i> 259
IX. The Song of Steam.....	<i>Anon.</i> 260
X. Jugurtha's Prison Thoughts.....	<i>Wolfe.</i> 262
XI. The Greek Mythology.....	<i>Wordsworth.</i> 264
XII. The City Pigeon.....	<i>Willis.</i> 266
XIII. The Old Clock on the Stairs.....	<i>Longfellow.</i> 267
XIV. The Song of the Cossack to his Horse.....	<i>Beranger.</i> 269

SECTION V.—THE DRAMA.

I. Brutus and Cassius.....	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 272
II. Mercy.....	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 276
III. Hamlet on Death.....	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 276
IV. Shylock, Bassanio, and Antonio.....	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 277
V. Shylock Justifying his Revenge.....	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 281
VI. Antony and Ventidius.....	<i>Dryden.</i> 282
VII. Cato's Senate.....	<i>Addison.</i> 287
VIII. Cato on the Soul.....	<i>Addison.</i> 290
IX. Expulsion of Catiline from the Senate.....	<i>Croly.</i> 291
X. Clarence's Dream.....	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 294
XI. Cassius rousing Brutus against Cæsar.....	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 295
XII. Scene from William Tell.....	<i>Knowles.</i> 297
XIII. Tell to his Native Mountains.....	<i>Knowles.</i> 302
XIV. Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn.....	<i>W. S. Landor.</i> 304

SECTION VI.—COMIC.

I. Sam Weller's Evidence in the Trial, Bardell v. Pickwick.....	<i>Dickens.</i> 308
II. Mr. Gregsbury and Nicholas Nickleby.....	<i>Dickens.</i> 310
III. Colonel Diver and Martin Chuzzlewit.....	<i>Dickens.</i> 314
IV. The Most Horrible Battle.....	<i>W. Irving.</i> 317
V. There's Nothing in It.....	<i>Matthews.</i> 320
VI. The Art of Book-keeping.....	<i>Hood.</i> 322
VII. Goody Grim v. Lapstone.....	<i>Smith.</i> 324
VIII. Sir Peter and Lady Teazle.....	<i>Shoridan</i> 329

READINGS

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

SECTION I.—HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

I.—DEATH OF WILLIAM THE THIRD.*

(LORD MACAULAY.)

William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, was born at the Hague in 1650. His mother was Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles I. of England. He married Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, afterwards James II. By the Revolution of 1688 he was placed on the English throne, in conjunction with his wife. He died in 1703.

Thomas Babington Macaulay—Lord Macaulay—was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, in 1800. Mr. Macaulay was raised to the peerage in 1857, after a brilliant career in literature and politics. He died on the 28th December, 1859. His father, Mr. Zachary Macaulay, the son of a Scottish clergyman, took a leading part, along with Wilberforce and others, in the abolition of slavery.

MEANWHILE reports about the state of the king's health were constantly becoming more and more alarming. His medical advisers, both English and Dutch, were at the end of their resources. He had consulted by letter all the most eminent physicians of Europe; and, as he was apprehensive that they might return flattering answers if they knew who he was, he had written under feigned names. To Fagon he had described himself as a parish priest. Fagon replied, somewhat bluntly, that such symptoms could have only one meaning, and that the only advice which he had to give to the sick man was, to prepare himself for death. Having obtained this plain answer, William consulted Fagon again,

* This portion of the History was not revised by Lord Macaulay before his death.

without disguise, and obtained some prescriptions which were thought to have a little retarded the approach of the inevitable hour. But the great king's days were numbered. Headaches and shivering fits returned on him almost daily. He still rode, and even hunted; but he had no longer that firm seat or that perfect command of the bridle for which he had once been renowned. . . .

On the twentieth of February William was ambling on a favourite horse, named Sorrel, through the park of Hampton Court. He urged his horse to strike into a gallop just at the spot where a mole had been at work. Sorrel stumbled on the mole-hill, and went down on his knees. The king fell off, and broke his collar bone. The bone was set, and he returned to Kensington in his coach. The jolting of the rough roads of that time made it necessary to reduce the fracture again. To a young and vigorous man such an accident would have been a trifle. But the frame of William was not in a condition to bear even the slightest shock. He felt that his time was short, and grieved, with a grief such as only noble spirits feel, to think that he must leave his work but half finished. It was possible that he might still live until one of his plans should be carried into execution. . . .

The king meanwhile was sinking fast. Albemarle had arrived at Kensington from the Hague, exhausted by rapid travelling. His master kindly bade him go to rest for some hours, and then summoned him to make his report. That report was in all respects satisfactory. The States General were in the best temper; the troops, the provisions, and the magazines were in the best order. Everything was in readiness for an early campaign. William received the intelligence with the calmness of a man whose work was done. He was under no delusion as to his danger. "I am fast drawing," he said, "to my end." His end was worthy of his life. His intellect was not for a moment clouded. His fortitude was the more admirable because he was not willing to die. He had very lately said to one of those whom he most loved, "You know that I never feared death; there have been times when I should have wished it; but, now that this great new prospect is opening before me, I do

wish to stay here a little longer." Yet no weakness, no querulousness, disgraced the noble close of that noble career. To the physicians the king returned his thanks graciously and gently. "I know that you have done all that skill and learning could do for me; but the case is beyond your art; and I submit." From the words which escaped him, he seemed to be frequently engaged in mental prayer. Burnet and Tenison remained many hours in the sick-room. He professed to them his firm belief in the truth of the Christian religion, and received the sacrament from their hands with great seriousness. The ante-chambers were crowded all night with lords and privy councillors. He ordered several of them to be called in, and exerted himself to take leave of them with a few kind and cheerful words. Among the English who were admitted to his bedside were Devonshire and Ormond. But there were in the crowd those who felt as no Englishman could feel,—friends of his youth, who had been true to him, and to whom he had been true, through all vicissitudes of fortune; who had served him with unalterable fidelity when his Secretaries of State, his Treasury, and his Admiralty had betrayed him; who had never on any field of battle, or in an atmosphere tainted with loathsome and deadly disease, shrunk from placing their own lives in jeopardy to save his; and whose truth he had at the cost of his own popularity rewarded with bounteous munificence. He strained his feeble voice to thank Auverquerque for the affectionate and loyal services of thirty years. To Albemarle he gave the keys of his closet and of his private drawers. "You know," he said, "what to do with them." By this time he could scarcely breathe. "Can this," he said to the physicians, "last long?" He was told that the end was approaching. He swallowed a cordial, and asked for Bentinck. Those were his last articulate words. Bentinck instantly came to the bed-side, bent down and placed his ear close to the king's mouth. The lips of the dying man moved; but nothing could be heard. The king took the hand of his earliest friend, and pressed it tenderly to his heart. In that moment, no doubt, all that had cast a slight passing cloud over their long and pure friendship was forgotten. It was

now between seven and eight in the morning. He closed his eyes and gasped for breath. The bishops knelt down and read the commendatory prayer. When it ended William was no more.

When his remains were laid out, it was found that he wore next to his skin a small piece of black silk riband. The lords in waiting ordered it to be taken off. It contained a gold ring and a lock of the hair of Mary.

II.—CAPTURE AND EXECUTION OF MONMOUTH.

(LORD MACAULAY.)

James, Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II., was born at Rotterdam in 1649. When James II. ascended the throne, Monmouth rose in rebellion, and assumed the title of king. But his forces were defeated at the battle of Sedgemoor; and he himself was taken prisoner and executed, 1685.

AT sunrise the next morning the search recommenced, and Buyse was found. He owned that he had parted from the Duke only a few hours before. The corn and copsewood were now beaten with more care than ever. At length a gaunt figure was discovered hidden in a ditch. The pursuers sprang on their prey. Some of them were about to fire; but Portman forbade all violence. The prisoner's dress was that of a shepherd; his beard, prematurely grey, was of several days' growth. He trembled greatly, and was unable to speak. Even those who had often seen him were at first in doubt whether this were truly the brilliant and graceful Monmouth. His pockets were searched by Portman, and in them were found, among some raw pease gathered in the rage of hunger, a watch, a purse of gold, a small treatise on fortification, an album filled with songs, receipts, prayers, and charms, and the George with which, many years before, King Charles the Second had decorated his favourite son. Messengers were instantly despatched to Whitehall with the good news, and with the George as a token that the news was true. The prisoner was conveyed under a strong guard to Ringwood.

And all was lost; and nothing remained but that he should prepare to meet death as became one who had thought himself not unworthy to wear the crown of William the

Conqueror and of Richard the Lion-hearted, of the hero of Crécy and of the hero of Agincourt. The captive might easily have called to mind other domestic examples, still better suited to his condition. Within a hundred years, two sovereigns whose blood ran in his veins, one of them a delicate woman, had been placed in the same situation in which he now stood. They had shown, in the prison and on the scaffold, virtue of which, in the season of prosperity, they had seemed incapable, and had half redeemed great crimes and errors by enduring with Christian meekness and princely dignity all that victorious enemies could inflict. Of cowardice Monmouth had never been accused; and, even had he been wanting in constitutional courage, it might have been expected that the defect would be supplied by pride and by despair. The eyes of the whole world were upon him. The latest generations would know how, in that extremity, he had borne himself. To the brave peasants of the West he owed it to show that they had not poured forth their blood for a leader unworthy of their attachment. To her who had sacrificed everything for his sake he owed it so to bear himself that, though she might weep for him, she should not blush for him. It was not for him to lament and supplicate. His reason, too, should have told him that lamentation and supplication would be unavailing. He had done that which could never be forgiven. He was in the grasp of one who never forgave.

The hour drew near; all hope was over; and Monmouth had passed from pusillanimous fear to the apathy of despair. His children were brought to his room, that he might take leave of them, and were followed by his wife. He spoke to her kindly, but without emotion. Though she was a woman of great strength of mind, and had little cause to love him, her misery was such that none of the bystanders could refrain from weeping. He alone was unmoved.

It was ten o'clock. The coach of the Lieutenant of the Tower was ready. Monmouth requested his spiritual advisers to accompany him to the place of execution, and they consented; but they told him that, in their judgment, he was about to die in a perilous state of mind, and that, if they attended him, it would be their duty to exhort him to the last

As he passed along the ranks of the guards he saluted them with a smile, and mounted the scaffold with a firm tread. Tower Hill was covered up to the chimney tops with an innumerable multitude of gazers, who, in awful silence, broken only by sighs and the noise of weeping, listened for the last accents of the darling of the people. "I shall say little," he began. "I come here, not to speak, but to die. I die a Protestant of the Church of England."

In the meantime many handkerchiefs were dipped in the Duke's blood ; for by a large part of the multitude he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of the chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and church-yards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities ; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny,—with the savage triumph of implacable enemies,—with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends,—with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of jailers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guildford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of Saint Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral ; and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer.

There too is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard,—Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.

Yet a few months, and the quiet village of Toddington, in Bedfordshire, witnessed a still sadder funeral. Near that village stood an ancient and stately hall, the seat of the Wentworths. The transept of the parish church had long been their burial-place. To that burial-place, in the spring which followed the death of Monmouth, was borne the coffin of the young Baroness Wentworth of Nettlestede. Her family reared a sumptuous mausoleum over her remains; but a less costly memorial of her was long contemplated with far deeper interest. Her name, carved by the hand of him whom she loved too well, was, a few years ago, still discernible on a tree in the adjoining park.

III.—GEORGE THE THIRD.

(W. M. THACKERAY.)

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta in 1811, where his father held a civil appointment under the East India Company. His novels, "*Vanity Fair*," "*Pendennis*," "*Newcomes*," "*Esmond*," and "*The Virginians*," have gained him a place in the first rank of British authors. The following is taken from "*Lectures on the Four Georges*."

WE have to glance over sixty years in as many minutes. To read the mere catalogue of characters who figured during that long period, would occupy our allotted time, and we should have all text and no sermon. England has to undergo the revolt of the American colonies; to submit to defeat and separation; to shake under the vol-

cano of the French Revolution ; to grapple and fight for the life with her gigantic enemy Napoleon ; to gasp and rally after that tremendous struggle. The old society, with its courtly splendours, has to pass away ; generations of statesmen to rise and disappear ; Pitt to follow Chatham to the tomb ; the memory of Rodney and Wolfe to be superseded by Nelson's and Wellington's glory ; the old poets who unite us to Queen Anne's time to sink into their graves ; Johnson to die, and Scott and Byron to arise ; Garrick to delight the world with his dazzling dramatic genius, and Kean to leap on the stage and take possession of the astonished theatre. Steam has to be invented ; kings to be beheaded, banished, deposed, restored ; Napoleon to be but an episode : and George III. is to be alive through all these varied changes, to accompany his people through all these revolutions of thought, government, society—to survive out of the old world into ours.

His mother's bigotry and hatred George inherited with the courageous obstinacy of his own race ; but he was a firm believer where his fathers had been free-thinkers, and a true and fond supporter of the Church, of which he was the titular defender. Like other dull men, the king was all his life suspicious of superior people. He did not like Fox ; he did not like Reynolds ; he did not like Nelson, Chatham, Burke : he was testy at the idea of all innovations, and suspicious of all innovators. He loved mediocrities ; Benjamin West was his favourite painter ; Beattie was his poet. The king lamented, not without pathos, in his after life, that his education had been neglected. He was a dull lad, brought up by narrow-minded people. The cleverest tutors in the world could have done little, probably, to expand that small intellect, though they might have improved his tastes and taught his perceptions some generosity.

George married the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz, and for years they led the happiest, simplest lives, sure, ever led by married couple. It is said the king winced when he first saw his homely little bride ; but, however that may be, he was a true and faithful husband to her, as she was a faithful and loving wife. They had the simplest pleasures—the very mildest and simplest—little country

dances, to which a dozen couple were invited, and where the honest king would stand up and dance for three hours at a time to one tune; after which delicious excitement they would go to bed without any supper (the Court people grumbling sadly at that absence of supper), and get up quite early the next morning, and perhaps the next night have another dance; or the queen would play on the spinnet—she played pretty well, Haydn said; or the king would read to her a paper out of the *Spectator*, or perhaps one of Ogden's sermons. O Arcadia! what a life it must have been!

The theatre was always his delight. His bishops and clergy used to attend it, thinking it no shame to appear where that good man was seen. He is said not to have cared for Shakspeare or tragedy much; farces and pantomimes were his joy; and especially when clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages, he would laugh so outrageously that the lovely princess by his side would have to say, "My gracious monarch, do compose yourself." But he continued to laugh, and at the very smallest farces, as long as his poor wits were left him.

"George, be a king!" were the words which his mother was for ever croaking in the ears of her son; and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be.

He did his best—he worked according to his lights: what virtue he knew, he tried to practise; what knowledge he could master, he strove to acquire. But, as one thinks of an office almost divine, performed by any mortal man—of any single being pretending to control the thoughts, to direct the faith, to order the implicit obedience of brother millions; to compel them into war at his offence or quarrel; to command, "In this way you shall trade, in this way you shall think; these neighbours shall be your allies, whom you shall help,—these others your enemies, whom you shall slay at my orders; in this way you shall worship God;"—who can wonder that, when such a man as George took such an office on himself, punishment and humiliation should fall upon people and chief?

Yet there is something grand about his courage. The battle of the king with his aristocracy remains yet to be

told by the historian who shall view the reign of George more justly than the trumpery panegyrists who wrote immediately after his decease. It was he, with the people to back him, that made the war with America; it was he and the people who refused justice to the Roman Catholics; and on both questions he beat the patricians. He bribed, he bullied, he darkly dissembled on occasion; he exercised a slippery perseverance, and a vindictive resolution, which one almost admires as one thinks his character over. His courage was never to be beat. It trampled North under foot; it bent the stiff neck of the younger Pitt; even his illness never conquered that indomitable spirit. As soon as his brain was clear, it resumed the scheme, only laid aside when his reason left him: as soon as his hands were out of the strait waistcoat, they took up the pen and the plan which had engaged him up to the moment of his malady. I believe, it is by persons believing themselves in the right, that nine-tenths of the tyranny of this world has been perpetrated. Arguing on that convenient premiss, the Dey of Algiers would cut off twenty heads of a morning; Father Dominic would burn a score of Jews in the presence of the Most Catholic King, and the Archbishops of Toledo and Salamanca sing Amen. Protestants were roasted, Jesuits hung and quartered at Smithfield, and witches burned at Salem; and all by worthy people, who believed they had the best authority for their actions. And so with respect to old George, even Americans, whom he hated and who conquered him, may give him credit for having quite honest reasons for oppressing them.

Of little comfort were the king's sons to the king.

But the pretty Amelia was his darling; and the little maiden, prattling and smiling in the fond arms of that old father, is a sweet image to look on.

The princess wrote verses herself, and there are some pretty plaintive lines attributed to her, which are more touching than better poetry:—

" Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung;
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain :

Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

" But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,—
It then occurred, how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me."

The poor soul quitted it—and ere yet she was dead the agonized father was in such a state, that the officers round about him were obliged to set watchers over him, and from November 1810 George III. ceased to reign. All the world knows the story of his malady; all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse Hombourg—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless—he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which, the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

What preacher need moralize on this story; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. "O brothers,"

I said to those who heard me first in America—"O brothers' speaking the same dear mother tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

'Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, Trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, Dark Curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!"

IV.—SACK OF THE BASTILLE.

(THOMAS CARLYLE.)

Thomas Carlyle was born in Dumfries-shire, in 1795. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and began life as teacher of mathematics in a school in Kirkcaldy; but soon abandoned the ferule for the pen.

The Bastille of Paris was built by Charles V. of France, (begun 1369, completed 1383,) as a stronghold to defend the city from the English. It was afterwards converted, like the Tower of London, into a prison. The capture of it by the mob on the 14th July, 1789, was the commencement of the great French Revolution, which deluged France, and ultimately Europe, with blood.

OLD De Launay, as we hinted, withdrew "into his interior" soon after midnight of Sunday. He remains there ever since, hampered, as all military gentlemen now are, in the saddest conflict of uncertainties. The Hôtel-de-Ville "invites" him to admit national soldiers; which is a soft name for surrendering. On the other hand, his majesty's orders were precise. His garrison is but eighty-two old Invalides, reinforced by thirty-two young Swiss. His walls, indeed, are nine feet thick, he has cannon and powder; but, alas! only one day's provision of victuals. The city too is French, the poor garrison mostly French. Rigorous old De Launay, think what thou wilt do!

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere,—To the Bastille! Repeated “deputations of citizens” have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Towards noon Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather.

Woe to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve; hard grapeshot is questionable; but hovering between the two is *unquestionable*. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry,—which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The outer drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third, and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the outer court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his drawbridge. A slight sputter;—which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos—made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration;—and over head, from the fortress, let one great gun, with its grapeshot, go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or fellow, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man! down with it to Orcus! let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tyranny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say on the roof of the guard-room, some “on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall,” Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him; the chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious! and yet,

alas, it is still but the outworks! The eight grim towers, with their Invalidé musketry, their paving-stones and cannon mouths, still soar aloft intact;—ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its *back* towards us; the Bastille is still to take!

Frantic Patriots pick up the grapeshots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hôtel-de-Ville:—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles is “pale to the very lips,” for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled all ways, by panic madness. At every street barricade there whirls simmering a minor whirlpool, strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Mahlstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

Blood flows,—the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel-de-Ville; Abbé Fauchet (who was of one) can say with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their town flag in the arched gateway; and stand, rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such crack of doom, De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them: they return with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears.

How the great Bastille clock ticks (inaudible) in its inner court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled one when the firing began; and is now pointing towards five, and still the firing slacks not. Far down, in their vaults, the seven prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their turnkeys answer vaguely.

What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done—what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm’s length of the powder magazine; motionless, like old Roman senator, or bronze lamp-holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was:—harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the king’s

fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should, in no wise be surrendered, save to the king's messenger; one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honour; but think, ye brawling *canaille*, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward! In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot, the red clerks of the Basoche, Curé of Saint-Stephen, and all the tag-rag-and-bobtail of the world, to work their will.

For four hours now has the world bedlam roared—call it the world chimæra, blowing fire. The poor invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets—they have made a white flag of napkins—go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire deluge: a port-hole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone ditch—plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of patriots,—he hovers perilous—such a dove towards such an ark! Deftly, thou shifty usher: one man already fell, and lies smashed far down there, against the masonry. Usher Maillard falls not—deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his port-hole; the shifty usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted? —“*Foi d'officier*, on the word of an officer,” answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it,—“they are!” Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down—rushes in the living deluge—the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*

V.—DEATH OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

(CARLYLE.)

Marie-Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria and Queen of France, was condemned by the Revolutionary Tribunal of the French Republicans, and was executed on the 16th October, 1793. Her husband, Louis XVI., had been guillotined on the 21st January preceding.

ON Monday, the 14th of October 1793, a cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court.

such as these old stone walls never witnessed,—the trial of Marie-Antoinette. The once brightest of queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier-Tinville's judgment-bar, answering for her life. The indictment was delivered her last night. To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate. . . .

Marie-Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous indictment was reading, continued calm; "she was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the piano." You discern, not without interest, across that dim revolutionary bulletin itself, how she bears herself queen-like. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of laconic brevity; resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. "You persist then in denial?"—"My plan is not denial: it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that."

At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out,—sentence of death! "Have you anything to say?" The accused shook her head, without speech. Night's candles are burning out; and with her too time is finishing, and it will be eternity and day. This hall of Tinville's is dark, ill-lighted except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it, to die.

Two processions, or royal progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful archduchess and dauphiness, quitting her mother's city, at the age of fifteen, towards hopes such as no other daughter of Eve then had: "On the morrow," says Weber, an eye-witness, "the dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out; at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared: you saw her sunk back into her carriage; her face bathed in tears; hiding her eyes now with her handkerchief, now with her hands; several times putting out her head to see yet again this palace of her fathers, whither she was to return no more. She motioned her regret, her gratitude to the good nation, which was crowding here to bid her farewell. Then arose

not only tears, but piercing cries, on all sides. Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expression of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail, in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last courier that followed her disappeared, and the crowd melted away."

The young imperial maiden of fifteen has now become a worn, discrowned widow of thirty-eight; grey before her time: this is the last procession: "Few minutes after the trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all sections; at sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the bridges, in the squares, crossways, all along from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution. By ten o'clock, numerous patrols were circulating in the streets; thirty thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At eleven, Marie-Antoinette was brought out. She had on an undress of *piqué blanc*; she was led to the place of execution in the same manner as an ordinary criminal; bound, on a cart; accompanied by a constitutional priest in lay dress; escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These, and the double row of troops all along her road, she appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither abashment nor pride. To the cries of *Vive la République* and *Down with Tyranny*, which attended her all the way, she seemed to pay no heed. She spoke little to her confessor. The tri-color streamers on the house-tops occupied her attention, in the Streets du Roule and Saint-Honoré; she also noticed the inscriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de la Révolution her looks turned towards the *Jardin National*, whilom Tuileries; her face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion. She mounted the scaffold with courage enough; at a quarter past twelve, her head fell; the executioner showed it to the people, amid universal long-continued cries of *Vive la République*."

THE SAME SUBJECT.

Is there a man's heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years of slow, wasting ignominy; of thy birth, soft cradled in imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of

heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour; and then of thy death, of hundred deaths, to which the guillotine and Fouquier Tinville's judgment-bar were but the merciful end! Look *there*, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is grey with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping; the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the queen of the world. The death-hurdle where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph-yell. The living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is there *no* heart to say, God pity thee! O think not of these; think of Him whom thou worshippest, the Crucified—who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper, and triumphed over it and made it holy, and built of it a “sanctuary of sorrow,” for thee and all the wretched. Thy path of thorns is nigh ended; one long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—dumb lies the world; that wild-yelling world, with all its madness, is behind thee.

VI.—THE CAVE OF DAHRA.

(DOUGLAS JERROLD.)

Douglas Jerrold, dramatist, satirist, and humorist, was born in London in 1808, and died in 1857. He contributed to *Punch* several of the best series of papers which have appeared in that witty periodical.

During the war in Algeria the French found it impossible to subdue some of the Arab tribes by open fighting, as they retired to immense caverns (their usual residence), into which the regular soldiers could not follow them. Burning fagots were accordingly flung into the caves, and the heat rendered intense. The Arabs were suffocated by hundreds, and the conquest of the mountain tribes was thus completed. Marshal Pelissier, now Duke of Malakoff, was the officer by whom this barbarous deed was committed. The year was 1845.

THERE is a cave in the world with a dread legend; travellers, in future times, will toil up the hot ridges of the

Atlas Mountains to see the Cavern of Dahra, where a whole tribe of Arabs were foully murdered—and how? Were they half-naked savages in deadly feud with another tribe as barbarous as themselves? Were the murderers some nameless African clan, obscure in the world's history as those they put to death? Was the whole catastrophe one of those which inevitably must occur when savage wars against savage? No; it occurred in a struggle between civilized man and semi-savage man; and, foul disgrace! the civilized were the murderers—the savage the victims. It occurred in a war between the invaders of a country, and the inhabitants, who fought for their old possessions—their property, and their rights; and, foul blot! the assailants piled up the fagots, and the defenders perished! It occurred in a war waged by the French nation, which arrogates to itself the position of leader of European civilization—which claims the title of the most civilized, the most enlightened, the most polished people of the earth. The Arabs pretend to no such distinction; they form roving clans of uncivilized men, living a primitive pastoral life in caverns and tents; yet it was the enlightened, the polished, the humane aggressors, who roasted some eight hundred of the savages, for the crime of defending their own country,—of daring, in legitimate warfare, to resist the legions which would have wrested it from them.

The murder was no deed of a few minutes, no sudden outbreak of wrath, no massacre prompted by fiery longings for revenge. The cavern, into which the Arabs retreated, was a vast one; it had many chinks and crannies, and it was long ere the stifling smoke and baking fire did their work.

The Frenchmen heard the moans and shrieks, and the tumult of despair, as dying men and women turned furiously on each other, and sought to free themselves from lingering agony by more sudden death: they heard the strokes of the yatagan and the pistol-shots, which told that suicide, or mutual destruction, was going on in the darkness of the cavern: they heard all this renewed at intervals, and continued hour after hour; but still they coolly heaped straw upon the blaze, tranquilly fed the fire, until all was silent but its own roaring; and burnt, maimed, and convulsed corpses, blackened, some of them calcined, by the fire, remained

piled in mouldering, rotting masses in the cave, to tell that a few hours before a tribe of men, women, and children had entered its dreary portals.

And now, great nation, what think ye Europe says of you? You plume yourselves on being the most mighty, the most advanced people of the earth, the very focus of light, intelligence, and humanity. The false glare of military glory which continually bedazzles you, shows massacre and rapine decked in the colours of good deeds. The itch of conquest seems to make you confound good and evil. If fight you will—fight like civilized soldiers, not like lurking savages. Mow down your enemies—if you must have war—in the fair field. Face them foot to foot, and hand to hand; but, for the sake of your fame—for the sake of the civilization you have attained, stifle not defenceless wretches in caverns—massacre not women and children by the horrible agency of slow fire.

VII.—BATTLE OF BALACLAVA—CAVALRY CHARGE.

(W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D.)

William Howard Russell, LL.D., *The Times* Correspondent, was born in Dublin in 1816, and was educated at Trinity College.

The battle of Balaclava, one of the most spirited and exciting contests of the Crimean war, was fought on 25th October 1854.

THE cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel*. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and

run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'élite*—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene, as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them

was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy;—but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses “gather way,” nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers and in broken order against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can, to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. “God help them! they are lost!” was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians—which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre—were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage, Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy’s squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout.

VIII.—THE VOYAGE.

(WASHINGTON IRVING.)

Washington Irving, of whom America has just reason to be proud, was born in New York in 1783. He died in the latter part of 1859, full of years and honours.

To one given to day dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation ; but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter railing, or climb to the main-top, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea ; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own ; to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols ;—shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship ; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface ; or the ravenous shark darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me ; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys ; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth ; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence ! What a glorious monument of human invention, which has in a manner triumphed over wind and wave ; has brought the ends of the world into communion ; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south ; has diffused the light of knowledge and the

charities of cultivated life ; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked ; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months ; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, are the crew ? Their struggle has long been over—they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest—their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship ! What prayers offered up at the deserted fireside at home ! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep ! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair ! Alas ! not one memento may ever return for love to cherish. All that may ever be known, is, that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more.”

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms which will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster.

The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times, the black volume of clouds overhead

seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning which quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water ; her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funeral wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulk-heads, as the ship laboured in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the sides of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey : the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favouring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvas, every sail swelled, and careering gaily over the curling waves, how lofty, how gallant she appears—how she seems to lord it over the deep !

I might fill a volume with the reveries of a sea voyage, for with me it is almost a continual reverie—but it is time to get to shore.

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "Land !" was given from the mast-head. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom, when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the moment of arrival, it was all

feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants along the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the Channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass plots. I saw the mouldering ruin of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church, rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill,—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favourable that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people; some, idle lookers on; others eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship was consigned; I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognise each other.

I particularly noticed one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanour. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his mess-mates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade, but of late his illness had so increased, that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, so ghastly, that it was no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognise him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features: it read at once a whole volume of sorrow; she

uttered a faint shriek, clasped her hands, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

IX.—VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH.

(THOMAS DE QUINCEY.)

The incident here described occurred while Mr. De Quincey was travelling by mail-coach, the coachman being asleep, and the pace being about thirteen miles an hour. The morning twilight added to the danger and the suspense.

BEFORE us lay an avenue, straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a light, reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady. The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour, and the parties within it are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a half. I shouted, and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted; and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more he sat immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five he sat with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for wisdom to guide him toward the better choice.

Then suddenly he rose, stood upright, and, by a sudden strain upon the reins, raising his horse's fore-feet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind legs,

so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved, except as a first step had been taken toward the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very centre of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not be too late; fifteen of the twenty seconds may still be unexhausted, and one almighty bound forward may avail to clear the ground.

Hurry, then, hurry! for the flying moments, *they* hurry! Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man, for the cruel hoofs of our horses, *they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. Fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove, to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to his command. One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's fore-feet upon the crown or arching centre of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our overtowering shadow; *that* was evident even to my own agitated sight.

But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in safety, if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage, was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other? Light does not tread upon the steps of light more indivisibly than did our all-conquering arrival upon the escaping efforts of the gig. We ran past them faster than ever mill-race in our inexorable flight.

Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! With the swingle-bar we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced as to be accurately parallel with the near wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene, which in a moment told its tale, and wrote all its

records on my heart for ever. The horse was planted immovably with his fore-feet upon the paved crest of the central road. He, of the whole party, was alone untouched by the passion of death.

The little caney carriage—partly, perhaps, from the dreadful torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it—as if it sympathized with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man sat like a rock. He stirred not at all. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round; for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done.

But the lady! Oh! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing? Figure to yourself the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your minds the circumstances of the unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight—suddenly as from the woods and fields—suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation—suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet—leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors and the tiger roar of his voice.

The moments were numbered. In the twinkling of an eye our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at right angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams for ever.

X.—LUCY FLEMING.

(PROFESSOR WILSON.)

John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh was born in Paisley in 1785. He died in Edinburgh in 1854. Of his poems, the best known are, "The Isle of Palms," and "City of the Plague;" and of his prose works, "Recreations of Christopher North," and "Noctes Ambrosianae."

IN an English village—highland or lowland—seldom is there any spot so beautiful as the church-yard. That of Grassmere is especially so, with the pensive shadows of the old church tower settling over its cheerful graves. Ay, its cheerful graves! Startle not at the word as too strong—for the pigeons are cooing in the belfry, the stream is murmuring round the mossy church-yard wall, a few lambs are lying on the mounds, and flowers laughing in the sunshine over the cells of the dead. But hark! the bell tolls—one—one—one—a funeral knell, speaking not of time, but of eternity! To-day there is to be a burial—and close to the wall of the tower you see the new dug grave.

Thirty years ago—how short a time in national history—how long in that of private sorrows!—all tongues were speaking of the death that there befell, and to have seen the weeping, you would have thought that the funeral could never have been forgotten. But stop now the shepherd on the hill, and ask him who lived in that nook, and chance is he knows not even their name, much less the story of their afflictions. It was inhabited by Allan Fleming, his wife, and an only child, known familiarly in her own small world by the name of LUCY OF THE FOLD. In almost every district among the mountains, there is its peculiar pride—some one creature to whom nature has been especially kind, and whose personal beauty, sweetness of disposition, and felt superiority of mind and manner, single her out, unconsciously, as an object of attraction and praise, making her the May-day Queen of the unending year. Such a darling was Lucy Fleming ere she had finished her thirteenth year; and strangers, who had heard tell of her loveliness, often dropped in, as if by accident, to see the Beauty of Rydal-mere.

One summer day a youthful stranger appeared at the door of the house, and after an hour's stay, during which Lucy was from home, asked if they would let him have lodging with them for a few months—a single room for bed and books, and that he would take his meals with the family. Enthusiastic boy! to him poetry had been the light of life, nor did ever creature of poetry belong more entirely than he to the world of imagination. Home, friends, colleges, cities—all sunk away into oblivion, and HARRY HOWARD felt as if wafted off on the wings of a spirit, and set down in a land beyond the sea, foreign to all he had before experienced, yet in its perfect and endless beauty appealing every hour more tenderly and strongly to a spirit awakened to new power, and revelling in new emotion. In that cottage he took up his abode. In a few weeks came a library of books in all languages; and there was much wondering talk over all the country side about the mysterious young stranger who now lived at the Fold.

Every day—and, when he chose to absent himself from his haunts among the hills, every hour—was Lucy before the young poet's eyes; and every hour did her beauty wax more beautiful in his imagination.

What wild schemes does not love imagine, and in the face of very impossibility achieve! "I will take Lucy to myself, if it should be in place of all the world. I will myself shed light over her being, till in a new spring it shall be adorned with living flowers that fade not away, perennial and self-renewed. In a few years the bright docile creature will have the soul of a very angel—and then, before God and at his holy altar, mine shall she become for ever—here and hereafter—in this paradise of earth, and, if more celestial be, in the paradise of heaven."

Thus two summers and two winters wheeled away into the past; and in the change, imperceptible from day to day, but glorious at last, wrought on Lucy's nature by communication with one so prodigally endowed, scarcely could her parents believe it was their same child, except that she was dutiful as before, as affectionate, and, as fond of all the familiar objects, dead or living, round and about her birth-place. She had now grown to woman's stature—tall, though

she scarcely seemed so except when among her playmates; and in her maturing loveliness, fulfilling, and far more than fulfilling, the fair promise of her childhood. Never once had the young stranger—stranger no more—spoken to daughter, father, or mother, of his love.

At last it was known through the country that Mr. Howard—the stranger, the scholar, the poet, the elegant gentleman, of whom nobody knew much, but whom everybody loved, and whose father must at the least have been a lord,—was going, in a year or less, to marry the daughter of Allan Fleming—Lucy of the Fold.

In spring, Mr. Howard went away for a few months—it was said to the great city—and on his return at midsummer, Lucy was to be his bride. They parted with a few peaceful tears, and though absent were still together. And now a letter came, saying that before another Sabbath he would be at the Fold. Lucy saw the Sabbath of his return and its golden sun, but it was in her mind's eye only; for ere it was to descend behind the hills, she was not to be among the number of living things.

Up Forest-Ullswater the youth had come by the light of the setting sun; and as he crossed the mountains to Grassmere by the majestic path of the Hawse, still as every new star arose in heaven, with it arose as lustrous a new emotion from the bosom of his betrothed. The midnight hour had been fixed for his return to the Fold; and as he reached the cliffs above White-moss, according to agreement a light was burning in the low window—the very planet of love. Prayers crowded fast into his soul, and tears of joy fell from his eyes as he stood at the threshold, almost afraid in the trembling of life-deep affection to meet her first embrace.

In the silence, sobs and sighs, and one or two long deep groans! Then in another moment, he saw—through the open door of the room where Lucy used to sleep—several figures moving to and fro in the light, and one figure upon its knees—who else could it be but her father! Unnoticed he became one of the pale-faced company—and there he beheld her on her bed, mute and motionless, her face covered with a deplorable beauty—eyes closed, and her hands clasped upon her breast! “Dead, dead, dead!” muttered

in his ringing ears a voice from the tombs, and he fell down in the midst of them with great violence upon the floor.

Three days and three nights did he sit beside her who so soon was to have been his bride—and come or go who would into the room, he saw them not—his sight was fixed on the winding-sheet, eyeing it without a single tear from feet to forehead, and sometimes looking up to heaven. As men forgotten in dungeons have lived miserably long without food, so did he, and so he would have done, on and on to the most far-off funeral day. From that one chair, close to the bedside, he never rose. Night after night, when all the vale was hushed, he never slept. Through one of the midnights there had been a great thunder-storm, the lightning smiting a cliff close to the cottage; but it seemed that he heard it not; and during the floods of next day, to him the roaring vale was silent. On the morning of the funeral, the old people—for now they seemed to be old—wept to see him sitting still beside their dead child; for each of the few remaining hours had now its own sad office, and a man had come to nail down the coffin. Three black specks suddenly alighted on the face of the corpse—and then off—and on—and away—and returning—was heard the buzzing of large flies, attracted by beauty in its corruption. “Ha—ha!” starting up, he cried in horror—“What birds of prey are these whom Satan has sent to devour the corpse?” He became stricken with a sort of palsy, and, being led out to the open air, was laid down, seemingly as dead as her within, on the green daisied turf, where, beneath the shadow of the sycamore, they had so often sat, building up beautiful visions of a long blissful life.

The company assembled—but not before his eyes—the bier was lifted up and moved away down the silvan slope, and away round the head of the lake, and over the wooden bridge, accompanied here and there as it passed the wayside houses on the road to Grassmere, by the sound of psalms: but he saw—he heard not;—when the last sound of the spade rebounded from the smooth arch of the grave, he was not by, but all the while he was lying where they left him, with one or two pitying dalesmen at his head and feet

When he awoke again and rose up, the cottage of the Fold was as if she had never been born—for she had vanished for ever and aye, and her sixteen years' smiling life was all extinguished in the dust.

Weeks and months passed on, and still there was a vacant wildness in his eyes, and a mortal ghastliness all over his face, inexpressive of a reasonable soul. It scarcely seemed that he knew where he was, or in what part of the earth; yet, when left by himself, he never sought to move beyond the boundaries of the Fold. During the first faint glimmerings of returning reason, he would utter her name, over and over many times, with a mournful voice, but still he knew not that she was dead—then he began to caution them all to tread softly, for that sleep had fallen upon her, and her fever in its blessed balm might abate—then with groans, too affecting to be borne by those who heard them, he would ask why, since she was dead, God had the cruelty to keep him, her husband, in life; and finally and last of all, he imagined himself in Grassmere Church-yard, and clasping a little mound on the green, which it was evident he thought was her grave, he wept over it for hours and hours, and kissed it, and placed a stone at its head, and sometimes all at once broke out into fits of laughter, till the hideous fainting fits returned, and after long convulsions left him lying as if stone dead. As for his bodily frame, when Lucy's father lifted it up in his arms, little heavier was it than a bundle of withered fern. Nobody supposed that one so miserably attenuated and ghost-like could for many days be alive; yet not till the earth had thrice revolved round the sun did that body die, and then it was buried far away from the Fold, the banks of Rydal-water, and the sweet mountains of Westmoreland; for after passing like a shadow through many foreign lands, he ceased his pilgrimage in Palestine, even beneath the shadow of Mount Zion, and was laid, with a lock of hair—which, from the place it held, strangers knew to have belonged to one dearly beloved—close to his heart, on which it had lain so long and with which it was to moulder away in darkness, by Christian hands and in a Christian sepulchre.

SECTION II.—FICTION.

[Under this head are classed all those pieces which are taken from works of fiction, even though they have a historical basis, or are largely descriptive.]

I.—STORY OF LE FEVRE.

(STERNE.)

The Rev. Laurence Sterne was born at Clonmel, Ireland, in 1713. He was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in England for many years, and died in London in 1768.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the Allies, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small side-board.—I say sitting; for, in consideration of the Corporal's lame knee, which sometimes gave him exquisite pain,—when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the Corporal to stand: and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. This bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five and twenty years together.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. "'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house, four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything—till just now that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast—'I think,' says he, taking his hand from his forehead, 'it would comfort me.'—

—"If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope he will still mend," continued he: "we are all of us concerned for him."

—"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my uncle Toby; "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good."

"Though I am persuaded," said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that, in so short a time, should win so much upon the affections of his host"—"And of his whole family," added the Corporal; "for they are all concerned for him."—"Step after him," said my uncle Toby—"do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

—"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the Corporal; "but I can ask his son again."—"Has he a son with him, then?" said my uncle Toby.—"A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father—he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day—he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days."

"'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—'we can hire horses from hence.'—'But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence,' said the landlady to me,—'for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.'"

"I was hearing this account," continued the Corporal "when the youth came into the kitchen to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of.—'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth.—'Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. 'I believe, sir,' said he, very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.'—'I am sure,' said I, 'his honour

will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears!"—"Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby,—“he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.”

—“I never in the longest march,” said the Corporal, “had so great a mind to my dinner as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an't please your honour?”—“Nothing in the world, Trim,” said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—“but that thou art a good-natured fellow.”

“When I gave him the toast,” continued the Corporal, “I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour—though a stranger—was extremely concerned for his father:—and that if there was anything in your house or cellar”—“And thou mightest have added my purse, too,” said my uncle Toby;—“he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow—which was meant to your honour—but no answer—his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast. ‘I warrant you, my dear,’ said I, as I opened the kitchen door, ‘your father will be well again.’—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong,” added the Corporal.—“I think so too,” said my uncle Toby.

“When the Lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. ‘I believe,’ said the landlord, ‘he is going to say his prayers—for there was a book laid upon his chair by his bed-side; and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up his cushion.’—

“‘I thought,’ said the curate, ‘that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.’—‘I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,’ said the landlady, ‘very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.’—‘Are you sure of it?’ replied the curate.—‘A soldier, an't please your reverence,’ said I, ‘prays as often—of his own accord—as a parson:—and, when he

is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.”—"’Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby. "’But when a soldier,' said I, 'an't please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged,' said I, 'for five months together, in long and dangerous marches;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to day; harassing others to-morrow;—detached here—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe,' said I—for I was piqued," quoth the Corporal, "for the reputation of the army—'I believe, an't please your reverence,' said I, 'that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson,—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.'"—"Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby;—"for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment—and not till then—it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly."—"I hope we shall," said Trim.—"It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby; "and I will show it thee to-morrow.—In the meantime, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a Governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one."—"I hope not," said the Corporal.—"But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with the story."

"When I went up," continued the Corporal, "into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion—upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed; and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take the book away

at the same time. 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the Lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side. 'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me.—If he was of Leven's,' said the Lieutenant:—I told him your honour was.—'Then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him;—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a Lieutenant in Angus's:—but he knows me not,' said he a second time, musing:—'possibly he may know my story,' added he;—'pray tell the Captain I was the Ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.'—'I remember the story, an't please your honour,' said I, 'very well.'—'Do you so?' said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—'then well may I—.' In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice—'Here, Billy,' said he.—The boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept."

"I wish," said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,—“I wish, Trim, I were asleep.”

"Your honour," replied the Corporal, "is too much concerned;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?"—"Do, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the Ensign and his wife—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other—I forget what—was universally pitied by the whole regiment:—but finish the story."—" 'Tis finished already," said the Corporal—"for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good-night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland and were on

their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But, alas !” said the Corporal, “the Lieutenant’s last day’s march is over !”—“Then what is to become of his poor boy ?” cried my uncle Toby.

“Thou hast left this matter short,” said my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed—“and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor Lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse ; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.”—“Your honour knows,” said the Corporal, “I had no orders.”—“True,” quoth my uncle Toby—“thou didst very right, Trim, as a *soldier*,—but certainly very wrong as a *man*.

“In the second place—for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse”—continued my uncle Toby, “when thou offeredst him whatever was *in* my house, thou shouldst have offered him my *house too* ;—a sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim : and if we had him with us—we could tend and look to him ; thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim ; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman’s, and his boy’s, and mine together,—we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—“In a fortnight or three weeks,” added my uncle Toby, smiling, “he might march.”—“He will never march, an’t please your honour, in this world,” said the Corporal.—“He will march,” said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.—“An’t please your honour,” said the Corporal, “he will never march, but to his grave.”—“He shall march,” cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—“He shall march to his regiment.”—“He cannot stand it,” said the Corporal.—“He shall be supported,” said my uncle Toby.—“He’ll drop at last,” said the Corporal ; “and what will become of his boy ?”—“He shall not drop,” said my uncle Toby firmly.—“A-well-a-day, do what we can for him,” said Trim, maintaining his point, “the poor soul will die.”—“He shall not die,” cried my uncle Toby with an oath,

The ACCUSING SPIRIT, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in ; and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word—and blotted it out for ever !

My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright, the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's ; the hand of Death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle—when my uncle Toby, who had got up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to serve him?—and, without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.—

—“ You shall go home directly, Le Fevre,” said my uncle Toby, “ to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the Corporal shall be your nurse,—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre !”

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which continually beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him ; so that, before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him—. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart—rallied back!—the film forsook his eyes for a moment—he

looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face—then cast a look upon his boy.—And that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken!

Nature instantly ebbed again—the film returned to its place—the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped. Shall I go on?—No!

II.—THE BROTHERS DORRIT.

(CHARLES DICKENS.)

Charles Dickens was born at Portsmouth in 1812. On the termination of the French war, his father, who held a situation in the Navy Pay Department, removed to London and employed himself as a newspaper reporter. This occupation Mr. Dickens followed for some years, till his genius found a more fitting sphere in writing works of fiction.

THEY got him up to his room without help, and laid him down on his bed. And from that hour his poor maimed spirit, only remembering the place where it had broken its wings, cancelled the dream through which it had since groped, and knew of nothing beyond the Marshalsea.* When he heard footsteps in the street, he took them for the old weary tread in the yards. When the hour came for locking up, he supposed all strangers to be excluded for the night. When the time for opening came again, he was so anxious to see Bob that they were fain to patch up a narrative how that Bob—many a year dead then, gentle turnkey—had taken cold, but hoped to be out to-morrow, or the next day, or the next at furthest.

He fell away into a weakness so extreme that he could not raise his hand. But he still protected his brother, according to his long usage; and would say with some complacency, fifty times a day, when he saw him standing by his bed, "My good Frederick, sit down. You are very feeble indeed."

But the child who had done so much for him and had been so poorly repaid, was never out of his mind. Not

* Mr. Dorrit had for many years been confined in the Marshalsea, or debtors' prison, but had ultimately acquired great wealth. A short time before his death, his mind gave way; and in his ravings he returned to the scenes with which he had been so long familiar.

that he spared her, or was fearful of her being spent by watching and fatigue; he was not more troubled on that score than he had usually been. No; he loved her in his old way. They were in the jail again, and she tended him, and he had constant need of her, and could not turn without her; and he even told her, sometimes, that he was content to have undergone a great deal for her sake. As to her, she bent over his bed with her quiet face against his, and would have laid down her own life to restore him.

Thus for ten days Little Dorrit bent over his pillow, laying her cheek against his. Sometimes she was so worn out that for a few minutes they would slumber together. Then she would awake; to recollect with fast-flowing silent tears what it was that touched her face; and to see, stealing over the cherished face upon the pillow, a deeper shadow than the shadow of the Marshalsea wall.

Quietly, quietly, all the lines of the plan of the great Castle melted, one after another. Quietly, quietly, the ruled and cross-ruled countenance on which they were traced, became fair and blank. Quietly, quietly, the reflected marks of the prison bars and of the zig-zag iron on the wall-top, faded away. Quietly, quietly, the face subsided into a far younger likeness of her own than she had ever seen under the grey hair, and sank to rest.

At first her uncle was stark distracted. "O my brother! O William, William! You to go before me! you to go alone! you to go, and I to remain! You, so far superior, so distinguished, so noble; I, a poor useless creature, fit for nothing, and whom no one would have missed!"

It did her, for the time, the good of having him to think of, and to succour. "Uncle, dear uncle, spare yourself,—spare me!"

The old man was not deaf to the last words. When he did begin to restrain himself, it was that he might spare her. He had no care for himself; but, with all the remaining power of the honest heart, stunned so long and now awaking to be broken, he honoured and blessed her.

"O God," he cried, before they left the room, with his wrinkled hands clasped over her, "Thou seest this daughter

of my dear dead brother ! All that I have looked upon, with my half-blind and sinful eyes, Thou hast discerned clearly, brightly. Not a hair of her head shall be harmed before Thee. Thou wilt uphold her here, to her last hour. And I know thou wilt reward her hereafter !”

They remained in a dim room near, until it was almost midnight, quiet and sad together. At times his grief would seek relief in a burst like that in which it had found its earliest expression ; but, besides that his little strength would soon have been unequal to such strains, he never failed to recall her words, and to reproach himself and calm himself. The only utterance with which he indulged his sorrow, was the frequent exclamation that his brother was gone, alone ;—that they had been together in the outset of their lives ; that they had fallen into misfortune together ; that they had kept together through their many years of poverty ; that they had remained together to that day ; and that his brother was gone alone, alone !

They parted, heavy and sorrowful. She would not consent to leave him anywhere but in his own room, and she saw him lie down in his clothes upon his bed, and covered him with her own hands. Then she sank upon her own bed, and fell into a deep sleep,—the sleep of exhaustion and rest, though not of complete release from a pervading consciousness of affliction. Sleep, good Little Dorrit. Sleep through the night !

It was a moonlight night ; but the moon rose late, being long past the full. When it was high in the peaceful firmament, it shone through half-closed lattice blinds into the solemn room where the stumblings and wanderings of a life had so lately ended. Two quiet figures were within the room ; two figures, equally still and impassive, equally removed by an untraversable distance from the teeming earth and all that it contains, though soon to lie in it.

One figure reposed upon the bed. The other, kneeling on the floor, drooped over it ; the arms easily and peacefully resting on the coverlet ; the face bowed down, so that the lips touched the hand over which with its last breath it had bent. The two brothers were before their Father ; far beyond the twilight judgments of this world ; high above its mists and obscurities.

III.—THE VISION OF MIRZA.

(ADDISON.)

Joseph Addison was the son of a clergyman in Wiltshire. Born 1672; died 1719. He wrote a tragedy, "Cato,"—"The Campaign,"—"Letter from Italy," and other poems. But his fame rests on his essays in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, and his other prose works.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:—

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.'; Whilst I was thus musing, I cast mine eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it; but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised

my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery; and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number to about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it?' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of

the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed many with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The Genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend?' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several

little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the Genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality, tortured in life and swallowed up in death!' The Genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men

after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. 'At length,' said I, 'show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

SECTION III.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

(PHILLIPS.)

HE is fallen ! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive; a will despotic in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition; and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character,—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of the world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank and genius had arrayed themselves; and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no god but Ambition; and with an Eastern devotion, he knelt at the altar of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate. In the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the Crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the crown and the tribune he reared the throne of his despotism: a professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, under the name of Brutus, he

grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars.

Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whims; and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire. But, if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent: decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook of the character of his mind; if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount, space no opposition that he did not spurn;—and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity. The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board.

Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field, or the drawing-room—with the mob, or the levee—wearing the Jacobin bonnet, or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot.

Cradled in the field, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend, or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite. They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people; to the people, he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the patronage of learning; the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor—a Mohammedan, a Catholic, and a patron of the Synagogue—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and an infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow. His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world; and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism, however stupendous, against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that, if Ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

II.—CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

(PHILLIPS.)

George Washington, first President of the United States, was born in 1732, and died in 1799.

SIR, it matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birth-place of such a man as WASHINGTON. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared! how bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the planet which it revealed to us!

In the production of Washington it does really appear as if Nature was endeavouring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt, there were, splendid exemplifications of some single qualification: Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied, by discipline, the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that, to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason,—for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.

If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him ; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created ?

III.—SCIENCE AND ART.

(SIR D. BREWSTER.)

Sir D. Brewster, LL.D., K.H., one of the most distinguished philosophers of modern times, was born in Jedburgh in 1781. The following specimen is from the address delivered by him in opening the winter session of the University of Edinburgh, in the first year of his incumbency as Principal (1859-60).

IN the study of natural philosophy, chemistry, and natural history, a wide field of knowledge will be spread out before you, in which every fact you observe, and every truth you learn, will surprise and delight you. Creations of boundless extent, displaying unlimited power, matchless wisdom, and overflowing beneficence, will at every step surround you. The infinitely great and the infinitely little will compete for your admiration ; and in contemplating the great scheme of creation which these inquiries present to your minds, you will not overlook the almost superhuman power by which it has been developed. Fixed upon the pedestal of his native earth, and with no other instrument but the eye and the hand, the genius of man has penetrated the dark and distant recesses of time and space. The finite has comprehended the infinite. The being of a day has pierced backwards into primeval time, deciphering the subterranean monuments, and inditing its chronicle of countless ages. In the rugged crust and shattered pavement of our globe he has detected those gigantic forces by which our seas and continents have changed places—by which our mountain ranges have emerged from the bed of the ocean—by which the gold, and the silver, the coal, and the iron, and the lime, have been thrown into the hands of man as the materials of civilization—and by

which mighty cycles of animal and vegetable life have been embalmed and entombed.

In your astronomical studies, the Earth on which you dwell will stand forth in space a suspended ball, taking its place as one of the smallest of the planets, and like them pursuing its appointed path—the arbiter of times and seasons. Beyond our planetary system, now extended, by the discovery of Neptune, to three thousand millions of miles from the sun, and throughout the vast expanse of the universe, the telescope will exhibit to you new suns and systems of worlds, infinite in number and variety, sustaining, doubtless, myriads of living beings, and presenting new spheres for the exercise of divine power and beneficence.

The advances which have recently been made in the mechanical and useful arts have already begun to influence our social condition, and must affect still more deeply our systems of education. The knowledge which used to constitute a scholar, and fit him for social and intellectual intercourse, will not avail him under the present ascendancy of practical science. New and gigantic inventions mark almost every passing year—the colossal tubular bridge, conveying the monster train over an arm of the sea—the submarine cable, carrying the pulse of speech beneath 2000 miles of ocean—the monster ship freighted with thousands of lives—and the huge rifle gun throwing its fatal and unchristian charge across miles of earth or of ocean. New arts, too, useful and ornamental, have sprung up luxuriantly around us. New powers of nature have been evoked, and man communicates with man across seas and continents with more certainty and speed than if he had been endowed with the velocity of the race-horse, or provided with the pinions of the eagle. Wherever we are, in short, art and science surround us. They have given birth to new and lucrative professions. Whatever we purpose to do, they help us. In our houses they greet us with light and heat. When we travel we find them at every stage on land, and at every harbour on our shores. They stand beside our board by day, and beside our couch by night. To our thoughts they give the speed of lightning, and to our time-pieces the punctuality of the sun; and though they cannot provide us with the

boasted lever of Archimedes to move the earth, or indicate the spot upon which we must stand could we do it, they have put into our hands tools of matchless power by which we can study the remotest worlds ; and they have furnished us with an intellectual plummet by which we can sound the depths of the earth, and count the cycles of its endurance. In his hour of presumption and ignorance man has tried to do more than this ; but though he was not permitted to reach the heavens with his cloud-capt tower of stone, and has tried in vain to navigate the ærial ocean, it was given him to ascend into the Empyrean by chains of thought which no lightning could fuse, and no comet strike ; and though he has not been allowed to grasp with an arm of flesh the products of other worlds, or tread upon the pavement of gigantic planets, he has been enabled to scan, with more than an eagle's eye, the mighty creations in the bosom of space—to march intellectually over the mosaics of sidereal systems, and to follow the adventurous Phaethon in a chariot which can never be overturned.

IV.—MOUNTAINS.

(WILLIAM HOWITT.)

William Howitt was born at Heanor in Derbyshire in 1795. He excels as a poet, as a descriptive writer, and as a novelist. Mrs. Howitt has been associated with him in some of his publications.

THANKS be to God for mountains ! The variety which they impart to the glorious bosom of our planet were no small advantage ; the beauty which they spread out to our vision in their woods and waters, their crags and slopes, their clouds and atmospheric hues, were a splendid gift ; the sublimity which they pour into our deepest souls from their majestic aspects,—the poetry which breathes from their streams, and dells, and airy heights, from the sweet abodes, the garbs and manners of their inhabitants,—the songs and legends which have awoke in them, were a proud heritage to imaginative minds. But what are all these when the thought comes, that without mountains the spirit of man

must have bowed to the brutal and the base, and probably have sunk to the monotonous level of the unvaried plain?

When I turn my eyes upon the map of the world, and behold how wonderfully the countries where our faith was nurtured, where our liberties were generated, where our philosophy and literature, the fountains of our intellectual grace and beauty, sprang up, were as distinctly walled out by God's hand with mountain ramparts, from the eruptions and interruptions of barbarism, as if at the especial prayer of the early fathers of man's destinies, I am lost in an exalting admiration. Look at the bold barriers of Palestine! See how the infant liberties of Greece were sheltered from the vast tribes of the uncivilized north by the heights of Hæmus and Rhodope! Behold how the Alps describe their magnificent crescent, inclining their opposite extremities to the Adriatic and Tyrrhene Seas, locking up Italy from the Gallic and Teutonian hordes till the power and spirit of Rome had reached their maturity, and she had opened the wide forest of Europe to the light, spread far her laws and language, and planted the seeds of many mighty nations!

Thanks to God for mountains! Their colossal firmness seems almost to break the current of time itself. The geologist in them searches for traces of the earlier world; and it is there, too, that man, resisting the revolutions of lower regions, retains through innumerable years his habits and his rights. While a multitude of changes has remoulded the people of Europe—while languages, and laws, and dynasties, and creeds, have passed over it, like shadows over the landscape—the children of the Celt and the Goth, who fled to the mountains a thousand years ago, are found there now, and show us, in face and figure, in language and garb, what their fathers were; show us a fine contrast with the modern tribes dwelling below and around them; and show us, moreover, how adverse is the spirit of the mountain to mutability, and that there the fiery heart of Freedom is found for ever.

V.--INVENTIVE GENIUS AND LABOUR.

(ELIHU BURRITT.)

ELIHU Burritt, an "American scholar, journalist, lecturer, and blacksmith," was born in Connecticut in 1811. His life has been one of extraordinary diligence and perseverance. He is best known in this country as the advocate of a great "Peace League," or "League of Universal Brotherhood," having for its aim the prevention of war, and the arrangement of all international disputes by quiet means.

THE *physical necessity* of mental activity, in every practical sense, confers upon the mind the power to determine our stature, strength, and longevity; to multiply our organs of sense, and increase their capacity, in some cases, to thirty million times their natural power. This capacity of the mind is not a mere prospective possibility; it is a fact, a tried, practical fact; and the human mind is more busy than ever in extending this prerogative.

Let us look in upon man while engaged in the very act of adding to his natural strength these gigantic faculties. See him yonder, bending over his stone mortar, and pounding, and thumping, and sweating, to pulverize his flinty grain into a more esculent form. He stops and looks a moment into the precipitous torrent thundering down its rocky channel. There! A thought has struck him. He begins to whistle; he whittles some, for he learned to whittle soon after he learned to breathe. He gears together, some horizontally, and others perpendicularly, a score of little wooden wheels. He sets them agoing, and claps his hands in triumph to see what they would do if a thousand times larger.

Look at him again. How proudly he stands, with folded arms, looking at the huge things that are working for him! He has made that wild, raging torrent as tame as his horse. He has taught it to walk backward and forward. He has given it hands, and put the crank of his big wheel into them, and made it turn his ponderous grindstone. What a taskmaster! Look at him again! He is standing on the ocean beach, watching the crested billows, as they move in martial squadrons over the deep. He has conceived, or

heard, that richer productions, more delicious fruits and flowers, may be found on yonder invisible shore. In an instant his mind sympathizes with the yearnings of his physical nature.

See! there is a new thought in his eye. He remembers how he first saddled the horse; he now bits and saddles the mountain wave. Not satisfied with taming this proud element, he breaks another into his service. Remembering his mill-dam, he constructs a floating dam of canvas in the air, to harness the winds to his ocean-waggon. Thus, with his water-horse and air-horse harnessed in tandem, he drives across the wilderness of waters with a team that would make old Neptune hide his diminished head for envy, and sink his clumsy chariot beneath the waves.

See now! he wants something else; his appetite for something better than he has, grows upon what he feeds on. The fact is, he has plodded about in his one-horse waggon till he is disgusted with his poor capacity of locomotion. The wings of Mercury, modern eagles and paper kites, are all too impracticable for models. He settles down upon the persuasion that he can make a great IRON HORSE, with bones of steel and muscles of brass, that will run against time with Mercury, or any other winged messenger of Jove—the daring man!

He brings out his huge leviathan hexapede upon the track. How the giant creature struts forth from his stable, panting to be gone! His great heart is a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his iron sinews. But his master reins him in with one finger, till the whole of some western village, men, women, children, and half their horned cattle, sheep, poultry, wheat, cheese, and potatoes, have been stowed away in that long train of waggons he has harnessed to his foaming steam-horse.

And now he shouts, interrogatively, “ALL RIGHT?” and, applying a burning goad to the huge creature, away it thunders over the iron road, breathing forth fire and smoke in its indignant haste to outstrip the wind. More terrible than the war-horse in Scripture, clothed with louder thunder, and emitting a cloud of flame and burning coals from

his iron nostrils, he dashes on through dark mountain passes, over jutting precipices, and deep ravines. His tread shakes the earth like a travelling Niagara, and the sound of his chariot-wheels warns the people of distant towns that he is coming.

VI.—DUTY OF FORGIVENESS.

(SAMUEL JOHNSON.)

Samuel Johnson, LL.D., was born at Lichfield, Staffordshire, in 1709, and died in 1784. His name occupies a foremost place among the literary men who distinguished the eighteenth century.

A WISE man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity, a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage; whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only

because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves,—to give way to anything but conviction,—to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves,—is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determined pursuit of virtue, without regard to present dangers or advantages; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men; of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whose sentence is, therefore, of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence; he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal Sovereign, has little reason to con-

gratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind: whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is, therefore, superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.

VII.—MARSHAL BUGEAUD AND ARAB CHIEFTAIN.

(W. S. LANDOR.)

Walter Savage Landor, poet and essayist, is a native of Warwickshire, and was born in 1775. He died at Florence in 1864

Bugeaud. Such is the chastisement the God of battles in his justice and indignation has inflicted on you. Of seven hundred refractory and rebellious, who took refuge in the cavern, thirty, and thirty only, are alive; and of these thirty there are four only who are capable of labour, or indeed of motion. Thy advanced age ought to have rendered thee wiser, even if my proclamation, dictated from above in the pure spirit of humanity and fraternity, had not been issued. Is thy tongue scorched, that thou listenest, and starest, and scowlest, without answering me? What mercy after this obstinacy can thy tribe expect?

Arab. None; even if it lived. Nothing is now wanting to complete the glory of France. Mothers and children, in her own land, hath she butchered on the scaffold; mothers and children in her own land hath she bound together and cast into the deep; mothers and children in her own land hath she stabbed in the streets, in the prisons, in the temples. Ferocity such as no tales record, no lover of the marvellous and of the horrible could listen to or endure! In every country she has repeated the same atrocities, unexampled by the most sanguinary of the Infidels. To consume the helpless with fire, for the crime of flying from pollution and persecution, was wanting to her glory: she has won it. We

are not, indeed, her children ; we are not even her allies ; this, and this alone, may, to her modesty, leave it incomplete.

Bugeaud. Traitor ! I never ordered the conflagration.

Arab. Certainly thou didst not forbid it : and, when I consider the falsehood of thy people, I disbelieve thy assertion, even though thou hast not sworn it.

Bugeaud. Miscreant ! disbelieve, doubt a moment the word of a Frenchman !

Arab. Was it not the word of a Frenchman that no conquest should be made of this country ? Was it not the word of a Frenchman that when chastisement had been inflicted on the Dey of Algiers, even the Algerines should be unmo-
lested ? Was it not the word of two kings, repeated by their ministers to every nation round ? But we never were Algerines, and never fought for them. Was it not the word of a Frenchman which promised liberty and independence to every nation upon earth ? Of all who believed in it, is there one with which it has not been broken ? Perfidy and insolence brought down on your nation the vengeance of all others. Simultaneously a just indignation burst forth from every quarter of the earth against it, for there existed no people within its reach or influence who had not suffered by its deceptions.

Bugeaud. At least you Arabs have not been deceived by us. I promised you the vengeance of heaven ; and it has befallen you.

Arab. The storm hath swept our country, and still sweeps it. But wait. The course of pestilence is from south to north. The chastisement that overtook you thirty years ago, turns back again to consummate its imperfect and needful work. Impossible that the rulers of Europe, whoever or whatever they are, should be so torpid to honour, so deaf to humanity, as to suffer in the midst of them a people so full of lies and treachery, so sportive in cruelty, so insensible to shame. If they are, God's armory contains heavier, and sharper, and surer instruments. A brave and just man, inflexible, unconquerable, Abdel Kader, will never abandon our cause. Every child of Islam, near and far, roused by the conflagration in the cavern, will rush forward to exterminate the heartless murderers.

Bugeaud. A Frenchman hears no threat without resenting it: his honour forbids him.

Arab. That honour which never has forbidden him to break an engagement or an oath: that honour which binds him to remain and to devastate the country he swore before all nations he would leave in peace: that honour which impels him to burn our harvests, to seize our cattle, to murder our youths, to violate our women. Europe has long experienced this honour: we Arabs have learned it perfectly in much less time.

Bugeaud. Guards! seize this mad chatterer.

Go, thief! assassin! traitor! blind grey-beard! lame beggar!

Arab. Cease there. Thou canst never make me beg for bread, for water, or for life. My grey beard is from God: my blindness and lameness are from thee.

Bugeaud. Begone, reptile! Expect full justice; no mercy. The president of my military tribunal will read to thee *what is written*.

Arab. Go; enter, and sing and whistle in the cavern, where the bones of brave men are never to bleach, are never to decay. Go, where the mother and infant are inseparable for ever,—one mass of charcoal; the breasts that gave life, the lips that received it; all, all; save only where two arms, in colour and hardness like corroded iron, cling round a brittle stem, shrunk, warped, and where two heads are calcined. Go; strike now; strike bravely: let thy sword in its playfulness ring against them. What are they but white stones, under an arch of black; the work of thy creation!

Bugeaud. Singed porcupine! thy quills are blunted, and stick only into thyself.

Arab. Is it not in the memory of our elders, and will it not remain in the memory of all generations, that, when four thousand of those who spoke our language and obeyed our prophet, were promised peace and freedom on laying down their arms, in the land of Syria, all, to a man, were slain under the eyes of your leader? Is it not notorious that this perfidious and sanguinary wretch is the very man whom, above all others, the best of you glory in imitating,

and whom you rejected only when fortune had forsaken him? Is it then only that atrocious crimes are visible or looked for in your country? Even this last massacre, no doubt, will find defenders and admirers there; but neither in Africa, nor in Asia, nor in Europe, one. Many of you will palliate it, many of you will deny it; for it is the custom of your country to cover blood with lies, and lies with blood.

Bugeaud. And, here and there, a sprinkling of ashes over both, it seems.

Arab. Ending in merriment, as befits ye. But is it ended?

Bugeaud. Yes, yes, at least for thee, vile prowler, traitor, fugitive, incendiary!—And thou, too, singed porcupine, canst laugh!

Arab. At thy threats, and stamps, and screams. Verily our prophet did well and with far-sightedness, in forbidding the human form and features to be graven or depicted,—if such be human. Henceforward will monkeys and hyænas abhor the resemblance and disclaim the relationship.

VIII.—THE DELUGE.

(THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.)

Thomas Guthrie, D.D., was born at Brechin, Forfarshire, in 1803; died in 1873.

LOOK, for example, on the catastrophe of the Deluge. And let not our attention be so engrossed by its dread and awful character, as to overlook all that preceded it, and see nothing but the flood and its devouring waters.

The waters rise till rivers swell into lakes, and lakes become seas, and the sea stretches out her arms along fertile plains to seize their flying population. Still the waters rise; and now, mingled with beasts that terror has tamed, men climb to the mountain tops, with the flood roaring at their heels. Still the waters rise; and now each summit stands above them like a separate and sea-girt isle. Still the waters rise; and, crowding closer on the narrow spaces of lessening

hill-tops, men and beasts fight for standing room. Still the thunders roar, and the lightnings flash, and the rains descend, and the waters rise, till the last survivor of the shrieking crowd is washed off, and the head of the highest Alp goes down beneath the wave. Now the waters rise no more. God's servant has done his work. He rests from his labours; and, all land drowned, all life destroyed, an awful silence reigning and a shoreless ocean rolling, Death for once has nothing to do, but ride in triumph on the top of some giant billow, which, meeting no coast, no continent, no Alp, no Andes against which to break, sweeps round and round the world.

We stand aghast at the scene; and as the corpses of gentle children and sweet infants float by, we exclaim, Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? No; assuredly not. Where, then, is his mercy? Look here; behold this ark, as, steered by an invisible hand, she comes dimly through the gloom. Lonely ship on a shoreless ocean, she carries mercy on board. She holds the costliest freight that ever sailed the sea. The germs of the Church are there—the children of the old world, and the fathers of the new. Suddenly, amid the awful gloom, as she drifts over that dead and silent sea, a grating noise is heard. Her keel has grounded on the top of Ararat. The door is opened; and beneath the sign of the olive branch, her tenants come forth from their baptismal burial, like life from the dead, or like souls which have passed from a state of nature into the light and the liberty of grace, or like the saints when they shall rise at the summons of the trumpet to behold a new heaven and a new earth, and see the sign which these “grey fathers” hailed encircling a head that was crowned with thorns.

Nor is this all. Our heavenly Father's character is dear to us; and therefore I must remind you that ere Mercy flew, like the dove, to that welcome asylum, she had swept the wide world with her wings. Were there but eight saved, only eight? There were thousands, millions sought. Nor is it doing justice to God to forget how long a period of patience, and preaching, and warning, and compassion preceded that dreadful Deluge. Long before the lightning

flashed from angry heavens, or thunders rolled along dissolving skies, or the clouds rained down death, or the solid floor of this earth, under the prodigious agencies at work, broke up, like the deck of a leaking ship, and the waters rushed from below to meet the waters from above, and sink a guilty world; long before the time when the ark floated away by town and tower, and those crowded hill-tops where frantic groups were clustered, and amid prayers and curses, and shrieks and shouts, hung out their signals of distress, —very long before this, God had been calling an impenitent world to repentance. Had they no warning in Noah's preaching? Was there nothing to alarm their fears in the sight of the ark as storey rose upon storey?—not enough in the very sound of those ceaseless hammers to waken all but the dead? It was not till Mercy's arm grew weary, as she rang the warning bell, that, to use the words of my text, God poured out his fury upon them. I appeal to the story of this awful judgment. True, for forty days it rained incessantly, and for one hundred and fifty days more the waters prevailed on the earth; but while the period of God's justice is reckoned by days, the period of his long-suffering was drawn out into years. There was a truce of one hundred and twenty years between the first stroke of the bell and the first crash of the thunder. Noah grew grey preaching repentance. The ark stood useless for years, a huge laughing-stock for the scoffer's wit. Covered with the marks of age, it covered its builders with the contempt of the world; and many a bitter sneer had these men to bear, as, pointing to the serene heavens above and an empty ark below, the ungodly asked, Where is the promise of his coming? Most patient God! then, as now, thou wert slow to punish, long-suffering and of great mercy.

SECTION IV.—ORATORY.

I.—CICERO FOR MILO.

(MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.)

Marcus Tullius Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators, was born near Arpinum in 106 B.C. He was assassinated by the orders of Antony, in 43 B.C.

P. Clodius, and T. Annius Milo, were, in the year 53 B.C., candidates for public offices, the former for the Prætorship, and the latter for the Consulship. Each kept in his service a band of gladiators, who, entering into the jealousies which actuated their masters, had frequent scuffles in the streets of Rome. Finally, Milo and Clodius, with their followers, met on the Appian Road, some distance from Rome, when a fight ensued, and Clodius was slain. Milo was accordingly accused, but went into banishment to Marseilles, to escape the trial. Thus Cicero's "speech" in his defence was never delivered; but after the exile of Milo, the author recast it in the form in which it has been handed down to us.

MY LORDS,—That you may be able the more easily to determine upon that point before you, I shall beg the favour of an attentive hearing, while, in a few words, I lay open the whole affair. Clodius being determined, when created prætor, to harass his country with every species of oppression, and finding the comitia had been delayed so long the year before, that he could not hold this office many months, all on a sudden threw up his own year, and reserved himself to the next; not from any religious scruple, but that he might have, as he said himself, a full, entire year for exercising his prætorship—that is, for overturning the commonwealth. Being sensible he must be controlled and cramped in the exercise of his prætorian authority under Milo, who, he plainly saw, would be chosen consul by the unanimous consent of the Roman people, he joined the candidates that opposed Milo—but in such a manner, that he overruled them in everything, had the sole management of the election, and, as he used often to boast, bore all the comitia upon his own shoulders. He assembled the tribes, he thrust himself into their councils, and formed a new tribe of the most abandoned of the citizens. The more confusion

and disturbance he made, the more Milo prevailed. When this wretch, who was bent upon all manner of wickedness, saw that so brave a man, and his most inveterate enemy, would certainly be consul—when he perceived this, not only by the discourses, but by the votes of the Roman people, he began to throw off all disguise, and to declare openly that Milo must be killed. He often intimated this in the Senate, and declared it expressly before the people; insomuch, that when Favonius, that brave man, asked him what prospect he could have of carrying out his furious designs while Milo was alive, he replied, that, in three or four days at most, he should be taken out of the way—which reply Favonius immediately communicated to Cato.

In the meantime, as soon as Clodius knew—nor indeed was there any difficulty to come at the intelligence—that Milo was obliged by the 18th of January to be at Lanuvium, where he was dictator, in order to nominate a priest—a duty which the laws rendered necessary to be performed every year; he went suddenly from Rome the day before, in order, as it appears by the event, to waylay Milo in his own grounds; and this at a time when he was obliged to leave a tumultuous assembly, which he had summoned that very day, where his presence was necessary to carry on his mad designs—a thing he never would have done, if he had not been desirous to take the advantage of that particular time and place for perpetrating his villany. But Milo, after having stayed in the Senate that day till the house had broken up, went home, changed his clothes, waited a while, as usual, till his wife had got ready to attend him, and then set forward, about the time that Clodius, if he had proposed to come back to Rome that day, might have returned. He meets Clodius near his own estate, a little before sunset, and is immediately attacked by a body of men, who throw their darts at him from an eminence, and kill his coachman. Upon which he threw off his cloak, leaped from his chariot, and defended himself with great bravery. In the meantime, Clodius's attendants drawing their swords, some of them ran back to the chariot in order to attack Milo in the rear; whilst others, thinking that he was already killed, fell upon his servants who were behind. These being resolute

and faithful to their master, were some of them slain, whilst the rest, seeing a warm engagement near the chariot, being prevented from going to their master's assistance, hearing besides from Clodius himself that Milo was killed, and believing it to be a fact, acted upon this occasion—I mention it, not with a view to elude the accusation, but because it was the true state of the case—without the orders, without the knowledge, without the presence of their master, as every man would wish his own servants should act in the like circumstances.

The proper question then, is, not whether Clodius was killed—for that we grant: but whether justly or unjustly? If it appear that Milo was the aggressor, we ask no favour; but if Clodius, you will then acquit him of the crime that has been laid to his charge.

Every circumstance, my lords, concurs to prove that it was for Milo's interest Clodius should live; that, on the contrary, Milo's death was a most desirable event for answering the purposes of Clodius: that, on the one side, there was a most implacable hatred; on the other, not the least: that the one had been continually employing himself in acts of violence; the other, only in opposing them: that the life of Milo was threatened, and his death publicly foretold by Clodius, whereas nothing of that kind was ever heard from Milo: that the day fixed for Milo's journey was well known to his adversary, while Milo knew not when Clodius was to return: that Milo's journey was necessary, but that of Clodius rather the contrary: that the one openly declared his intention of leaving Rome that day, while the other concealed his intention of returning: that Milo made no alteration in his measures, but that Clodius feigned an excuse for altering his: that, if Milo had designed to waylay Clodius, he would have waited for him near the city till it was dark; but that Clodius, even if he had been under no apprehensions from Milo, ought to have been afraid of coming to town so late at night.

Let us now consider whether the place where the encounter happened was most favourable to Milo or to Clodius. But can there, my lords, be any room for doubt or deliberation upon that? It was near the estate of

Clodius, where at least a thousand able-bodied men were employed in his mad schemes of building. Did Milo think he should have an advantage by attacking him from an eminence? and did he, for this reason, pitch upon that spot for the engagement? or was he not rather expected in that place by his adversary, who hoped the situation would favour his assault? The thing, my lords, speaks for itself, which must be allowed to be of the greatest importance in determining a question. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs. When the one was sitting in his chariot, muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him; which of these circumstances was not a very great incumbrance?—the dress, the chariot, or the companion? How could he be worse equipped for an engagement, when he was wrapped up in a cloak, embarrassed with a chariot, and almost fettered by his wife? Observe the other now—in the first place, sallying out on a sudden from his seat; for what reason? In the evening; what urged him? Late; to what purpose, especially at that season? He calls at Pompey's seat; with what view? To see Pompey?—He knew he was at Allium. To see his house?—He had been in it a thousand times. What, then, could be the reason of this loitering and shifting about?—He wanted to be upon the spot when Milo came up.

What now remains, but to beseech and adjure you, my lords, to extend that compassion to a brave man which he disdains to implore; but which I, even against his consent, implore and earnestly entreat. Though you have not seen him shed a single tear, while all are weeping around him—though he has preserved the same steady countenance, the same firmness of voice and language; do not, on this account, withhold it from him.

On you—on you I call, ye heroes who have lost so much blood in the service of your country! To you, ye centurions, ye soldiers, I appeal in this hour of danger,—to the best of men, and bravest of citizens! While you are looking on, while you stand here with arms in your hands, and guard

this tribunal, shall virtue like this be expelled, exterminated, cast out with dishonour? By the immortal gods, I wish—pardon me, O my country! for I fear what I shall say, out of a pious regard for Milo, may be deemed impiety against thee—that Clodius not only lived, but were prætor, consul, dictator, rather than be witness to such scene as this. Shall this man, then, who was born to save his country, die anywhere but in his country? Shall he not, at least, die in the service of his country? Will you retain the memorials of his gallant soul, and deny his body a grave in Italy? Will any person give his voice for banishing a man from this city, whom every city on earth would be proud to receive within its walls? Happy the country that shall receive him! ungrateful this if it shall banish him! wretched, if it should lose him! But I must conclude: my tears will not allow me to proceed, and Milo forbids tears to be employed in his defence. You, my lords, I beseech and adjure, that, in your decision, you would dare to act as you think. Trust me, your fortitude, your justice, your fidelity, will more especially be approved of by him, who, in his choice of judges, has raised to the bench the bravest, the wisest, and the best of men.

II.—PITT'S REPLY TO WALPOLE.

(WILLIAM PITT.)

Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, was born in 1676, and died in 1745. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was born in 1708, and died in 1778. This quarrel occurred in 1740.

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing, that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail, when the passions have sub-

sided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted; and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But, if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain;—nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment,—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them, is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

III.—MR. PATRICK HENRY ON BRITISH RULE IN AMERICA.

(HENRY.)

Mr. Henry was one of the American patriots who fought the battle of Independence, which ended, in 1784, by the ratification of the treaty between Great Britain and the United States.

MR. PRESIDENT,—It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that Syren, till she transforms us to beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be "betrayed with a kiss!" Ask yourselves, how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land? Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this

accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and to rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir—we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—"unable to cope with so formidable an adversary." But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house. Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we

make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just Power who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir—let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry "Peace! peace!" but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it Almighty Power! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

IV.—BURKE'S PANEGYRIC ON SHERIDAN.

(BURKE.)

Edmund Burke, the great writer, orator, and statesman, was born in Dublin in 1730, and died 1797.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin in 1751. After a brilliant career as a dramatist, as a wit, and as a statesman, he spent the latter years of his life in difficulties and sorrow. Died 1816.

He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honour on himself—lustre upon letters—renown upon parliament—glory upon the country. Of all species

of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished;—nothing has equalled what we have this day heard. No holy seer of religion, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we this day listened with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition, of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected.

V.—BURKE'S PANEGYRIC ON MARIE ANTOINETTE.

(BURKE.)

IT is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace, concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calcu-

lators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity; which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which, vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

VI.—THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON AND THE STAFF OF FRANKLIN.

(JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.)

John Quincy Adams, son of John Adams, second President of the United States, was born at Boston in 1769. He himself became President of the United States in 1825. Died 1848.

George Washington, born 1732; died 1799. Benjamin Franklin, born 1706; died 1790.

THE Sword of Washington! the Staff of Franklin! O sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the ploughshare! What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! *Washington and Franklin!* What *other* two men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time!

WASHINGTON, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending by the wager of battle for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race,—ever manifesting, amid its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity;—in peace, soothing the ferocious

spirit of discord among his own countrymen into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

FRANKLIN! the mechanic of his own fortune; teaching in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast, and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive sceptre of oppression: while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the Charter of Independence which he had contributed to form, and tendering from the self-created nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that Constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the representatives of the North American people, to receive, in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated republic,—these sacred symbols of our golden age. May they be deposited among the archives of our government! And may every American who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world; and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more!

VII.—RICHARD LALOR SHEIL'S REPLY TO LORD LYNDBURST.

(SHEIL.)

Mr. Sheil was a native of Ireland. He distinguished himself in early life as a writer of dramas. But it was in the political arena that he gained his brighter laurels. He was for some time Master of the Mint, and afterwards British Minister at Florence, where he died in 1851.

The venerable Lord Lyndhurst is of an Irish family, but was born in Boston, United States of America, in 1772. His father was a painter. He has frequently held office in the government, and in 1827 became Lord Chancellor of England.

THE Duke of Wellington is not, I am inclined to believe, a man of excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking, that, when he heard his countrymen (for we are his countrymen), designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. Yes, “the battles, sieges, fortunes,” that he has passed, ought to have brought back upon him—he ought to have remembered—that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat, which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom our armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through those phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valour climbed the steeps and filled the moats of Badajos? All—all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory:—Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and last of all, the greatest! Tell me, for you were there,—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me, * from whose opinions I differ, but who

* Sir Henry Hardinge.

bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast; tell me, for you must needs remember,—on that day, when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—while death fell in showers upon them—when the artillery of France, levelled with a precision of the most deadly science, played upon them—when her legions, incited by the voice, and inspired by the example, of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me, if, for an instant, when to hesitate for that instant was to be lost, the “aliens” blenched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valour which had so long been wisely checked was at length let loose—when with words familiar but immortal, the great captain exclaimed, “Up, lads, and at them!”—tell me, if Ireland with less heroic valour than the natives of your own glorious isle precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream—on the same field. When the still morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together—in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited;—the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust—the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? and shall we be told as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

VIII.—CURRAN ON FREEDOM.

(JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.)

John Philpot Curran, the celebrated barrister and wit, was born near Cork in 1750, and died in 1817.

I PUT it to your oaths:—do you think that a blessing of that kind—that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression—should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure?—to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the Church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a

right to demand it?—giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving “Universal Emancipation!” I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims, even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery;—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of the chains that burst from around him; and he stands—redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of “Universal Emancipation.”

IX.—THE SUSPENSION OF THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT.

(C. J. FOX.)

The Right Honourable Charles James Fox was third son of the Right Honourable Henry Fox (afterwards Lord Holland of Foxley), and of Lady Georgiana Caroline, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. He was born in 1749, and died in 1806,—the same year which proved fatal to his great rival, William Pitt.

The *Habeas Corpus Act* was passed in the reign of Charles II., 1679. It provides that no British subject can be kept in prison beyond a certain period, without a public examination of the charges brought against him. It has been occasionally suspended, in cases of extreme emergency; but then only by the consent of Parliament. On the occasion referred to in the following speech (1794) Mr. Pitt proposed its suspension in consequence of a message from the King.

AGAINST whom, I would ask, is the thunder of government levelled? Is it against men of influence? No. Such a convention* could have no influence, and it would be ridiculous in government to stop them. The Constitution has too many admirers, has too many defenders, to have any

* Certain societies who designated themselves “The British Convention.”

fears from the attempts of such men. But, if government did really believe that they meant to form a government of themselves, could they be so mad, so absurd, as to suppose that they would be joined by any body sufficiently numerous to create any serious alarm? Surely not. For my part, I solemnly believe that if a hundred men were to assemble together, and presume to dictate laws to the rest of the community, there could not be found another hundred who would be willing to join them. This Constitution has too many defenders, too many well-wishers, to fear any such paltry attempts to overturn it. But, suppose that this convention assembled by Mr. Hardy and Mr. Adams entertain the views ascribed to them, I would then say that the measure now proposed is of infinitely greater mischief to the people than that which it is proposed to remedy. Is the House aware of the extent of this measure? It is no less than giving to the executive authority absolute power over the personal liberty of every individual in the kingdom. It may be said that ministers will not abuse that power. I must, for my own part, declare that I do not feel very comfortable under that reflection. Every man who talks freely, every man who detests—as I do from my heart—this war, might be, and would be, in the hands and at the mercy of ministers. Living under such a government, and being subject to insurrection;—comparing the two evils, I confess I think the evil you are pretending to remedy is less than the one you are going to inflict by the remedy itself. We are going to give up the very best part of our Constitution; and that which every man is entitled to do, and which I am now doing—delivering the sentiments of my heart upon the affairs of government, for the benefit of the public—would be at an end at once. If such is to be the case, might I not then say, that there is an end of the Constitution of England?

But, is there any instance, on such an occasion, of such a measure? Such a measure had been adopted in the reign of King William. Was that similar to the present reign? The same measure had been adopted in the time of the rebellion in 1715, and again in 1745. Were the circumstances then similar to the present? At that time there was an

army in the kingdom in favour of a popish prince, claiming a right to the throne ; and that, too, if we are to credit report, at a time when the people were a good deal divided in opinion as to the propriety of the succession of the House of Hanover. Is there any such prince now ? Are there any such circumstances now ? Nothing like it. Here we see a number of individuals, without arms, without means of any kind whatever, moving for a reform in Parliament. Such are the present circumstances ; and I must say that the House would betray its duty to the Constitution, if it should agree to the present measure. Having said thus much, I have but one thing more to submit. I am exceedingly surprised at the precipitation with which the business is brought forward. I conceive that a few days could make no difference, and that there could be no objection to a call of the House on a question of such magnitude. Is the danger so imminent, that a number of members must be deprived of the privilege of delivering their sentiments upon so alarming an exigence ? Could one fortnight make such a difference ? Is the danger so great as to exclude all possibility of deliberation, and compel the House to run headlong into the snare which the timidity or temerity of the people has prepared for them ? For my part, detesting equally the endeavour to intimidate as the endeavour to enslave, I feel it my duty to oppose the leave for bringing in the Bill. I see that a fancied terror has intruded itself upon the faculties of several members, and that they are prepared to sacrifice their duty to notions of supposed expediency and groundless alarm. Having an invincible objection to every species of delusion, I, for one, will enter my decided protest against the proceedings about to be adopted. This measure appears before me in so dreadful a point of view, that I should consider myself as betraying my constituents and the public, if I did not oppose it in every stage. It is a measure that would overturn the very corner-stone of the Constitution, and surrender to ministers the personal freedom of every man in the kingdom.

X.--WEBSTER ON SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

(DANIEL WEBSTER.)

Daniel Webster, one of the most distinguished statesmen of the American Republic, was born in 1782, and died in 1852.

THE United States are not wholly free from the contamination of a traffic at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt—I mean, the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment nor the law has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts no sentiment of humanity or justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon: and, in sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government, at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to co-operate with the laws of man and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces, where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who, by stealth, and at midnight, labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let the spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human

sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

I would invoke those who fill the seats of Justice, and all who minister at her altar, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of Religion, that they proclaim its denunciation of those crimes, and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. If the pulpit be silent, whenever or wherever there be a sinner bloody with this guilt within the hearing of its voice, the pulpit is false to its trust. I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates that ever infested them. That ocean, which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence, to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll along its treasures with a conscious pride; that ocean, which hardy industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil; what is it to the victim of this oppression, when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it for the first time, from beneath chains, and bleeding with stripes?—what is it to him, but a wide-spread prospect of suffering, anguish, and death? Nor do the skies smile longer, nor is the air longer fragrant to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and accursed traffic has cut him off, in his manhood or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him.

XI.—DEFENCE OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

(BROUGHAM.)

The trial of Caroline, consort of George IV., took place in 1820, before the House of Lords. The ministry ultimately withdrew their "Bill of Pains and Penalties," to the great joy of the nation, who sided with the injured Queen.

SUCH, my lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to deprive of a civil right—ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence—scandalous if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the

law knows—monstrous to ruin the honour, to blast the name of an English Queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenceless woman? My lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice—then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it. Save the country, my lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril—rescue that country, of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it—save the Crown, which is in jeopardy—the Aristocracy, which is shaken—save the Altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred Throne! You have said, my lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the Throne of Mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people, in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice!

XII.—THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION.

(KOSSUTH.)

The insurrection of the Hungarians against the Emperor of Austria broke out in 1848, and was crushed in 1849,—the surrender of the fortress of Komorn (28th September 1849) being the anniversary of the appointment of a provisional government under Kossuth.

THREE years ago, yonder house of Austria, which had chiefly me to thank for not having been swept away by the revolution of Vienna in March 1848, having, in return, answered by

the most foul, most sacrilegious conspiracy against the chartered rights, freedom, and national existence of my native land, it became my share, being then a member of the ministry, with undisguised truth to lay before the Parliament of Hungary the immense danger of our bleeding fatherland. Having made the sketch, which, however dreadful could be but a faint shadow of the horrible reality, I proceeded to explain the alternations which our terrible destiny left to us, after the failure of all our attempts to avert the evil. Reluctant to present the neck of the realm to the deadly snake which aimed at its very life, and anxious to bear up against the horrors of fate, and manfully to fight the battle of legitimate defence, scarcely had I spoken the word, scarcely had I added the words that the defence would require two hundred thousand men and 80,000,000 of florins, when the spirit of freedom moved through the hall, and nearly four hundred representatives rose as one man, and, lifting their right arms towards God, solemnly said, "We grant it—freedom or death!"

Thus they spoke, and there they swore, in a calm and silent majesty, awaiting what further word might fall from my lips. And for myself,—it was my duty to speak, but the grandeur of the moment and the rushing waves of sentiment benumbed my tongue. A burning tear fell from my eyes, a sigh of adoration to the Almighty Lord fluttered on my lips; and, bowing low before the majesty of my people, as I bow now before you, gentlemen, I left the tribunal silently, speechless, mute. Pardon me my emotion,—the shadows of our martyrs passed before my eyes; I heard the millions of my native land once more shouting "Liberty or death!" As I was then, sirs, so am I now. I would thank you, gentlemen, for the generous sympathy with which, in my undeserving person, you have honoured the bleeding, the oppressed, but not broken, Hungary. I would thank you for the ray of hope which the sympathy of the English people casts on the night of our fate. I would thank you, gentlemen, warmly as I feel, and as becomes the dignity of your glorious land. But the words fail me; they fail me not only from want of knowledge of your language, but chiefly because my sentiments are deep, and fervent, and true. The tongue of man is powerful

enough to render the ideas which the human intellect conceives; but in the realm of true and deep sentiments it is but a weak interpreter. These are inexpressible, like the endless glory of the Omnipotent.

Perhaps there might be some glory in inspiring such a nation, and to such a degree. But I cannot accept the praise. No; it is not I who inspired the Hungarian people,—it was the Hungarian people who inspired me. Whatever I thought, and still think—whatever I felt, and still feel—is but a feeble pulsation of that heart which in the breast of my people beats. The glory of battles is ascribed to the leaders, in history; theirs are the laurels of immortality. And yet, on meeting the danger, they knew that, alive or dead, their name will upon the lips of the people for ever live. How different, how much purer, is the light spread on the image of thousands of the people's sons, who, knowing that where they fall they will lie unknown, their names unhonoured and unsung, but who, nevertheless, animated by the love of freedom and fatherland, went on calmly, singing national anthems, against the batteries whose cross-fire vomited death and destruction on them, and took them without firing a shot, they who fell falling with the shout, "Hurrah for Hungary!"

And so they died by thousands, the unnamed demigods. Such is the people of Hungary. Still they say it is I who have inspired them. No! a thousand times no! It is they who have inspired me. The moment of death, gentlemen, is a dreary one. Even the features of Cato partook of the impression of this dreariness. A shadow passed over the brow of Socrates on drinking the hemlock cup. With us those who beheld the nameless victims of the love of country lying on the death-field beneath Buda's walls, met but the impression of a smile on the frozen lips of the dead; and the dying answered those who would console but by the words, "Never mind; Buda is ours! Hurrah for the fatherland!" So they spoke and died. He who witnessed such scenes, not as an exception, but as a constant rule,—he who saw the adolescent weep when told he was yet too young to die for his land,—he who saw the sacrifices of spontaneity,—he who heard what a fury spread over the people on hearing of the

catastrophe,—he who marked his behaviour towards the victors after all was lost,—he who knows what sort of curse is mixed in the prayers of the Magyar, and knows what sort of sentiment is burning alike in the breast of the old and of the young, of the strong man and of the tender wife, and ever will be burning on, till the hour of national resurrection strikes,—he who is aware of all this will surely bow before this people with respect, and will acknowledge with me that such a people wants not to be inspired, but that it is an everlasting source of inspiration itself. This is the people of Hungary! And for me,—my only glory is, that this people found in myself the personification of their own sentiments. This is all he can tell of himself whom you are honouring with so many tokens of your sympathy. Let me, therefore, hold the consoling faith, that, in honouring me by your sympathy, you were willing to give your sympathy to the people of the Magyars.

Hungary is not the sacrifice of its own crimes. An ambitious woman had, in the palace of Vienna, the sacrilegious dream to raise a child to the seat of power upon the ruins of liberty. Well she knew that God would not be with her; but she knew that the Czar would be with her,—and what do they care for God, if only the Czar be with them!—the Czar, who dared to boast that he has the calling to put his foot upon mankind's neck. Arrogant mortal! thou dust before God! No, gentlemen, by such an act a nation may suffer, but not die. The God of humanity cannot admit this. And do you note already his judgment-mark? They said, "Down with Hungary, that the Hapsburgs may rule as they please!" And look! they had already, in the first act of their sacrilegious plot, to mendicate the helm of him whose aid gave them dishonourable bondage instead of the coveted might. They longed to be the sun, and have nations for moons to revolve around them in obedience; and they themselves became the obedient moon of a frail mortal. Let them not rely on their Czar; his hour also will come. The millions of Russia cannot be doomed to be nothing else than blind instruments of a single mortal's despotic whims. Humanity has a nobler destiny than to be the footstool to the ambition of some families. The destiny of mankind is

freedom, sir ; and the sun of freedom will rise over Russia also ; and in the number of liberated nations who will raise the song of thanksgiving to God, not even the Russians will fail. So let the house of Austria trust to his Czar. The people of Hungary and myself, we trust to God !

XIII.—GLADSTONE ON THE AFFAIRS OF GREECE.

(GLADSTONE.)

The Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., the present *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, was born in Liverpool, in 1809, of a Scottish family settled there. His career at the University of Oxford and in Parliament has been one of distinguished success.

In consequence of the Greek government refusing to pay the demands of some British subjects who had suffered pecuniary loss in Athens by the violence of the mob, Admiral Parker, with the Mediterranean fleet, was ordered to blockade the Piræna. An inquiry was raised on the subject in Parliament, and, on the 27th of June 1850 Mr. Gladstone delivered a speech, from which the following is an extract:—

AND NOW I will grapple with the noble Lord [Palmerston] on the ground which he selected for himself, in the most triumphant portion of his speech, by his reference to those emphatic words, *Civis Romanus sum*. He vaunted, amidst the cheers of his supporters, that under his administration an Englishman should be throughout the world what the citizen of Rome had been. What then, sir, was a Roman citizen ? He was the member of a privileged caste ; he belonged to a conquering race,—to a nation that held all others bound down by the strong arm of power. For him there was to be an exceptional system of law ; for him principles were to be asserted, and by him rights were to be enjoyed, that were denied to the rest of the world. Is such, then, the view of the noble lord, as to the relation that is to subsist between England and other countries ? Does he make the claim for us, that we are to be uplifted on a platform high above the standing-ground of all other nations ? It is, indeed, too clear, not only from the expressions, but from the whole spirit of the speech of the noble viscount, that too much of this notion is lurking in his mind ; that he adopts in part that vain conception, that we, forsooth, have a mission to be the censors of vice and folly, of abuse and imperfection,

among the other countries of the world ; that we are to be the universal schoolmasters ; and that all those who hesitate to recognise our office can be governed only by prejudice or personal animosity, and should have the blind war of diplomacy forthwith declared against them.

Sir, the English people, whom we are here to represent, are indeed a great and noble people ; but it adds nothing to their greatness or their nobleness that, when we assemble in this place, we should trumpet forth our virtues in elaborate panegyrics, and designate those who may not be wholly of our mind as a knot of foreign conspirators. When, indeed, I heard the honourable and learned gentleman the member for Sheffield glorifying us, together with the rest of the people of this country, and announcing that we soared in unapproachable greatness, and the like, I confess I felt that eulogies such as those savoured somewhat of bombast ; and thought it much to the honour of this House that the praises thus vented seemed to fall so flat ; that the cookery of the honourable and learned gentleman was evidently seasoned beyond the capacity and relish of our palates.

Sir, I say the policy of the noble lord tends to encourage and confirm in us that which is our besetting fault and weakness, both as a nation and as individuals. Let an Englishman travel where he will as a private person, he is found in general to be upright, high-minded, brave, liberal, and true ; but with all this, foreigners are too often sensible of something that galls them in his presence ; and I apprehend it is because he has too great a tendency to self-esteem—too little disposition to regard the feelings, the habits, and the ideas of others. Sir, I find this characteristic too plainly legible in the policy of the noble lord. I doubt not that use will be made of our present debate to work upon this peculiar weakness of the English mind. The people will be told that those who oppose the motion are governed by personal motives, have no regard for public principle, no enlarged ideas of national policy. You will take your case before a favourable jury, and you think to gain your verdict ; but, sir, let the House of Commons be warned—let it warn itself—against all illusions. There is in this case also a course of appeal. There is an appeal, such as the honourable and

learned member for Sheffield has made, from the one House of Parliament to the other. There is a further appeal from this House of Parliament to the people of England. But, lastly, there is also an appeal from the people of England to the general sentiment of the civilized world; and I, for my part, am of opinion that England will stand shorn of a chief part of her glory and her pride, if she shall be found to have separated herself, through the policy she pursues abroad, from the moral supports which the general and fixed convictions of mankind afford—if the day shall come in which she may continue to excite the wonder and the fear of other nations, but in which she shall have no part in their affection and their regard.

No, sir, let it not be so: let us recognise, and recognise with frankness, the equality of the weak with the strong; the principles of brotherhood among nations, and of their sacred independence. When we are asking for the maintenance of the rights which belong to our fellow-subjects resident in Greece, let us do as we would be done by, and let us pay all the respect to a feeble state, and to the infancy of free institutions, which we should desire and should exact from others towards their maturity and their strength. Let us refrain from all gratuitous and arbitrary meddling in the internal concerns of other states, even as we should resent the same interference if it were attempted to be practised towards ourselves.

XIV.—MAN BEFORE THE FALL.

(DR. R. SOUTH.)

Dr. Robert South, one of the ablest of the clergy of his own day, was the son of a London merchant. He was born at Hackney in 1653, and died in 1716. He was a keen supporter of the "divine right of kings."

THE understanding, the noblest faculty of the mind, was then sublime, clear, and aspiring, and as it were the soul's upper region,—lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason. It did not so much persuade as command; it was

not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility: it knew no rest, but in motion; no quiet, but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object; not so much find as make things intelligible. It arbitrated upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In short, it was vege, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth: it gave the soul a bright and full view into all things; and was not only a window, but itself the prospect. Adam came into the world a philosopher; which sufficiently appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names. He could view essences in themselves, and read forms without the comment of their respective properties; he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn in the womb of their causes; his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents, his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or the certainties of prediction. Till his fall, he was ignorant of nothing but sin; or at least it rested in the notion, without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was an *ευρηκα*, an *ευρηκα*, the offspring of his brain, without the sweat of his brow. Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to see truth *in profundo*,—to exhaust his time, and to impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days, and himself, into one pitiful, controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention; his faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons; there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess, it is as difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred

up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

XV.—MAJESTY OF CHRIST.

(W. ARCHER BUTLER.)

William Archer Butler, D.D., one of the most accomplished and profound scholars which the Church of England has in modern times possessed, was born near Clonmel, Ireland, in 1814, and died in 1848, at the early age of thirty-four.

ON such a subject as this, what can one say which is not unworthy? It is far vaster than our vastest conception, infinitely grander than our loftiest; yet, overpoweringly awful as it is, how familiarity reconciles us to hearing it without awe! Perhaps even the overpowering greatness of the subject makes us despair of conceiving it. All the wonders of God fall dead on unfitted minds. And thus men learn listlessly to hear words, without even an effort to attach ideas to them; and this is not least the case with those who dispute the most bitterly about the lifeless words

themselves. In such a case all that can be done is, to endeavour to devise some mode of meeting this miserable influence of habit, by forcing the mind to make some faint effort to realize the infinite magnificence of the subject. Let us endeavour, then, to approach it thus.

You are wandering (I will suppose) in some of the wretched retreats of poverty, upon some mission of business or charity. Perplexed and wearied amid its varieties of misery, you chance to come upon an individual whose conversation and mien attract and surprise you. Your attention enkindled by the gracious benevolence of the stranger's manner, you inquire; and the astounding fact reveals itself, that, in this lone and miserable scene, you have, by some strange conjuncture, met with one of the great lights of the age, one belonging to a different and distant sphere, one of the leaders of universal opinion; on whom your thoughts had long been busied, and whom you had for years desired to see. The singular accident of an interview so unexpected, fills and agitates your mind. You form a thousand theories as to what strange cause could have brought him *there*. You recall how he spoke and looked; you call it an epoch in your life to have witnessed so startling an occurrence—to have beheld one so distinguished, in a scene so much out of all possibility of anticipation; and this even though he were in no wise apparently connected with it, except as witnessing and compassionating its groups of misery.

Yet, again, something more wonderful than this is easily conceivable. Upon the same stage of wretchedness a loftier personage may be imagined. In the wild revolutions of fortune, even monarchs have been wanderers. Suppose this then,—improbable, indeed, but not impossible surely. And then, what feelings of respectful pity, of deep and earnest interest, would thrill your frame, as you contemplated such a one cast down from all that earth can minister of luxury and power, from the head of councils and of armies, to seek a home with the homeless, to share the bread of destitution, and feed on the charity of the scornful! How the depths of human nature are stirred by such events! how they find an echo in the recesses of our hearts,—these terrible espousals of majesty and misery!

But this will not suffice. There are beings within the mind's easy conception that far overpass the glories of the statesman and the monarch of our earth. Men of even no extreme ardour of fancy, when once instructed as to the vastness of our universe, have yearned to know of the life and intelligence that animate and that guide those distant regions of creation which science has so abundantly and so wonderfully revealed; and have dared to dream of the communications that might subsist—and that may yet in another state of existence subsist—with the beings of such spheres. Conceive, then, no longer the mighty of our world in this strange union with misery and degradation, but the presiding spirit of one of these orbs; or multiply his power, and make him the deputed governor, the vicegerent angel, of a million of those orbs that are spread in their myriads through infinity. Think what it would be to be permitted to hold high converse with such a delegate of Heaven as this; to find this lord of a million worlds the actual inhabitant of our own; to see him, and yet live; to learn the secrets of his immense administration, and hear of forms of being of which men can now have no more conception than the insect living on a leaf has of the forest that surrounds him. Still more, to find, in this being, an interest, a real interest in the affairs of our little corner of the universe,—of that earthly cell, which is absolutely invisible from the nearest fixed star that sparkles in the heavens above us; nay, to find him willing to throw aside his glorious toils of empire, in order to meditate our welfare, and dwell among us for a time. This surely would be wondrous, appalling, and yet transporting; such as that, when it had passed away, life would seem to have nothing more it could offer, compared to the being blessed with such an intercourse!

And now mark: behind all the visible scenery of nature—beyond all the systems of all the stars—around this whole universe, and through the infinity of infinite space itself—from all eternity and to all eternity—there lives a Being, compared to whom that mighty spirit just described, with his empire of a million suns, is infinitely less than to you is the minutest mote that floats in the sunbeam. There is a Being in whose breath lives the whole immense of worlds;

who with the faintest wish could blot them all from existence ; and who, after they had all vanished away like a dream, would remain, filling the whole tremendous solitude they left, as unimpaired in all the fulness of his might as when he first scattered them around him to be the flaming beacons of his glory. With him, coëfinite with immensity, coëval with eternity, the universe is a span, its duration a moment. Hear his voice attesting his own eternal sovereignty : “Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.”—But *who* is he that thus builds the throne of his glory upon the ruins of earth and heaven ? who is he that thus triumphs over a perishing universe, himself alone eternal and impassible ? The child of a Jewish woman ;—he who was laid in a manger, because there was no room for him in the inn at Bethlehem !

POETRY.

SECTION I.—HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

I.—TRIUMPHS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

(J. G. LYONS.)

Now gather all our Saxon bards, let harps and hearts be
strung,
To celebrate the triumphs of our own good Saxon tongue;
For stronger far than hosts that march with battle-flags
unfurled,
It goes with FREEDOM, THOUGHT, and TRUTH, to rouse and
rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays on every surf-worn
shore,
And Scotland hears its echoing far as Orkney's breakers
roar—
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills it floats on every gale,
And warms with eloquence and song the homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck it scales the rough
wave's crest,
Seeking its peerless heritage—the fresh and fruitful West:
It climbs New England's rocky steeps, as victor mounts a
throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice, still mightier than its
own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows on bleak Canadian
plains,
And where, on Essequibo's banks, eternal summer reigns:

It glads Acadia's misty coasts, Jamaica's glowing isle,
And bides where, gay with early flowers, green Texan
prairies smile :
It tracks the loud, swift Oregon, through sunset valleys
rolled,
And soars where Californian brooks wash down their sands
of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves, on seas of fierce
Malay,
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood, and towers of proud
Bombay :
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes, dusk brows, and swarthy
limbs ;
The dark Liberian soothes her child with English cradle
hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won in gentle Saxon speech ;
Australian boys read Crusoe's life by Sydney's sheltered
beach :
It dwells where Afric's southmost capes meet oceans broad
and blue,
And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird the wide and waste
Karoo.

It kindles realms so far apart, that, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with autumn's fruits, and *those* with
flowers of spring :
It quickens lands whose meteor lights flame in an arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross hangs its orbèd
fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told, and righteous kings
desired,—
With all that great apostles taught, and glorious Greeks
admired ;
With Shakspeare's deep and wondrous verse, and Milton's
loftier mind,—
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore,—to cheer and bless
mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom, and error flies away,
 As vanishes the mist of night before the star of day!
 But grand as are the victories whose monuments we see,
 These are but as the dawn, which speaks of noontide yet
 to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame, take heed, nor once
 disgrace

With deadly pen or spoiling sword, our noble tongue and
 race.

Go forth prepared in every clime to love and help each other,
 And judge that they who counsel strife would bid you smite
 —a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time, by good men prayed
 for long,

When Christian states, grown just and wise, will scorn
 revenge and wrong;

When earth's oppressed and savage tribes shall cease to pine
 or roam,

All taught to prize these English words—FAITH, FREEDOM,
 HEAVEN, and HOME.

II.—THE THREATENED INVASION.

(CAMPBELL.)

Thomas Campbell, so well known by his "Pleasures of Hope," and his many spirited lyrics, was born in Glasgow in 1777, and died in Boulogne in 1844. The poem refers to the invasion threatened by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1803.

OUR bosoms we'll bare for the glorious strife,
 And our oath is recorded on high,
 To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
 Or, crushed in its ruins, to die!
 Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust—
 God bless the green isle of the brave!
 Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
 It would rouse the old dead from their grave!

Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land !

In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide,
Profaning its loves and its charms ?
Shall a Frenchman insult the loved fair at our side ?—
To arms ! O my country, to arms !
Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land !

Shall a tyrant enslave us, my countrymen ?—No !
His head to the sword shall be given—
A death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to Heaven !
Then rise, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land !

III.—THE ABBOT TO BRUCE.

(SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771, and died at Abbotsford in 1832.

THEN on King Robert turned the Monk,
But twice his courage came and sunk ;
Confronted with the hero's look,
Twice fell his eye, his accents shook ;
At length, resolved in tone and brow,
Sternly he questioned him,—“ And thou,
Unhappy ! what hast thou to plead,
Why I denounce not on thy deed
That awful doom which canons tell
Shuts paradise, and opens hell ;
Anathema of power so dread,
It blends the living with the dead,
Bids each good angel soar away,
And every ill one claim his prey ;
Expels thee from the Church's care,
And deafens Heaven against thy prayer ;

Arms every hand against thy life,
Bans all who aid thee in the strife,
Nay, each whose succour, cold and scant,
With meanest alms relieves thy want;
Haunts thee while living, and, when dead,
Dwells on thy yet devoted head;
Rends Honour's scutcheon from thy hearse,
Stills o'er thy bier the holy verse,
And spurns thy corpse from hallowed ground,
Flung like vile carrion to the hound!
Such is the dire and desperate doom
For sacrilege, decreed by Rome;
And such the well-deserved meed
Of thine unhallowed, ruthless deed."—

"Abbot!" The Bruce replied, "thy charge
It boots not to dispute at large.
This much, howe'er, I bid thee know,
No selfish vengeance dealt the blow,
For Comyn died his country's foe.
Nor blame I friends whose ill-timed speed
Fulfilled my soon-repentèd deed;
Nor censure those from whose stern tongue
The dire anathema has rung.
I only blame mine own wild ire,
By Scotland's wrongs incensed to fire.
Heaven knows my purpose to atone,
Far as I may, the evil done,
And hears a penitent's appeal
From papal curse and prelate's zeal.
My first and dearest task achieved,
Fair Scotland from her thrall relieved,
Shall many a priest in cope and stole
Say requiem for Red Comyn's soul;
While I the blessèd Cross advance,
And expiate this unhappy chance
In Palestine, with sword and lance.
But while content the Church should know
My conscience owns the debt I owe,

Unto De Argentine and Lorn
 The name of traitor I return.
 Bid them defiance stern and high,
 And give them in their throats the lie!
 These brief words spoke, I speak no more,
 Do what thou wilt ; my shrift is o'er."

Like man by prodigy amazed,
 Upon the King the Abbot gazed ;
 Then o'er his pallid features glance
 Convulsions of ecstatic trance.
 His breathing came more thick and fast,
 And from his pale blue eyes were cast
 Strange rays of wild and wandering light ;
 Uprise his locks of silver white,
 Flushed is his brow, through every vein
 In azure tide the currents strain,
 And undistinguished accents broke
 The awful silence ere he spoke.

"De Bruce ! I rose with purpose dread,
 To speak my curse upon thy head,
 And give thee as an outcast o'er
 To him who burns to shed thy gore ;—
 But, like the Midianite of old,
 Who stood on Zophim, heaven-controlled,
 I feel within mine aged breast
 A power that will not be repressed :
 It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,
 It burns, it maddens, it constrains !—
 De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
 Hath at God's altar slain thy foe
 O'ermastered yet by high behest,
 I bless thee, and thou shalt be blessed !"
 He spoke, and o'er the astonished throng
 Was silence, awful, deep, and long.

Again that light has fired his eye,
 Again his form swells bold and high,
 The broken voice of age is gone,
 'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone :—

"Thrice vanquished on the battle-plain,
 Thy followers slaughtered, fled, or ta'en,
 A hunted wanderer on the wild,
 On foreign shores a man exiled,
 Disowned, deserted, and distressed,
 I bless thee, and thou shalt be blessed !
 Blessed in the hall and in the field,
 Under the mantle as the shield !
 Avenger of thy country's shame,
 Restorer of her injured fame,
 Blessed in thy sceptre and thy sword,
 De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful lord,
 Blessed in thy deeds and in thy fame,
 What lengthened honours wait thy name !
 In distant ages, sire to son
 Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
 And teach his infants, in the use
 Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce.
 Go, then, triumphant ! sweep along
 Thy course, the theme of many a song !
 The Power, whose dictates swell my breast,
 Hath blessed thee, and thou shalt be blessed !"

IV.—ANCIENT GREECE.

(BYRON.)

George Lord Byron was born in London in 1788. His father was Captain John Byron of the Guards; and his mother, Miss Gordon of Gight, in Aberdeenshire. He succeeded his grand-uncle, William Lord Byron, in the title and estates when eleven years of age. He died at Missolonghi, in Greece, in 1824.

CLIME of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain cave
 Was freedom's home, or glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave ;
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 O servile offspring of the free—

Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires,
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid;
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb.
A mightier monument command—
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die.
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

V.—PRESENT STATE OF GREECE.

(BYRON.)

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress—

Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fixed, yet tender traits, that streak
The languor of the placid cheek ;
And—but for that sad, shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now ;
And but for that chill, changeless brow
Whose touch thrills with mortality,
And curdles to the gazer's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;—
Yes, but for these, and these alone—
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed
The first, last look, by death revealed !
Such is the aspect of this shore.
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more !
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death
That parts not quite with parting breath ;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,—
The farewell beam of feeling passed away !
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth.

VI.—BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

(AYTOUN.)

William Edmonstoune Aytoun, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, was born in 1813. He is author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," "Bothwell," &c.

The battle of Killiecrankie was fought in 1689. The forces of William III., under General Mackay, were defeated by those of the exiled James II., under Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.

ON the heights of Killiecrankie yester-morn our army lay :
 Slowly rose the mist in columns from the river's broken way ;
 Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent, and the pass was
 wrapped in gloom,
 When the clansmen rose together from their lair amidst the
 broom.
 Then we belted on our tartans, and our bonnets down we
 drew,
 And we felt our broadswords' edges, and we proved them to
 be true ;
 And we prayed the prayer of soldiers, and we cried the
 gathering cry ;
 And we clasped the hands of kinsmen, and we swore to do
 or die !
 Then our leader rode before us on his war-horse black as
 night—
 Well the Cameronian rebels knew that charger in the fight !
 And a cry of exultation from the bearded warriors rose ;
 For we loved the house of Claver'se, and we thought of good
 Montrose.
 But he raised his hand for silence—"Soldiers ! I have sworn
 a vow :
 Ere the evening's sun shall glisten on Schehallion's lofty
 brow
 Either we shall rest in triumph, or another of the Græmes
 Shall have died in battle-harness for his country and King
 James !
 Think upon the Royal Martyr—think of what his race
 endure—
 Think on him whom butchers murdered on the field of
 Magus Moor :

By his sacred blood I charge ye, by the ruined hearth and
shrine—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland, by your injuries and
mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil lay beneath your blows the
while,
Be they Covenanting traitors, or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels backwards o'er the
stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention how they fared within
the North.
Let them tell that Highland honour is not to be bought nor
sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger, as we loathe his foreign
gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over, if you look in vain for
me,
Where the dead are lying thickest, search for him that was
Dundee!"
Loudly then the hills re-echoed with our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded in the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane, not a man who heard
him speak
Would that day have left the battle. Burning eye and flush-
ing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion, and they harder drew
their breath;
For their souls were strong within them—stronger than the
grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet sounding in the pass
below,
And the distant tramp of horses, and the voices of the foe:
Down we crouched amid the bracken, till the Lowland ranks
drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer, when they scent the
stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging, next we saw the squadrons
come,
Leslie's foot, and Leven's troopers marching to the tuck of
drum;

Through the scattered wood of birches, o'er the broken
ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly, till they gained the field
beneath ;—
Then we bounded from our covert. Judge how looked the
Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain start to life with
armed men!
Like a tempest down the ridges swept the hurricane of steel ;
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—flashed the broadsword of
Lochiel !
Vainly sped the withering volley 'mongst the foremost of
our band—
On we poured until we met them, foot to foot and hand to
hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood when the floods
are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling in the Garry's deepest pool :
Horse and man went down before us—living foe there
tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie, when that stubborn fight was
done !

VII.—DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

(CROLY.)

The Rev. George Croly, LL.D., Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London, was born in Dublin in 1785. Died, 1861. His works, both prose and verse, are very voluminous.

Leonidas, King of Sparta, was sent by his country to repel the invasion of Greece by Xerxes in 480 B.C. He fell, with his three hundred Spartans, in the battle at the pass of Thermopylæ.

It was the wild midnight,—a storm was in the sky,
The lightning gave its light, and the thunder echoed by ;
The torrent swept the glen, the ocean lashed the shore,—
Then rose the Spartan men, to make their bed in gore !

Swift from the deluged ground three hundred took the
shield ;
Then, silent, gathered round the leader of the field.

He spoke no warrior-word, he bade no trumpet blow ;
But the signal thunder roared, and they rushed upon the
foe.

The fiery element showed, with one mighty gleam,
Rampart and flag and tent, like the spectres of a dream ;
All up the mountain side, all down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide, waved the Persian banners pale.

And King Leonidas, among the slumbering band,
Sprang foremost from the pass, like the lightning's living
brand ;
Then double darkness fell, and the forest ceased to moan,
But there came a clash of steel, and a distant dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew, and a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw a blood-red canopy :
A host glared on the hill, a host glared by the bay ;
But the Greeks rushed onward still, like leopards in their
play.

The air was all a yell, and the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel on the silken turbans
came ;
And still the Greeks rushed on, beneath the fiery fold,
Till, like a rising sun, shone Xerxes's tent of gold.

They found a royal feast, his midnight banquet, there !
And the treasures of the East lay beneath the Doric spear :
Then sat to the repast the bravest of the brave ;
That feast must be their last—that spot must be their grave !

They pledged old Sparta's name in cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame was sung in strains divine ;
They took the rose-wreathed lyres from eunuch and from
slave,
And taught the languid wires the sounds that Freedom gave.

But now the morning star crownèd Cæta's twilight brow,
And the Persian born of war from the hill began to blow ,

Up rose the glorious rank, to Greece one cup poured high,
Then, hand in hand, they drank,—“To Immortality!”

Fear on King Xerxes fell, when, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet-knell, he saw the warriors come ;
But down swept all his power, with chariot and with charge,—
Down poured the arrowy shower, till sank the Dorian targe.

They marched within the tent, with all their strength un-
strung ;

To Greece one look they sent, then on high their torches
flung :

To heaven the blaze uprolled, like a mighty altar-fire ;
And the Persians' gems and gold were the Grecians' funeral
pyre.

Their king sat on his throne, his captains by his side,
While the flame rushed roaring on, and their pæan loud
replied !

Thus fought the Greek of old ! Thus will he fight again !
Shall not the self-same mould bring forth the self-same men ?

VIII.—THE PLAIN OF MARATHON.

(BYRON.)

The battle of Marathon, in which Miltiades, the Athenian, defeated the hosts of invading Persians, under Datis and Artaphernes, was fought in 490 B.C.

WHERE'ER we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground !
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould !
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon :
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone :
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey Marathon.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave the same—
Unchanged in all, except its foreign lord,

Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame :
The battle-field—where Persia's victim-horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word,
Which uttered, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career !

The flying Mede—his shaftless broken bow !
The fiery Greek—his red pursuing spear !
Mountains above—earth's, ocean's plain below !
Death in the front—destruction in the rear !
Such was the scene,—what now remaineth here ?
What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns around !

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;
Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
Which sages venerate, and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth ;
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth !
But he whom sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died

IX.—ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

(DRYDEN.)

Alexander the Great, King of Macedon, was born at Pella in 356 B.C. His career as a conqueror is well known. He died in 323 B.C., of an illness brought on by the unhealthy nature of the marshy ground near Babylon, and aggravated by a too liberal indulgence in wine at a banquet given to his officers. It is not, however, his banquet at Babylon, but one at Persepolis, some years before, that Dryden takes as the subject of his poem.

John Dryden, one of the greatest of English poets and satirists, was born in Northamptonshire in 1631. He died in 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music, was a Roman lady who suffered martyrdom in the third century. She is said to have been taught music by an angel,—hence, "She drew an angel down." Her birthday was the 22d November.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son,
Aloft in awful state
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne.

His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound :
So should desert in arms be crowned.

The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.—
Happy, happy, happy pair !

None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave, deserves the fair

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.—

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seat above—
Such is the power of mighty love !—
A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,

When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound :
"A present deity !" they shout around—
"A present deity !" the vaulted roofs rebound ;—
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young !—
The jolly god in triumph comes !
Sound the trumpets ! beat the drums !
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath !—he comes ! he comes !
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure :
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure ;
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain !

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again :
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
slain !
The master saw the madness rise,—
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he heaven and earth defied—
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius great and good !
By too severe a fate,
Fallen ! fallen ! fallen ! fallen !
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood !
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes !
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving, in his altered soul,
The various turns of fate below ;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow !

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree :
'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures :
War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
Honour, but an empty bubble ;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying !
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,—
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause :
So Love was crowned ; but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again :
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor—sunk upon her breast !

Now strike the golden lyre again !
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder !
Hark ! hark !—the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead ;
And amazed he stares around !
Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries—
See the Furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
And, unburied, remain
Inglorious on the plain !
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew !
Behold ! how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods !—
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey !
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage—or kindle soft desire
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,

With nature's mother-wit and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown :
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down !

X.—MARCO BOZZARIS.

(FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.)

Marco Bozzaris was the great hero of modern Greece in her struggle for independence. He was killed in 1823, while heading an assault by night on the Turkish camp at Laspi, where stood the ancient Plataea, famed for a victory (479 B.C.) of the Greeks over Mardonius, the Persian commander. The dying expression of Bozzaris was, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain."

Mr. Halleck is an American poet of some note. He was born in Connecticut in 1795.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power :
 In dreams, through camp and court he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror ;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard ;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring—
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To ARMS! *they come!*—the GREEK! the GREEK!"
 He woke, to die 'midst flame and smoke
 And shout and groan and sabre-stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band—

“Strike, till the last armed foe expires!
STRIKE, for your altars and your fires!
STRIKE, for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land!”

They fought like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered;—but Bozzaris fell
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah
And the red field was won;
They saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night’s repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her first-born’s breath;
Come when the blessèd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption’s ghastly form,
The earthquake’s shock, the ocean’s storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song and dance and wine,—
And thou art terrible: the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet’s word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
BOZZARIS! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory’s time
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave.
Even in her own proud clime.

We tell thy doom without a sigh;
 For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die!

XI.—THE CID'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

(MRS. HEMANS.)

Felicia Dorothea Browne, Mrs. Hemans, was born in Liverpool in 1793, and died in Dublin in 1835. She is best known by her minor pieces, which have always been highly popular; but some of her more ambitious efforts, such as the "Forest Sanctuary," and "Vespers of Palermo," are no less deserving of favour.

Don Roderigo Dias de Bivar, called the Cid,—that is, Lord or Noble,—was a famous Spanish hero. The city of Valencia being besieged by the Moors while he lay on his death-bed, he gave orders that when a rally was made his dead body should be carried out to battle.

THE Moor had beleaguered Valencia's towers,
 And lances gleamed up through her citron-bowers,
 And the tents of the desert had girt her plain,
 And camels were trampling the vines of Spain,
 For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the death-wind sweeps,
 There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,
 There were bows from sands where the ostrich runs;
 For the shrill horn of Afric had called her sons
 To the battles of the West.

The midnight bell o'er the dim seas heard,
 Like the roar of waters the air had stirred;
 The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
 And the camp lay hushed as a wizard's cave;
 But the Christians woke that night.

They reared the Cid on his barbed¹ steed,
 Like a warrior mailed for the hour of need;
 And they fixed the sword in the cold right hand,
 Which had fought so well for his father's land,
 And the shield from his neck hung bright.

¹ Covered with armour.

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,
 There was vigil kept on the rampart walls;
 Stars had not faded, nor clouds turned red,
 When the knights had girded the noble dead,
 And the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
 Was the still death-march of the host begun;
 With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
 Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
 And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,--
 In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep;
 When the last through the city gates had gone,
 O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
 With a sun-burst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went armed before,
 And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore;
 To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
 Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
 On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador¹ came stately then,
 Like a leader circled with steel-clad men:
 The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,
 But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
 For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,
 And Ximena² following her noble lord;
 Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,
 But there rose not a sound of war or woe,
 Nor a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,
 The churches were empty, the masses done;
 There was not a voice through the wide streets far,
 Not a footfall heard in the Alcazar;³
 So the burial-train moved out.

¹ Campeador; that is, Champion, a title of the Cid.

² Wife of the Cid.

³ Market-place

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
 Was the still death-march of the host begun;
 With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
 Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
 And they gave no battle-shout.

But the hills pealed with a cry ere long,
 When the Christians burst on the Paynim¹ throng!
 With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
 And a charge of the war-steed in full career,
 It was Alvar Fanez² came!

He that was wrapt with no funeral-shroud,
 Had passed before, like a threatening cloud!
 And the storm rushed down on the tented plain,
 And the archer-Queen³ with her bands lay slain,
 For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
 And the Libyan⁴ kings who had joined his war;
 And their hearts grew heavy and died away,
 And their hands could not wield an assagay,⁵
 For the dreadful things they saw!

For it seemed where Minaya⁶ his onset made,
 There were seventy thousand knights arrayed,
 All white as snow on Nevada's⁷ steep,
 And they came like the foam of a roaring deep;—
 'Twas a sight of fear and awe.

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
 With a sword of fire, went before them all;
 With a sword of fire and a banner pale,
 And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail,
 He rode in the battle's van!

There was fear in the path of his dim white horse,
 There was death in the giant-warrior's course!

¹ Heathen, or pagan.

² A famous follower of the Cid.

³ A Moorish princess who led a band of female archers, to assist the Moorish king, Bucar, in his invasion of Spain.

⁴ That is, African.

⁵ A Moorish weapon.

⁶ That is, Alvar Fanez Minaya.

⁷ A range of mountains in Spain.

Where his banner streamed with its ghostly light,
Where his sword blazed out there was hurrying flight,
For it seemed not the sword of man!

The field and the river grew darkly red,
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled;
There was work for the men of the Cid that day!
They were weary at eve when they ceased to slay,
As reapers whose task is done!

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled!
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread;
But the sea had its share of the Paynim slain,
And the bow of the desert was broke in Spain,
So the Cid to his grave passed on!

XII.—FRANKLIN.

(*Punch.*)

Sir John Franklin, whose name is inseparably connected with Arctic navigation, died in the Polar regions in 1848. His fate was not positively known till the return of Captain (now Sir) F. L. M'Clintock in 1859. "Punch, or the London Charivari," was commenced on 17th July 1841. Some of its more sober pieces are marked by great power and pathos.

THE Polar clouds uplift—
A moment and no more—
And through the snowy drift
We see them on the shore,—

A band of gallant hearts,
Well-ordered, calm, and brave;
Braced for their closing parts—
Their long march to the grave.

Through the snow's dazzling blink,
Into the dark they've gone :—
No pause: the weaker sink,
The strong can but strive on,

Till all the dreary way
Is dotted with their dead;

And the shy foxes play
About each sleeping head.

Unharm'd the wild deer run,
To graze along the strand ;
Nor dread the loaded gun
Beside each sleeping hand.

The remnant that survive
Onward like drunkards reel .
Scarce wotting if alive,
But for the pangs they feel.

The river of their hope
At length is drawing nigh —
Their snow-blind way they grope,
And reach its banks to die!

Thank God, brave Franklin's place
Was empty in that band!
He closed his well-run race
Not on the iron strand.

Not under snow-clouds white,
By cutting frost-wind driven,
Did his true spirit fight
Its shuddering way to heaven ;

But warm, aboard his ship,
With comfort at his side
And hope upon his lip,
The gallant Franklin died.

His heart ne'er ached to see
His much-loved sailors ta'en ;
His sailors' pangs were free
From their loved captain's pain.

But though in death apart,
They are together now ;
Calm, each enduring heart—
Bright, each devoted brow!

XIII.—THE AVENGING CHILDE.

(LOCKHART.)

John Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, was author of several novels, the best known of which are "Valerius, a Roman Story," and "Reginald Dalton." He was a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and was editor of the *Quarterly Review* from 1826 to 1852. His translations of the Spanish Ballads are remarkable for spirit and elegance. He died at Abbotsford in 1854.

HURRAH! hurrah! avoid the way of the Avenging Childe;
His horse is swift as sands that drift—an Arab of the wild;
His gown is twisted round his arm—a ghastly cheek he
wears;

And in his hand, for deadly harm, a hunting knife he bears.

Avoid that knife in battle strife, that weapon short and thin;
The dragon's gore hath bathed it o'er, seven times 'twas
steeped therein;

Seven times the smith hath proved its pith,—it cuts a coultter
through:

In France the blade was fashioned, from Spain the shaft it
drew.

He sharpens it, as he doth ride, upon his saddle-bow;
He sharpens it on either side, he makes the steel to glow.
He rides to find Don Quadros, that false and faitour¹ knight;
His glance of ire is hot as fire, although his cheek be white.

He found him standing by the king, within the judgment-
hall;

He rushed within the barons' ring—he stood before them all.
Seven times he gazed and pondered if he the deed should do;
Eight times distraught he looked and thought, then out his
dagger flew.

He stabbed therewith at Quadros—the king did step between;
It pierced his royal garment of purple wove with green;
He fell beneath the canopy, upon the tiles he lay.
Thou traitor keen, what dost thou mean—thy king why
wouldst thou slay?"

¹ Vagabond.

"Now, pardon, pardon," cried the Childe; "I stabbed not,
king, at thee,
But him, that caitiff, blood-defiled, who stood beside thy
knee:
Eight brothers were we—in the land might none more loving
be—
They all are slain by Quadros' hand—they all are dead but
me.

"Good king, I fain would wash the stain—for vengeance is
my cry;
This murderer with sword and spear to battle I defy."
But all took part with Quadros, except one lovely May,—
Except the king's fair daughter, none word for him would
say.

She took their hands, she led them forth into the court
below;
She bade the ring be guarded, she bade the trumpet blow;
From lofty place, for that stern race, the signal she did
throw—
"With truth and right the Lord will fight—together let
them go."

The one is up, the other down, the hunter's knife is bare;
It cuts the lace beneath the face, it cuts through beard and
hair;
Right soon that knife hath quenched his life—the head is
sundered sheer;
Then gladsome smiled the Avenging Childe, and fixed it on
his spear.

But when the king beholds him bring that token of his truth,
Nor scorn nor wrath his bosom hath—"Kneel down, thou
noble youth;
Kneel down, kneel down, and kiss my crown, I am no more
thy foe;
My daughter now may pay the vow she plighted long ago."

XIV.—BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

(COZZENS.)

This celebrated battle was fought between the revolted Americans and the English troops in 1775. The United States forces were nearly a thousand less in number than the British; but the fact that, though ultimately defeated and compelled to retreat, they yet maintained a doubtful struggle against superior numbers, is a matter of boast to the Americans to the present day. Mr. Cozzens is an American writer.

It was a starry night in June, the air was soft and still,
When the "minute-men" from Cambridge came, and
gathered on the hill;
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the
fleet,
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms
beat;
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,
"We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the
dead!"

"Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it on
the sward!"
The trench is marked, the tools are brought, we utter not a
word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work with mattock and
with spade,
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound is made;
So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a whisper
fell;
We heard the red-coat's musket click, and heard him cry,
"All's well!"

* * * * *

See how the morn is breaking! the red is in the sky:
The mist is creeping from the stream that floats in silence by;
The *Lively's* hull looms through the fog, and they our works
have spied,
For the ruddy flash and round-shot part in thunder from her
side;
And the *Falcon* and the *Cerberus* make every bosom thrill,
With gun and shell, and drum and bell, and boatswain's
whistle shrill;

But deep and wider grows the trench, as spade and mattock
ply,

For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the time is
drawing nigh!

Up with the pine-tree banner! Our gallant PRESCOTT
stands

Amid the plunging shells and shot, and plants it with his
hands;

Up with the shout! for PUTNAM comes upon his reeking bay,
With bloody spur and foamy bit, in haste to join the fray;
And POMEROY, with his snow-white hairs, and face all flush
and sweat,

Unscathed by French and Indian, wears a youthful glory yet.

But thou whose soul is glowing in the summer of thy years,
Unvanquishable WARREN, thou, the youngest of thy peers,
Wert born and bred, and shaped and made, to act a patriot's
part,

And dear to us thy presence is as heart's blood to the heart!

* * * * *

Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at the wharf
Are crowded with the living freight; and now they're pushing
off:

With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its bright
array,

Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the bay!

And still and still the barges fill, and still across the deep,
Like thunder-clouds along the sky, the hostile transports
sweep.

And now they're forming at the Point; and now the lines
advance:

We see beneath the sultry sun their polished bayonets
glance;

We hear a-near the throbbing drum, the bugle-challenge ring;
Quick bursts and loud the flashing cloud, and rolls from
wing to wing;

But on the height our bulwark stands, tremendous in its
gloom,—

As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb.

And so we waited till we saw, at scarce ten rifles' length,
The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its stubborn strength :
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged rampart
burst

From every gun the livid light upon the foe accursed.
Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-born people's ire;
Then drank the sward the veteran's life, where swept the
yeoman's fire.

Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried columns
reel,

And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the reaper's steel;
And then arose a mighty shout that might have waked the
dead—

“Hurrah! they run! the field is won! HURRAH! the foe
is fled!”

And every man hath dropped his gun to clutch a neighbour's
hand,

As his heart kept praying all the while for home and native
land.

Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice a thousand
foes,

And thrice that day within our lines the shout of victory rose ;
And though our swift fire slackened then, and, reddening in
the skies,

We saw from Charleston's roofs and walls the flamy
columns rise,

Yet, while we had a cartridge left, we still maintained the
fight,

Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that blood-
stained height.

What though for us no laurels bloom nor o'er the nameless
brave

No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch records a warrior
grave!

What though the day to us was lost!—upon that deathless
page

The everlasting charter stands for every land and age !

For man hath broke his felon bonds, and cast them in the
dust,
And claimed his heritage divine, and justified the trust ;
While through his rifted prison-bars the hues of freedom pour,
O'er every nation, race, and clime, on every sea and shore,
Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when, 'mid the darkest
skies,
He saw above a ruined world the Bow of Promise rise.

XV.—BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

(DRUMMOND.)

On Belshazzar's Feast, see Prophecies of Daniel, chapter v.

To the feast! to the feast!—'tis the monarch commands ;
Secure in her strength the proud Babylon stands,
As reckless of all the high vaunts of the foe,
As of the weak zephyrs around her that blow ;
With her walls and her bulwarks all power she defies ;
Like the cliffs of the mountain her turrets arise ;
And swift through her ramparts, so deep and so wide,
Euphrates now rolls his unfordable tide.
Then on to the feast,—'tis the monarch commands ;
Secure in her strength the proud Babylon stands!

With silver and gold are her treasures stored,
And she smiles with disdain at the arrow and sword ;
With the choicest of wheat all her granaries teem,
Her oil and her wine in broad rivulets stream ;
For twenty long winters no famine she dreads,
For twenty long summers her banquet she spreads.
Then on to the feast,—'tis the monarch commands ;
Secure in her strength the proud Babylon stands!

A thousand bright cressets the palace illume,
A thousand rich censers are wafting perfume ;
The festival halls heaped with luxury shine,—
High piled are the cates, deep flows the red wine ;
The fruits of a province the tables unfold,
The wealth of a kingdom there blazes in gold ;

And, hark! the loud flourish of trumpet and drum
Announces aloud that the monarch is come.
Surrounded with all the proud pomp of his court,
How kingly his tread! how majestic his port!
The rose and the myrtle and laurel combined
In a fillet of gold round his temples are twined;
In robes starred with jewels resplendently bright
He moves like a god, in a circle of light:
And now he has taken his seat at the board,
As God he is honoured, as God is adored;
While crowding in thousands the satraps so gay
With their ladies all glittering in costly array,
Exulting like eaglets approaching the sun,
By their stations are ranked, and the feast is begun.

Now let the loud chorus of music ascend;
All voices, all hearts, and all instruments blend:
The flute's mellow tone with the cornet's shrill note
The harp and the drum and the trump's brazen throat,
And captains and nobles and ladies so bright,
To swell the loud anthem of triumph unite.
Come, make deep libations to honour the king;
Now let our high cheering re-echoing ring,
Yet louder and louder!—the monarch commands;
Secure in her strength the proud Babylon stands!

High praise to our gods of brass, iron, and stone
But most to great Belus, the guard of the throne:
All gorgeous they stand in our temples displayed,
With gold and with elephant richly inlaid;
Our strength and our glory in city and field,—
In peace our advisers, in battle our shield.
To them, mighty rulers of earth and of heaven,
All honour and power and dominion be given;
By them shall proud Babylon, towering sublime,
Stand fast in her strength till the dotage of time!

Now giving full wing, in the festival hour,
To the thoughts of his heart and the pride of his power,
The monarch desires the rich vessels of gold,
The pride of high Salem, before she was sold.

To be brought to the banquet. And now hands profane
And idolatrous lips their bright purity stain.
All dim in the service of idols abhorred
Grows the chalice that once shone so bright to the Lord.
But, lo! in the hand of the monarch it foams,
As his eye round the walls half-inebriate roams;
And, hark! he exclaims, "This fair chalice so proud
Was once that Jehovah's whose throne is a cloud;
But, by Babylon torn from his temple and shrine,
Is consecrate now to her glory and mine!
Ye satraps—"

Amazement!—'tis dashed from his hand,
As if struck by some potent invisible wand.
His soul what dire horror has suddenly wrung.
That palsies his nerves and relaxes his tongue!
His visage grows pale with the hues of despair,
And his eye-balls congeal with an ominous glare;
For see! on the wall what strange characters rise. —
Some sentence transcribed from the book of the skies
By fingers immortal! How suddenly still
Grows the noise of the banquet!—all fear-struck and
chill
Sit the revellers now; bound up is their breath,
As though they had felt the cold vapour of death.
All dimmed is the glory that beamed round the throne,
And the god sits the victim of terrors unknown.
At length words find utterance—"Oh haste, hither call
The Augurs, Chaldeans, Astrologers, all!
Whoever that sentence shall read and expound,
A chain of bright gold on his neck shall be bound;
The third of my realm to his power I bestow,
And the purple of kings on his shoulders shall glow."

The Astrologers come; but their science is vain;
Those characters dark may no mortal explain,
Save one who to idols ne'er humbled his heart, —
Some Seer to whom God shall his Spirit impart.
And that one exists—of the captives a sage,
Now grey with the honours and wisdom of age—

A Hebrew, a prophet—to him it is given
To read and resolve the dark counsels of Heaven.

“ Oh haste! let that sage this strange secret unfold,
And his be my power with the purple and gold.”

While the king and his nobles, distracted in thought,
Their doubts are revolving, the captive is brought;
But not in that visage and not in that eye
A captive's dejection and gloom they descry:
For he breathes, as he moves, all the ardour of youth,
The high soul of freedom, the courage of truth.
See! o'er his warm features and round his fair head.
A glory divine seems its radiance to shed;
And that eye's coruscation, so rapid and bright,
Shoots deep to the soul, like an arrow of light;
Not even the monarch its frenzy can brook,
But he bows to the prophet, averting his look:
For the Spirit of God on that prophet is shed,
The page of the future before him is spread;
In his high-panting heart what rapt fervour he feels,
While the truths that inspire him his language reveals!

“ Thy gifts, king, I reckon not; now, now is the hour,
When the spoiler shall come—when the sword must
devour!

Oh, why have cursed idols of wood and of stone
Gained thy homage—the right of Jehovah alone?
Why yet glows thy heart with idolatrous fire,
Untaught by the judgments that humbled thy sire,
When driven to herd with the beasts of the wild,
Till his pride was subdued and his spirit grew mild?
Now call on thy idols thy arms to prepare—
They see not thy peril, they hear not thy prayer.
Where now is thy Belus, when Babylon calls,
To scathe the proud foes that beleaguer thy walls?
Consumed by that breath which all might can confound,
His shrines and his temples now smoke on the ground:
While thy haughty blasphemings against the Most High
Invoke an avenger;—and, lo! he is nigh.

This night—nay, this hour—the last sand in thy glass
 Away with thy life and thy kingdom shall pass.
 In that writing behold the eternal decree,—
 The sentence of God on thy empire and thee :
 Thou art weighed in the balance of Justice supreme,
 And light art thou found as the dust on the beam ;
 The wind of destruction to empty thy land,
 And the fanners, to fan her with fire, are at hand.
 Afar from thy ramparts, Euphrates aside,
 In the lake of the Queen, is now rolling his tide ;
 And through his dried channel the keen Persian lance,
 With the red torch of ruin, and Cyrus advance.
 E'en now shouts of triumph are rending the air,
 The revels of joy turn to shrieks of despair.
 Hark! the din at the gates of the hostile array !
 The fierce axe of battle is hewing its way ;
 Thy captains and nobles are falling in gore
 And thy reign and thy life, hapless monarch, are o'er!"

XVI.—THE CAVES OF DAHRA; OR, "VIVE LA GUERRE."

A WAR-SONG FOR THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS.

(PUNCH.)

For explanation see Prose Extracts, pp. 26 and 70.

DAHRA's caverns hidden hide the Arabs, and delay
 To yield when they are bidden : so cries brave Pelissier,—
 "Bring fagots of fierce fuel! Frenchmen checked by Arab
 slaves!
 We'll have a vengeance cruel! Roast them in their sacred
 caves!
 We'll make their fond trust falter! Cast in fagots! Let
 them flare,
 Till vengeance hath an altar fitly furnished! *Vive la Guerre!*"

 Rush the sparks in rapid fountains up abroad into the sky!
 From the bases of the mountains leap the forked flames
 mountains high!

The flames,—like devils thirsting, like the wind, when crack-
ling spars
Wage hellish warfare, worsting all the still, astonished stars!
Ply the furnace, fling the fagots! lo, the flames writhe,
rush, and tear!
And a thousand writhe like maggots in among them! *Vive
la Guerre!*

A mighty wind is blowing t'wards the cavern's gaping
mouth;
The clear, hot flames are flowing in and out, to glut its
drouth;
Flames with winds roar, rave, and battle—wildly battle,
rave, and roar;
And cries of men and cattle through the turmoil sadly soar.
We are pale! What! Shall a trifle, a sad sound, our bold
hearts scare?
'Tis long before they stifle! Bring more fagots! *Vive la
Guerre!*

With night began the burning; look where yonder comes
the day!
Hark! signals for adjourning our brave sport. We must
obey.
But be sure the slaves are weary!—as the short and sob-like
sigh
Of gusts on moorlands dreary float their sinking voices by;—
No sound comes now of shrieking;—let us show what French-
men dare!
Force the caves, through vapours reeking like a kitchen!
Vive la Guerre!

What's this—and this? Pah! sick'ning, whether woman,
man, or beast.
Let us on. The fumes are thick'ning!—here's that hath
shape at least.
How its horny eyes are staring on that infant seeking food
From its broad brown breast, still bearing smoke-dried stains
of milk and blood!

At our work do any wonder, saying, "Frenchmen love the fair?"

Such "fair?" Ha! ha! they blunder who thus twit us!
Vive la Guerre!

What's that, so tall and meagre?—Nay, bold Frenchmen, do not shrink!—

'Tis a corpse, with features eager jammed for air into a chink. Whence is that hysteric sobbing?—nay, bold Frenchmen, do not draw!

'Tis an Arab's parched throat throbbing. Frenchmen love sweet mercy's law;—

Make way there! Give him breathing! How he smiles to feel the air!

His breath seems incense wreathing to sweet Mercy! *Vive la Guerre!*

And now, to crown our glory, get we trophies to display

As vouchers for our story, and mementos of this day!

Once more then to the grottoes! gather each one all he can—

Blistered blade with Arab mottoes, spear head, bloody yata-ghan.

Give room now to the raven and the dog, who scent rich fare;

And let these words be graven on the rock side—" *Vive la Guerre!*"

The trumpet sounds for marching! on, alike amid sweet meads,

Morass, or desert parching, wheresoe'er our captain leads!

To Pelissier sing praises! praises sing to bold Bugeaud!

Lit up by last night's blazes to all time their names will show!

Cry "Conquer, kill, and ravage!" Never ask, "Who, what, or where?"

If civilized or savage, never heed, but—*Vive la Guerre.*

XVII.—CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

(ALFRED TENNYSON.)

For explanation see Prose Extracts, p. 28.

Alfred Tennyson was born at his father's parsonage in Lincolnshire, in 1810.
He was appointed Poet Laureate on the death of Wordsworth.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns," he said;
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered :
 Plunged in the batt'ry smoke,
 Right through the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre stroke
 Shattered and sundered :
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them,
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of death
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
 Oh! the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble Six Hundred !

XVIII.—SCENE BEFORE THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

(BYRON.)

Corinth, a city famous in ancient times, is situated on the Gulf of Lepanto. The citadel is noted for its great height above the plain. The siege spoken of in the poem took place in 1715 A.D.

THE night is past, and shines the sun
 As if that morn were a jocund one.
 Lightly and brightly breaks away
 The Morning from her mantle grey,
 And the Noon will look on a sultry day.—

Hark to the trump and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners that flit as they're borne,
And the neigh of the steed and the multitude's hum,
And the clash, and the shout "They come! they come!"
The horse-tails are plucked from the ground, and the sword
From its sheath; and they form and but wait for the word.
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;
Curved is each neck and flowing each mane;
White is the foam of their champ on the bit:—
The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit;
The cannon are pointed and ready to roar
And crush the wall they have crumbled before:—
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar,
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,
So is the blade of his scimitar;
The Khan and the Pachas are all at their post;
The Vizier himself at the head of the host.
"When the culverin's signal is fired, then on!
Leave not in Corinth a living one—
A priest at her altars—a chief in her halls—
A hearth in her mansions—a stone on her walls.
Heaven and the Prophet—Alla Hu!
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!"
As the wolves that headlong go
On the stately buffalo,
Though with fiery eyes and angry roar,
And hoofs that stamp and horns that gore,
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
The foremost who rush on his strength but to die
Thus against the wall they went,
Thus the first were backward bent:
Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
When his work is done on the levelled plain.—
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.
As the spring-tides with heavy plash,
From the cliffs invading dash
Huge fragments, sapped by the ceaseless flow,
Till white and thundering down they go—

Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below—
Thus at length, out-breathed and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft-renewed
Charge of the Moslem multitude.
In firmness they stood and in masses they fell,
Heaped by the host of the Infidel,
Hand to hand and foot to foot :
Nothing there save death was mute ;
Stroke and thrust, and flash and cry
For quarter or for victory.
From the point of encountering blade to the hilt
Sabres and swords with blood were gilt :—
But the rampart is won—and the spoil begun—
And all, but the after-carnage, done.
Shriller shrieks now mingling come
From within the plundered dome.
Hark, to the haste of flying feet,
That splash in the blood of the slippery street

XIX.—SCENE AFTER THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

(BYRON.)

ALP wandered on along the beach,
Till within the range of a carbine's reach
Of the leaguered wall ; but they saw him not,
Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot ?
Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold ?
Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts waxed cold !
I know not, in sooth ; but from yonder wall
There flashed no fire and there hissed no ball,
Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown
That flanked the sea-ward gate of the town ;
Though he heard the sound, and could almost tell
The sullen words of the sentinel,
As his measured step on the stone below
Clanked, as he paced it to and fro :

And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;—
They were too busy to bark at him !
From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh ;
And their white tusks crunched o'er the whiter skull,
As it slipped through their jaws when their edge grew dull,
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed ;
So well had they broken a lingering fast
With those who had fallen for that night's repast.
And Alp knew, by the turbans that rolled on the sand,
The foremost of these were the best of his band.
The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw.
But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,
Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,
Scared by the dogs, from the human prey ;
But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,
Pecked by the birds, on the sands of the bay !

Alp turned him from the sickening sight :
Never had shaken his nerves in fight ;
But he better could brook to behold the dying,
Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,
Scorched with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain,
Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.
—There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lour ;
For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honour's eye on daring deeds !
But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there,
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay !

XX.—LAY OF VIRGINIA.

(LORD MACAULAY.)

Appius Claudius, one of the Decemviri, had claimed, as his slave, Virginia, daughter of the plebeian Virginus; but the girl's father, wishing to save her from the ignominy which awaited her, and seeing no hope of redress by legal process, stabbed her in despair, as described in the lay. Icilius, the tribune, had been betrothed to the murdered maiden. The time is 449 B.C.

OVER the Alban mountains the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths
of smoke:

The city gates were opened; the Forum, all alive
With buyers and with sellers, was humming like a hive:
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was
ringing,

And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing;
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home—
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome.
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her
arm,

Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame
or harm.

She crossed the Forum shining with the stalls in alleys
gay,

And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this
day,

When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when, ere-
while,

He crouched behind his patron's heels, with the true client
smile:

He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and
clenched fist,

And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the
wrist.

Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with look
aghast—

And at her scream from right and left the folk came running
fast;

And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go :
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled, in harsh, fell
tone,

“She’s mine, and I will have her ;—I seek but for mine own.
She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve years old.
I wait on Appius Claudius ; I waited on his sire :
Let him who works the client wrong, beware the patron’s
ire!”

—But ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna’s skirt and sobbed and shrieked
for aid,

Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
And stamped his foot and rent his gown and smote upon
his breast,

And beckoned to the people, and, in bold voice and clear,
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants
quake to hear :—

“Now by your children’s cradles, now by your fathers
graves,

Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves !

For this did Servius give us laws ? For this did Lucretia
bleed ?

For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin’s evil
seed ?

For this did those false sons make red the axes of their
sire ?

For this did Scævola’s right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire ?

Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion’s
den ?

Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked
Ten ?

Oh, for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate’s will !

Oh, for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill !

In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side ;

They faced the Marcian fury, they tamed the Fabian pride :

They drove the fiercest Quintius an outcast forth from Rome ;

They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home

But what their care bequeathed us, our madness flung away:
All the ripe fruit of three-score years is blighted in a day.
Exult, ye proud Patricians! the hard-fought fight is o'er:
We strove for honour—'twas in vain: for freedom—'tis no more.

Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will:

Riches and lands and power and state,—ye have them—
keep them still!

Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown,
The axes and the curule chair, the car and laurel crown;
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords
have won;

Still like a spreading ulcer which leech-craft may not cure,
Let your foul usance eat away the substance of the poor;
Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore;
'till let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore;—
No fire, when Tiber freezes; no air, in dog-star heat
And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for free-born
feet;

Heap heavier still the fetters, bar closer still the grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate:—
But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the Gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!
Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
From Consuls, and high Pontiffs, and ancient Alban Kings?
Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender
feet—

Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wonder-
ing street—

Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,
And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine with Spanish
gold?

Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife—
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul
endures—

The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as
yours!

Spare us the inexpressible wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood
to flame;

Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn, by proof, in some wild hour, how much the
wretched dare!"

* * * *

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn
and hide;

Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a fletcher on a block had laid his whittle down—
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown;
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to
swell,

And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet
child, farewell!

Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
T'o thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling lovèd me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold, when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword and hung it up, and brought me forth
my gown.

Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways—
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I re-
turn,

Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn:
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble
halls,

Now for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal
gloom,

And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come! See, how he points his eager hand this
way!

See, how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the
prey!

With all his wit he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed,
bereft,

Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left.

He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save

Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the
slave ;

Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—

Foul outrage, which thou knowest not, which thou shalt
never know !

Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one
more kiss ;

And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way—but
this ! ”

—With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,

And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she
died !

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and
sank down,

And hid his face some little space with the corner of his
gown,

Till, with white lips and blood-shot eyes, Virginius tottered
nigh,

And stood before the judgment-seat and held the knife on
high :

“ Oh ! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,

By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain ;

And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,

Deal you by Appius Claudius, and all the Claudian line ! ”

—So spake the slayer of his child, and turned and went his
way,

But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay.

And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then with
steadfast feet

Strode right across the market-place into the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius : “ Stop him ; alive or dead.

Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his
head ! ”

He looked upon his clients ; but none would work his will :

He looked upon his lictors ; but they trembled and stood
still ;

And as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
 Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left :
 And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,
 And there ta'en horse to tell the Camp what deeds are done
 in Rome.

XXI.—THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.

(HOGG.)

James Hogg, "The Ettrick Shepherd," was born in the Vale of Ettrick, Selkirkshire, about 1770. He died in 1835.

"Macgregor, Macgregor, remember our foemen !
 The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben-Lomond,
 The clans are impatient and chide thy delay ;
 Arise ! let us bound to Glen-Lyon away."

Stern scowled the Macgregor, then, silent and sullen,
 He turned his red eyes to the braes of Strathfillan :
 "Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be dismissed ;
 The Campbells this night for Macgregor must rest."—

"Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been flying
 Three days round the hills of M'Nab and Glen-Lyon ;
 Of riding and running such tidings they bear,
 We must meet them at home, else they'll quickly be here."

"The Campbell may come, as his promises bind him,
 And haughty M'Nab with his giants behind him ;
 This night I am bound to relinquish the fray,
 And do what it freezes my vitals to say :—
 Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of mind ;
 Thou know'st in the strife I was never behind,
 Nor ever receded a foot from the van,
 Or blanched at the ire or the prowess of man ;
 But I've sworn by the cross, by my God, and by all !
 An oath which I cannot and dare not recall,—
 Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the pile,
 To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.

"Last night in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone,
 I called to remembrance some deeds I had done,
 When entered a lady with visage so wan,
 And looks such as never were fastened on man.

I knew her, O brother, I knew her full well !
 Of that once fair name such a tale I could tell
 As would thrill thy bold heart ;—but how long she remained,
 So racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained,
 I knew not, but ages seem short to the while.
 Though, proffer the Highlands, nay, all the green isle,
 With length of existence no man can enjoy,
 The same to endure, the dread proffer I'd fly !
 The thrice threatened pangs of last night to forego,
 Macgregor would dive to the mansions below.
 Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,
 The present to shun and some respite to find,
 I swore, ere the shadow fell east from the pile,
 To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

“She told me, and turned my chilled heart to a stone,
 The glory and name of Macgregor were gone ;
 That the pine which for ages had shed a bright halo
 Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo,
 Should wither and fall ere the turn of yon moon,
 Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun
 That a feast on Macgregors each day should be common
 For years to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

“A parting embrace in one moment she gave,—
 Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave ;
 Then flitting illusive, she said, with a frown,
 ‘The mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own !’”

“Macgregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind
 The dreams of the night have disordered thy mind ;
 Come, buckle thy panoply—march to the field,
 See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and shield.
 Ay, that was M'Nab in the height of his pride,
 When the lions of Dochart stood firm by his side.
 This night the proud chief his presumption shall rue :
 Rise, brother, these chinks in his heart-blood will glue :
 Thy fantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,
 When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring.”

Like glimpse of the moor through the storm of the night,
 Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light :
 It faded—it darkened—he shuddered—he sighed,—
 “No! not for the universe!” low he replied.

Away went Macgregor, but went not alone:
To watch the dread rendezvous Malcolm has gone.
They oared the broad Lomond so still and serene!
And deep in her bosom how awful the scene!
O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching,—
The moon the blue zenith already was touching;
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill;
Young Malcolm, at distance, crouched trembling the while;
Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

Few minutes had passed ere they spied on the stream
A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem;
Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
The glow-worm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom;
A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
Like wold-fire at midnight that glares on the waste.
Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
No torrent, no rock, her velocity stayed:
She whimpled the water to weather and lee,
And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.
Mute nature was roused in the bounds of the glen:
The wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den,
Fled panting away over river and isle,
Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle:
The fox fled in terror, the eagle awoke,
As slumbering he dozed on the shelf of the rock;
Astonished, to hide in the moonbeam he flew,
And screwed the night-heaven till lost in the blue.

Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.
He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
As begging for something he could not obtain;
She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side.
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" he bitterly cried;
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" the echoes replied.

He struck at the lady, but, strange though it seem,
 His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream ;
 But the groans from the boat that ascended the main,
 Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
 They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away,—
 Macgregor is vanished for ever and aye !

XXII.—THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

BY OBADIAH BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-NOBLES-
 WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON, SERJEANT IN IRETON'S REGIMENT.

(LORD MACAULAY.)

The battle of Naseby, in Northamptonshire, which decided the fate of Charles I., was fought on the 14th June 1645. The King's army was commanded by Lord Astley, Prince Rupert (of Bavaria, son of Frederick, King of Bohemia, and Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England), and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, the King himself being in charge of the reserve forces. Thomas Fairfax (afterwards Lord Fairfax), Oliver Cromwell, and Henry Ireton (Cromwell's son-in-law), led the Parliamentary troops.

Oh ! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North,
 With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red ?
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye
 tread ?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the
 strong,
 Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
 That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine ;
 And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced
 hair,
 And Astley and Sir Marmaduke and Rupert of the Rhine !

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
 The General rode along us to form us for the fight,

When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,

Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,

The cry of battle rises along their charging line!—

For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!

For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,

His bravoos of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;

They are bursting on our flanks:—grasp your pikes;—close your ranks;—

For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here;—they rush on! We are broken—we are gone;—

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!

Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound;—the centre hath given ground;—

Hark! hark! What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear

Whose banner do I see, boys?—'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys!

Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,

Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,

And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple-Bar.

And he—he turns, he flies!—shame to those cruel eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and ere ye strip the slain,

First give another stab to make your guest secure;

Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and
loquets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were
gay and bold,

When ye kissed your lily hands to your lemans¹ to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the
rocks,

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell
and fate,

And the fingers that once were so busy with your
blades;

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and
your spades?

Down, down, for ever down, with the mitre and the
crown,

With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the
Pope:

There is woe in Oxford Halls; there is wail in Durham's
Stalls;

The Jesuit smites his bosom; the Bishop rends his
cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's
sword;

And the kings of earth in fear, shall shudder when they
hear

What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses² and
the word.

¹ Lovers.

² Houses of Parliament.

XXIII.—THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS.

(AYTOUN.)

In 1697, the Marquis de Sell was encamped on the Rhine with the French army, to watch the movements of General Stirk and the Germans, who occupied the opposite bank. The Germans had taken possession of an island in the river, from which the French were anxious to drive them; but no boats could be found to carry troops across the stream. At this crisis a corps formed of Scottish officers, who had fought under Viscount Dundee, and who had followed the exiled James to France, volunteered to wade the river and dispossess the Germans. Being joined by two other Scottish companies, they accomplished the task in gallant style, though opposed by far superior numbers. From this event the island was called "The Island of the Scots."

"THE stream," he said, "is broad and deep,
 And stubborn is the foe;
 Yon island-strength is guarded well—
 Say, brothers, will ye go?
 From home and kin for many a year
 Our steps have wandered wide,
 And never may our bones be laid
 Our fathers' graves beside.
 No sisters have we to lament,
 No wives to wail our fall;
 The traitor's and the spoiler's hand
 Has reft our hearths of all.
 But we have hearts, and we have arms,
 As strong to will and dare,
 As when our ancient banners flew
 Within the northern air.
 Come, brothers! let me name a spell
 Shall rouse your souls again,
 And send the old blood bounding free
 Through pulse, and heart, and vein!
 Call back the days of bygone years—
 Be young and strong once more;
 Think yonder stream, so stark and red,
 Is one we've crossed before.
 Rise, hill and glen! rise, crag and wood!
 Rise up on either hand!—
 Again upon the Garry's banks,
 On Scottish soil we stand!

Again I see the tartans wave,
 Again the trumpets ring;
 Again I hear our leader's call—
 'Upon them, for the King!'
 Stayed we behind, that glorious day,
 For roaring flood or linn?
 The soul of Græme is with us still—
 Now, brothers! will ye in?"

* * * *

Thick blew the smoke across the stream,
 And faster flashed the flame:
 The water plashed in hissing jets,
 As ball and bullet came.
 Yet onward pushed the Cavaliers
 All stern and undismayed,
 With thousand armed foes before,
 And none behind to aid.
 Once, as they neared the middle stream,
 So strong the torrent swept,
 That scarce that long and living wall
 Their dangerous footing kept.
 Then rose a warning cry behind,
 A joyous shout before:
 "The current's strong—the way is long—
 They'll never reach the shore!
 See! see! they stagger in the midst,
 They waver in their line!
 Fire on the madmen! break their ranks,
 And overwhelm them in the Rhine!"

Have you seen the tall trees swaying,
 When the blast is piping shrill,
 And the whirlwind reels in fury
 Down the gorges of the hill?
 How they toss their mighty branches,
 Struggling with the tempest's shock:
 How they keep their place of vantage,
 Cleaving firmly to the rock?

Even so the Scottish warriors
Held their own against the river ;
Though the water flashed around them,
Not an eye was seen to quiver ;
Though the shot flew sharp and deadly,
Not a man relaxed his hold :
For their hearts were big and thrilling
With the mighty thoughts of old.
One word was spoke among them,
And through the ranks it spread—
“ Remember our dead Claverhouse ! ”
Was all the Captain said.
Then sternly bending forward
They struggled on a while,
Until they cleared the heavy stream,
Then rushed towards the isle.

The German heart is stout and true,
The German arm is strong ;
The German foot goes seldom back
Where armèd foemen throng :
But never had they faced in field
So stern a charge before,
And never had they felt the sweep
Of Scotland's broad claymore.
Not fiercer pours the avalanche
Adown the steep incline,
That rises o'er the parent-springs
Of rough and rapid Rhine—
Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven,
Than came the Scottish band
Right up against the guarded trench,
And o'er it sword in hand.
In vain their leaders forward press—
They meet the deadly brand !

O lonely island of the Rhine,
Where seed was never sown,
What harvest lay upon thy sands,
By those strong reapers thrown ?

What saw the winter moon that night,
As, struggling through the rain,
She poured a wan and fitful light
On marsh, and stream, and plain?
A dreary spot with corpses strewn,
And bayonets glistening round;
A broken bridge, a stranded boat,
A bare and battered mound;
And one huge watch-fire's kindled pile,
That sent its quivering glare
To tell the leaders of the host,
The conquering Scots were there!

And did they twine the laurel-wreath
For those who fought so well?
And did they honour those who lived,
And weep for those who fell?
What meed of thanks was given to them
Let aged annals tell.
Why should they bring the laurel-wreath—
Why crown the cup with wine?
It was not Frenchmen's blood that flowed
So freely on the Rhine—
A stranger band of beggared men
Had done the venturous deed:
The glory was to France alone,
The danger was their meed.
What mattered it that men should vaunt
And loud and fondly swear,
That higher feat of chivalry
Was never wrought elsewhere?
They bore within their breasts the grief
That fame can never heal—
The deep, unutterable woe,
Which none save exiles feel.
Their hearts were yearning for the land
They ne'er might see again—
For Scotland's high and heathered hills,
For mountain, loch, and glen—

For those who haply lay at rest
 Beyond the distant sea,
 Beneath the green and daisied turf
 Where they would gladly be!

XXIV.—THUNDER-STORM AMONG THE ALPS.

(BYRON.)

It is the hush of night; and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood: on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar;
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill!
 At intervals, some bird, from out the brakes,
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the star-light dew
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman? Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea!
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
 Heights, which appear as lovers who have parted
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene
 That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted!
 Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
 Love was the very root of the fond rage
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then—departed!—
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age
 Of years all winters!—war within themselves to wage!—

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand!
 For here, not one, but many, make their play,
 And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
 Flashing and cast around! of all the band,
 The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
 His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
 That in such gaps as desolation worked,
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

XXV.—PITT—NELSON—FOX.

(SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

William Pitt, son of the Earl of Chatham, was born in 1759, and died in 1806. Horatio Nelson, Viscount Nelson, was the son of a clergyman in Norfolk, and was born in 1758. He was killed at the battle of Trafalgar in 1805. Charles James Fox, son of the first Lord Holland, was born in 1748. He entered Parliament when only nineteen years of age. In the House of Commons he was the great opponent and rival of Mr. Pitt. He died in 1806, a few months after Mr. Pitt, beside whom he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

To mute and to material things
 New life revolving summer brings:
 The genial call dead Nature hears,
 And in her glory re-appears.

But, oh ! my country's wintry state
 What second spring shall renovate ?
 What powerful call shall bid arise
 The buried warlike and the wise ;
 The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
 The hand that grasped the victor-steel ?
 The vernal sun new life bestows
 E'en on the meanest flower that blows ;
 But vainly, vainly may he shine,
 Where glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine ;
 And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
 That shrouds, O Pitt, thy hallowed tomb !

Deep graved in every British heart,
 Oh ! never let those names depart !
 Say to your sons,—Lo, here his¹ grave
 Who victor died on Gadite² wave !
 To him, as to the burning levin,³
 Short, bright, resistless course was given.
 Where'er his country's foes were found,
 Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
 Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
 Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perished worth,
 Who bade the conqueror go forth,
 And launched that thunderbolt of war
 On Egypt,⁴ Hafnia,⁵ Trafalgar ;⁶
 Who, born to guide such high emprise,
 For Britain's weal was early wise ;
 Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,
 For Britain's sins, an early grave !
 His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
 A bauble held the pride of power,
 Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,
 And served his Albion for herself ;

¹ That is, Nelson.

² That is, Spanish, from Gades, the ancient name of Cadiz.

³ Lightning.

⁴ Battle of the Nile, 1798.

⁵ Battle of Hafnia, that is, Copenhagen, 1801.

⁶ Battle of Trafalgar, 1805.

Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strained at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,—
The pride, he would not crush, restrained,—
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's laws.

Hadst thou but lived, though stript of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud and danger were at hand ;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright ;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propped the tottering throne.
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill !

Oh ! think how to his latest day,
When Death, just hovering, claimed his prey,
With Palinure's¹ unaltered mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood ;
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway
The steerage of the realm gave way !
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still upon the hallowed day
Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He who preserved them, Pitt, lies here !

¹ Palinurus, the faithful pilot of Aeneas, who in devotion to his master's cause lost his life.

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
 Because his rival slumbers nigh;
 Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
 Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb:—
 For talents mourn, untimely lost,
 When best employed, and wanted most;
 Mourn genius high and lore profound,
 And wit that loved to play, not wound;
 And all the reasoning powers divine,
 To penetrate, resolve, combine;
 And feelings keen and fancy's glow,—
 They sleep with him who sleeps below.
 And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
 From error him who owns this grave,
 Be every harsher thought suppressed,
 And sacred be the last long rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things
 Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
 Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
 Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung:
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
 The distant notes of holy song,
 As if some angel spoke again,
 "All peace on earth, good-will to men;"—
 If ever from an English heart,
 Oh! *here* let prejudice depart,
 And, partial feeling cast aside,
 Record, that Fox a Briton died!
 When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
 And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
 And the firm Russian's purpose brave
 Was bartered by a timorous slave;
 E'en then dishonour's peace he spurned,
 The sullied olive-branch returned,
 Stood for his country's glory fast,
 And nailed her colours to the mast!
 Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
 A portion in this honoured grave;
 And ne'er held marble in its trust
 Of two such wondrous men the dust.

XXVI.—IVAN THE CZAR.

(MRS. HEMANS.)

Ivan the Great, Czar of Muscovy (1533 to 1584), was besieging Novgorod; but as he was now old and enfeebled, his generals begged that he would give the command of the assault to his son. This proposal enraged him beyond measure; nothing would appease him; and his son having prostrated himself at his feet to seek pardon and reconciliation, the old man struck him with such violence that he died two days afterwards. The father was now inconsolable; he took no further interest in the war, and soon followed his son to the grave.

HE sat in silence on the ground,
The old and haughty czar;
Lonely, though princes girt him round,
And leaders of the war:
He had cast his jewelled sabre,
That many a field had won,
To the earth beside his youthful dead,
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed
Was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shed
Through the rich tent made way:
And a sad and solemn beauty
On the pallid face came down,
Which the lord of nations mutely watched
In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last of woe and fear
From his full bosom broke;
A mournful thing it was to hear
How then the proud man spoke!
The voice that through the combat
Had shouted far and high,
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
Burdened with agony.

“There is no crimson on thy cheeks,
And on thy lip no breath;

I call thee, and thou dost not speak—
They tell me this is death !
And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done ;—
For the honour of thy father's name,
Look up, look up, my son !

Well might I know death's hue and mien,
But on thine aspect, boy,
What till this moment have I seen,
Save bright and tameless joy ?
Swiftest thou wert to battle,
And bravest there of all :
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall ?

I will not bear that still, cold look !
Rise up, thou fierce and free !
Wake as the storm wakes ! I will brook
All, save this calm, from thee !
Lift brightly up, and proudly,
Once more thy kindling eyes !
Hath my word lost its power on earth ?
I say to thee, Arise !

Didst thou not know I loved thee well ?
Thou didst not, and art gone,
In bitterness of soul to dwell
Where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit !
If but one hour, to learn
The secret of the folded heart,
That seemed to thee so stern.

Thou wert the first, the first fair child
That in mine arms I pressed :
Thou wert the bright one that hast smiled
Like summer on my breast !
I reared thee as an eagle,
To the chase thy steps I led ;

I bore thee on my battle-horse,
I look upon thee—dead.

Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to wave,
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs! in my first-born's grave;
And leave me!—I have conquered,—
I have slain,—my work is done!
Whom have I slain? Ye answer not.
Thou, too, art mute, my son!"

And thus his wild lament was poured
Through the dark resounding night,
And the battle knew no more his sword,
Nor the foaming steed his might.
He heard strange voices moaning
In every wind that sighed;
From the searching stars of heaven he shrank;—
Humbly the conqueror died.

XXVII.—A SHIP SINKING.

(PROFESSOR WILSON.)

John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, was born in Paisley in 1785. He died in Edinburgh in 1854. Of his poems, the best known are *The Isle of Palms*, and *City of the Plague*; and of his prose works, *Recreations of Christopher North*, and *Noctes Ambrosianae*.

—HER giant form,
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm, would go
'Mid the deep darkness white as snow!
But gently now the small waves glide,
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!
—Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer, this hour is her last!
Five hundred souls, in one instant of dread,
Are hurried o'er the deck;

And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck!
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash, like thunder!
Her sails are draggled in the brine,
That gladdened late the skies;
And her pendant, that kissed the fair moonshine,
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down,
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home, with sighs, disturbed
The sleeper's long drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming-tree,
Alive through all its leaves,—
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves;—
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened, with tears of sorrow and joy,
To the dangers his father had passed;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she looked on the father of her child
Returned to her heart at last!
—He wakes, at the vessel's sudden roll—
And the rush of waters is in his soul!
Astounded, the reeling deck he paces,
'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;—
The whole ship's crew is there!
Wailings around and overhead—
Brave spirits stupified or dead—
And madness and despair!

Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
 Unbroken as the floating air;
 The ship hath melted quite away,
 Like a struggling dream at break of day.
 No image meets my wandering eye,
 But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky:
 Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull
 Bedims the wave so beautiful;
 While a low and melancholy moan
 Mourns for the glory that hath flown!

 XXVIII.—THE CONVICT SHIP.

(HERVEY.)

Thomas Kibble Hervey was born in Manchester in 1804, and died in 1850. He was for some time Editor of the *Athenaeum*.

MORN on the waters!—and purple and bright
 Bursts on the billows the flashing of light;
 O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
 Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
 And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale.
 The winds come around her, and murmur, and song,
 And the surges rejoice as they bear her along.
 See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
 And the sailor sings gaily aloft in her shrouds;
 Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
 Over the waters, away and away!
 Bright, as the visions of youth ere they part,
 Passing away, like a dream of the heart!—
 Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
 Music around her and sunshine on high,
 Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
 "Oh! there be hearts that are breaking, below!"

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
 Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky;

Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light ·
Look to the waters! asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate
plain!

Who,—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty,—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever—
Hearts that are parted, and broken—for ever?
Or dreams that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's
grave?

'Tis thus with our life:—while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song,
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled:
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes—
But chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs!
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts that the world cannot
know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished
and o'er.

XXIX.—THE RED FISHERMAN.

(PRAED.)

Winthrop Mackworth Praed was the son of a London banker. Born 1802; died 1839. He was for some years a member of the House of Commons; and in early life was an intimate friend and literary coadjutor of the late Lord Macaulay in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. The allegorical meaning of this remarkable poem will be easily understood.

"Oh, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!"
Romeo and Juliet.

THE Abbot arose, and closed his book,
And donned his sandal shoon,
And wandered forth alone, to look
Upon the summer moon:
A starlight sky was o'er his head,
A quiet breeze around;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
And the waves a soothing sound.
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
But love and calm delight;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the reeds;
He clasped his gilded rosary
But he did not tell the beads:
If he looked to the heaven, 'twas not to invoke
The Spirit that dwelleth there;
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.
A pious Priest might the Abbot seem,—
He had swayed the crosier well;
But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,
The Abbot were loath to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more
He traced the windings of the shore.—
Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,

And many a dim, o'er-arching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
The honey-suckle sweetly shades ;
And rocks, whose very crags seem bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers.
But the Abbot was thinking of scenery,
 About as much, in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
 Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
 Grew dark above his head ;
He did not mark how the mossy path
 Grew damp beneath his tread ;
And nearer he came, and still more near,
 To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
 Unchanged and motionless.
From the river stream it spread away,
 The space of half a rood ;
The surface had the hue of clay,
 And the scent of human blood.
The trees and the herbs that round it grew
 Were venomous and foul ;
And the birds that through the bushes flew
 Were the vulture and the owl.
The water was as dark and rank
 As ever a company pumped ;
And the perch that was netted and laid on the
 bank,
 Grew rotten while it jumped.
And bold was he who thither came,
 At midnight, man or boy ;
For the place was cursed with an evil name,
 And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The Abbot was weary as Abbot could be,
And he sate down to rest on the stump of a tree ;
When suddenly rose a dismal tone—
Was it a song, or was it a moan ?

"Oh ho! Oh ho!

Above,—below!—

Lightly and brightly they glide and go:
The hungry and keen to the top are leaping,—
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He looked to the left, and he looked to the right
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?
'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,

And the life-blood colder run:

The startled Priest struck both his thighs,
And the Abbey clock struck one!

All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sate on a three-legged stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod.
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore.
His arms and his legs were long and bare;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.
It might be time, or it might be trouble
Had bent that stout back nearly double.
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets;
And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,
Till it hardly covered the bones within.
The line the Abbot saw him throw
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago:
And the hands that worked his foreign vest,
Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
You would have sworn, as you looked on them,
He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.

Minnow or gentle, worm or fly—
It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye :
Gaily it glittered with jewel and gem,
And its shape was the shape of a diadem ;
It was fastened a gleaming hook about,
By a chain within, and a chain without ;
The Fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
And the water fizzed as it tumbled in !

From the bowels of the earth
Strange and varied sounds had birth :
Now the battle's bursting peal,
Neigh of steed, and clang of steel ;
Now an old man's hollow groan
Echoed from the dungeon stone ;
Now the weak and wailing cry
Of a stripling's agony !

Cold by this was the midnight air ;
 But the Abbot's blood ran colder,
When he saw a gasping knight lie there,
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
 And a hump upon his shoulder.
And the loyal churchman strove in vain
 To mutter a Pater Noster ;
For he who writhed in mortal pain
Was camped that night on Bosworth plain,—
 The cruel Duke of Glo'ster !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a haunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
The corpulent Abbot knew full well
The swelling form and the steaming smell ;
Never a monk that wore a hood
Could better have guessed the very wood
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee
Of a revelling company ;

Sprightly story, wicked jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest,
Flow of wine, and flight of cork,
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork:
But, where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said!
Pulling and tugging the Fisherman sate;
 And the Priest was ready to vomit,
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
 And a nose as red as a comet.
"A capital stew," the Fisherman said,
 "With cinnamon and sherry!"
And the Abbot turned away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead,
 The Mayor of St. Edmund's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a bundle of beautiful things,—
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odours rolled,
That the Abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales:
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords
Into passion's thrilling words:

"Smile, lady, smile!—I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white,
To wear around its gems of light.

Smile, lady, smile!--I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
Smile, lady, smile!--for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's heart were rebel still?"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.
"Ah ha!" said the Fisher, in merry guise,
"Her gallant was hooked before;"--
And the Abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had blessed those deep blue eyes,
The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside,--
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine.
There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!
From top to toe the Abbot shook,
As the Fisherman armed his golden hook;
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream, or wakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are cracked, and the jaws are dry,
With the thirst which only in death shall die:

Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still:
Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance:
Fixed as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer:
But he signed,—he knew not why or how,—
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he stalked away with his iron box.

“Oh ho! Oh ho!

The cock doth crow;

It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.
Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine!
He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line;
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,—
The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth!”

The Abbot had preached for many years,
With as clear articulation
As ever was heard in the House of Peers
Against Emancipation:
His words had made battalions quake,
Had roused the zeal of martyrs;
Had kept the Court an hour awake,
And the king himself three-quarters:
But ever, from that hour, 'tis said,
He stammered and he stuttered,
As if an axe went through his head,
With every word he uttered.
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,
He stuttered, drunk or dry;
And none but he and the Fisherman
Could tell the reason why!

XXX.—FROM "ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL."

(DRYDEN.)

This piece is descriptive of some of the characters who figured in Monmouth's Rebellion, 1685. Absalom is Monmouth; and Achitophel, the Earl of Shaftesbury.

OF these, the false Achitophel was first;
 A name to all succeeding ages curst:
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit:
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
 A fiery soul, which working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-informed its tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.
 Great wits are, sure, to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide:
 Else, why should he, with wealth and honours blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
 Punish a body which he could not please,
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?

* * * *

In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
 To compass this the triple bond¹ he broke,
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
 Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves, in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.

¹ The alliance between England, Holland, and Sweden.

How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will;
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own!
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
 With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,
 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress;
 Swift of despatch and easy of access.
 Oh, had he been content to serve the crown
 With virtues only proper to the gown;
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cockle, that oppressed the noble seed;
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung.
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand;
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawful fame, a lasting happiness,
 Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
 Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
 He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
 Held up the buckler of the people's cause
 Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.

XXXI.—THE LEPER.

(WILLIS.)

Nathaniel Parker Willis was born at Portland, Maine, United States of America, in 1817. He was Editor of the *New York Mirror*, and afterwards of the *Home Journal*. His sketches of a European tour, entitled "Pencilings by the Way," are well known.

"Room for the leper! room!"—And, as he came
 The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! room!"—
 Sunrise was slanting on the city's gates,
 Rosy and beautiful; and from the hills

The early-risen poor were coming in,
 Duly and cheerfully to their toil; and up
 Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
 Of moving wheels, and multitudes astir,
 And all that in a city-murmur swells,—
 Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
 Aching with night's dull silence; or the sick,
 Hailing the welcome light and sounds, that chase
 The death-like images of the dark away.
 "Room for the leper!" And aside they stood—
 Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood,—all
 Who met him on his way,—and let him pass.
 And onward through the open gate he came,
 A leper with the ashes on his brow,
 Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
 A covering,—stepping painfully and slow;
 And with a difficult utterance, like one
 Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down.
 Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!"

'Twas now the first
 Of the Judean autumn; and the leaves,
 Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
 Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
 Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
 And eminently beautiful; and life
 Mantled in elegant fulness on his lip,
 And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien
 There was a gracious pride that every eye
 Followed with benisons;—*And this was he!*

And he went forth—alone! Not one of all
 The many whom he loved, nor she, whose name
 Was woven in the fibres of his heart
 Breaking within him now, to come and speak
 Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
 Sick, and heart-broken, and alone,—to die!
 For, God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
 And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
 In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow
 Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched

The loathsome water to his fevered lips;
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
—Footsteps approached; and with no strength to
flee,

He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, “Unclean! Unclean!” and, in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the Stranger came, and, bending o’er
The leper’s prostrate form, pronounced his name,
“Helon!”—The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument,—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And, for a moment, beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill!—
“Helon, arise!”—and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe

Mingled in the regard of Helon’s eye,
As he beheld the Stranger.—He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back,—nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear;—yet, if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
A lion would have crouched-to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn:
His stature modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance the impress of a God,
Touched with the opening innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
—He looked on Helon earnestly a while,
As if his heart were moved; and, stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand,
And laid it on his brow, and said, “Be clean!”
And lo! the scales fell from him; and his blood,
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins;

And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
 The dewy softness of an infant's stole :
 His leprosy was cleansed ; and he fell down
 Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped him.

XXXII.—THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

(BYRON.)

STOP !—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !—
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust ?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?
 None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
 As the ground was before, thus let it be ;—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !
 And is this all the world has gained by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields ! King-making victory ?

There was a sound of revelry by night,¹
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry ; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell.—
 But hush !—hark ! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ? No : 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance !—let joy be unconfined !
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

¹ A ball was given in Brussels the night before the battle of Quatre Bras.

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!¹

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated: Who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war:
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star:
 While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they
 come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
 (The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard—and heard too have her Saxon foes!)
 —How, in the noon of night, that pibroch thrills.
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring, which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years:
 And Evan's, Donald's² fame, rings in each clansman's ears!

¹ He fell at Quatre Bras.² Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant, Donald.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
 Over the unreturning brave;—alas,
 Ere evening, to be trodden like the grass—
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure; when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;
 Last eve, in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
 The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,—
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day,
 Battle's magnificently stern array.
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it: which when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover—heaped and pent;
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

XXXIII.—THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

(SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.)

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged; 'tis at a white heat
 now;
 The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the
 forge's brow
 The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
 And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking
 round,
 All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
 Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass
 there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound
 heaves below,
 And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe;

It rises, roars, rends all outright,—O Vulcan, what a glow !
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright, the high sun shines
not so !

The high sun sees not on the earth such fiery, fearful show ;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the
foe ;

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster
slow

Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow—
“ Hurrah ! ” they shout, “ leap out—leap out : ” bang, bang,
the sledges go :

Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low ;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow ;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail ; the rattling cinders
strow

The ground around ; at every bound the sweltering fountains
flow ;

And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke,
pant “ Ho ! ”

Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out and lay on load !
Let's forge a goodly Anchor, a bower thick and broad ;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road ;
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the
board ;

The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the
chains ;

But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains ;
And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky-
high,

Then moves his head, as though he said, “ Fear nothing—
here am I ! ”

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time ;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's
chime !

But, while ye swing your sledges, sing ; and let the burden be,
The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we ;

Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling
red !

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be
sped ;

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of
clay ;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen
here,

For the Yeo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing
seaman's cheer ;

When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and
home,

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last ;

A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.

O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,

What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep
green sea !

O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights as
thou ?

The hoary monsters' palaces ! methinks what joy 'twere now

To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the
whales,

And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their
scourging tails !

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,

And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory
horn ;—

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn,

And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to
scorn ;—

To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian
isles

He lies, a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallowed miles ;

Till snorting like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls,

Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-astonished shoals

Of his back-browsing ocean-calves ;—or haply in a cove,

Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undinè's love,

To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal
thine?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable
line:

And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by
day,

Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to
play;

But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave—
A fisher's joy is to destroy,—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but under-
stand

Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping
band,

Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee
bend,

With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient
friend—

Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps
around thee,

Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou'dst leap within
the sea!

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant
strand,

To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—

Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard
grave

So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—

Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,

Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes
among!

XXXIV.—THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL.

(ANON.)

This poem on the "Day of the Funeral" of the late Duke of Wellington in 1852, was published anonymously. It was dated from "Oriel College, Oxford."

"The Duke of Wellington left to his countrymen a great legacy—greater even than his glory. He left them the contemplation of his character. I will not say his conduct revived the sense of duty in England. I will not say that of our country. But that his conduct inspired public life with a purer and more masculine tone I cannot doubt. His career rebukes restless vanity, and reprimands the irregular ebullitions of a morbid egotism. I doubt not that, among all orders of Englishmen—from those with the highest responsibilities of our society to those who perform the humblest duties—I dare say there is not a man who in his toil and his perplexity has not sometimes thought of the Duke, and found in his example support and solace. Though he lived so much in the hearts and minds of his countrymen—though he occupied such eminent posts and fulfilled such august duties—it was not till he died that we felt what a place he filled in the feelings and thoughts of the people of England. Never was the influence of real greatness more completely asserted than on his decease. In an age whose boast of intellectual equality flatters all our self-complacencies, the world suddenly acknowledged that it had lost the greatest of men; in an age of utility, the most industrious and common-sense people in the world could find no vent for their woe and no representative for their sorrow but the solemnity of a pageant; and we—we who have met here for such different purposes—to investigate the sources of the wealth of nations, to enter into statistical research, and to encounter each other in fiscal controversy—we present to the world the most sublime and touching spectacle that human circumstances can well produce—the spectacle of a senate mourning a hero!"—*Disraeli's Speech on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.*

No sounds of labour vexed the quiet air
From morn till eve. The people all stood still,
And earth won back a sabbath. There were none
Who cared to buy and sell, and make a gain,
For one whole day. All felt as they had lost
A father, and were fain to keep within,
Silent, or speaking little. Such a day
An old man sees but once in all his time.

The simplest peasant in the land that day
Knew somewhat of his country's grief. He heard
The knell of England's hero from the tower
Of the old church, and asked the cause, and sighed.
The vet'ran who had bled on some far field,
Fought o'er the battle for the thousandth time
With quaint addition; and the little child,

That stopped his sport to run and ask his sire
What it all meant, picked out the simple tale,—
How he who drove the French from Waterloo,
And crushed the tyrant of the world, and made
His country great and glorious,—*he* was dead.
All, from the simplest to the stateliest, knew
But one sad story,—from the cottar's bairn
Up to the fair-haired lady on the throne,
Who sat within and sorrowed for her friend:
And every tear she shed became her well,
And seemed more lovely in her people's eyes
Than all the starry wonders of her crown.

But, as the waters of the Northern Sea,
(When one strong wind blows steady from the pole),
Come hurrying to the shore, and far and wide
As eye can reach the creaming waves press on
Impatient; or, as trees that bow their tops
One way, when Alpine hollows bring one way
The blast whereat they quiver in the vale,—
So millions pressed to swell the general grief
One way;—for once all men seemed one way drawn;
Or if, through evil hap and unforeseen,
Some stayed behind, their hearts, at least, were there
The whole day through,—could think of nothing else,
Hear nothing else, see nothing!

In his cell
The student saw the pageant; spied from far
The long-drawn pomp which reached from west to east,
Slow moving in the silence: casque and plume,
And banner waving sad; the marvellous state
Of heralds, soldiers, nobles, foreign powers,
With baton, or with pennon; princes, peers,
Judges, and dignities of church and state,
And warriors grown grey-headed;—every form
Which greatness can assume or honour name,
Peaceful or warlike,—each and all were there;
Trooping in sable sorrow after him
Who slept serene upon his funeral car
In glorious rest! A child might understand

That 'twas no national sorrow, but a grief
 Wide as the world. A child might understand
 That all mankind were sorrowing for *one*!
 That banded nations had conspired to pay
 This homage to the chief who drew his sword
 At the command of Duty; kept it bright
 Through perilous days; and soon as Victory smiled,
 Laid it, unsullied, in the lap of Peace.

XXXV.—THE DIRGE OF NICHOLAS.

(W. S. DANIEL.)

Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, died on the 2d March, 1855, while the Crimean war was still raging.

Mr. William S. Daniel, the gifted author of "Lays of the (Crimean) War," and other fugitive poems, died recently in Edinburgh, where he was well known to literary men.

HARK, hark! to the telegraph bell!
 There are news on the trembling wire,
 That well their mighty message tell
 In words of living fire;
 A man lies dead
 On a royal bed,
 Who hath spilt man's blood like rain;
 But his hour is come,
 And his lips are dumb,
 And he'll never shed blood again:
 Coffin him, coffin him under the sod,
 Nicholas Romanoff meets his God!
 Speed the news by the swelling sail
 And the hoof of the desert steed,
 To darksome nooks where mourners wail,
 And fields where brave men bleed;—
 Speed the news to the freeman's strand,
 And the captive's rayless cell—
 Breathe them o'er Siberian land,
 Where the Despot's victims dwell,
 Crushed in body, seared in heart,
 By the fell tormentor's art,—
 And whisper low
 O'er the silent snow—

"Exile! raise your drooping head,
The Monarch of the Knout is dead!"

Send the welcome tidings forth,
O'er the pine woods of the North—
Finland! arm you for the fight
With the hated Muscovite—
Swedes! whom great Gustavus led,
Claim your own—the Tyrant's dead!

Bear the tale to Schamyl Bey,
The grey old Lion of the Hill,
Where amid his wild array,
He defies the Russian still;—
And the Lion's whelps will roar,
Like the waves that lash their shore:
Launch the news, like darts of fire,
To fair Warsaw's shattered wall,
And let every trembling spire
Thunder forth the tocsin-call;
Up, thou gallant Polish land!
Back the steed, and grasp the brand;
Let your lances shine like flame,—
On! in Kosciusko's name!
Lord and peasant, boy and man,
Forward, forward to the van!—
He who on your birthright trod,
Stands before wronged Poland's God

Mourning woman! lift your voice
From the black abyss of woe;
Let your stricken soul rejoice
That the Spoiler's head is low—
Ye, who blistering tears have shed
For brothers, lovers, husbands dead—
Georgian, Turk, Circassian fair!
Dry the cheek and braid the hair,
In the festal song take part,
Send the chorus from the heart—
Polish lady, Polish lass,
Sing the dirge of Nicholas!

XXXVI.—THE FOUNDING OF THE BELL.

(C. MACKAY.)

Charles Mackay, LL.D., is a native of Perth, but his boyhood was spent partly in England and partly in Belgium. He was for some years editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, and afterwards of the *Illustrated London News*. He was born in 1812.

HARK ! how the furnace pants and roars ;
Hark ! how the molten metal pours,
As bursting from its iron doors
It glitters in the sun !

Now through the ready mould it flows,
Seething and hissing as it goes,
And filling every crevice up,
As the red vintage fills the cup :
Hurrah ! the work is done !

Unswathe him now. Take off each stay
That binds him to his couch of clay,
And let him struggle into day ;

Let chain and pulley run,
With yielding crank and steady rope,
Until he rise from rim to cope,
In rounded beauty, ribbed in strength,
Without a flaw in all his length :

Hurrah ! the work is done !

The clapper on his giant side
Shall ring no peal for blushing bride,
For birth, or death, or new-year-tide,

Or festival begun !

A nation's joy alone shall be
The signal for his revelry ;
And for a nation's woes alone
His melancholy tongue shall moan :

Hurrah ! the work is done !

Borne on the gale, deep-toned and clear,
His long, loud summons shall we hear,
When statesmen to their country dear,
Their mortal race have run :

When mighty monarchs yield their breath,
And patriots sleep the sleep of death,
Then shall he raise his voice of gloom,
And peal a requiem o'er their tomb:

Hurrah! the work is done!

Should foemen lift their haughty hand,
And dare invade us where we stand,
Fast by the altars of our land

We'll gather every one;
And he shall ring the loud alarm,
To call the multitudes to arm,
From distant field and forest brown,
And teeming alleys of the town:

Hurrah! the work is done!

And, as the solemn boom they hear,
Old men shall grasp the idle spear,
Laid by to rust for many a year,
And to the struggle run;
Young men shall leave their toils or books,
Or turn to swords their pruning-hooks;
And maids have sweetest smiles for those
Who battle with their country's foes:

Hurrah! the work is done!

And when the cannon's iron throat
Shall bear the news to dells remote,
And trumpet-blast resound the note,
That victory is won;
While down the wind the banner drops,
And bonfires blaze on mountain-tops,
His sides shall glow with fierce delight,
And ring glad peals from morn to night:

Hurrah! the work is done!

But of such themes forbear to tell.
May never War awake this bell
To sound the tocsin or the knell!
Hushed be the alarum gun!

Sheathed be the sword ! and may his voice
 Call up the nations to rejoice,
 That War his tattered flag has furled,
 And vanished from a wiser world !
Hurrah ! the work is done !

Still may he ring when struggles cease,
 Still may he ring for joy's increase,
 For progress in the arts of peace,
 And friendly trophies won !
 When rival nations join their hands,
 When plenty crowns the happy lands,
 When knowledge gives new blessings birth,
 And freedom reigns o'er all the earth !
Hurrah ! the work is done !

XXXVII.—THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

(LONGFELLOW.)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is a native of Portland, Maine, U.S. of America and was born in 1807. He is Professor of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres in Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

* * * *

ALL is finished ! and at length
 Has come the bridal day
 Of beauty and of strength.
 To-day the vessel shall be launched !
 With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
 And o'er the bay,
 Slowly, in all his splendours dight,
 The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
 Centuries old,
 Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
 Paces restless to and fro,
 Up and down the sands of gold.

His beating heart is not at rest ;
 And far and wide,
 With ceaseless flow,
 His beard of snow
 Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
 There she stands,
 With her foot upon the sands ;
 Decked with flags and streamers gay,
 In honour of her marriage day,
 Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending
 Round her like a veil descending,
 Ready to be
 The bride of the grey old sea.

* * * *

Then the Master,
 With a gesture of command,
 Waved his hand ;
 And at the word,
 Loud and sudden there was heard,
 All around them and below,
 The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
 Knocking away the shores and spurs. —
 And see ! she stirs !
 She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
 The thrill of life along her keel,
 And spurning with her foot the ground,
 With one exulting, joyous bound,
 She leaps into the ocean's arms !

And, lo ! from the assembled crowd
 There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
 That to the ocean seemed to say,
 "Take her, O bridegroom, old and grey ;
 Take her to thy protecting arms,
 With all her youth and all her charms."

How beautiful she is ! how fair
 She lies within those arms, that press

Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care !
Sail forth into the sea, O ship !
Through wind and wave, right onward steer !
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be !
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust ;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives !

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel ;
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope ;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat ;
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock ;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock ;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

XXXVIII.—KING ARTHUR AND QUEEN GUINEVERE.

(TENNYSON).

The "Idylls of the King" is a poem consisting of four tales, three of which are derived from the legendary history of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. This extract is taken from the Fourth Idyll, and represents the last interview between the King and Queen Guinevere, who is stung with remorse for her guilty love of Sir Lancelot.

BUT when the Queen immersed in such a trance,
 And moving through the past unconsciously,
 Came to that point, when first she saw the King
 Ride toward her from the city, sighed to find
 Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold,
 High, self-contained, and passionless, not like him,
 "Not like my Lancelot"—while she brooded thus
 And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,
 There rode an armed warrior to the doors.
 A murmuring whisper through the nunnery ran,
 Then on a sudden a cry, "The King." She sat
 Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet
 Through the long gallery from the outer doors
 Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
 And grovelled with her face against the floor:
 There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
 She made her face a darkness from the King:
 And in the darkness heard his armed feet
 Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,
 Monotonous and hollow like a ghost's
 Denouncing judgment, but though changed, the King's.

"Liest thou here so low, the child of one
 I honoured, happy, dead before thy shame?
 Well is it that no child is born of thee.
 The children born of thee are sword and fire,
 Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
 The craft of kindred and the godless hosts
 Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea.

* * *

And of this remnant will I leave a part,
 True men, who love me still, for whom I live,
 To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,
 Lest but a hair of this low head be harmed.
 Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.
 Howbeit, I know, if ancient prophecies
 Have erred not, that I march to meet my doom.
 Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
 That I the King should greatly care to live;
 For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.
 Bear with me for the last time, while I show,
 Even for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinned."

* * * *

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
 Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
 Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
 Then waiting by the doors the war-horse neighed,
 As at a friend's voice, and he spake again:

"Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes;
 I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
 I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
 To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
 My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
 The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law
 The doom of treason and the flaming death,
 (When first I learnt thee hidden here), is past.
 The pang—which while I weighed thy heart with
 one

Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
 Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
 And all is past, the sin is sinned, and I,
 Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
 Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
 But how to take last leave of all I loved?
 O golden hair, with which I used to play,
 Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
 And beauty such as never woman wore,
 Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee.

* * * *

My love through flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Through the thick night I hear the trumpet blow :
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against my sister's son,
Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event ;
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,—
Farewell !”

And while she grovelled at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck ;
And, in the darkness, o'er her fallen head
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,
Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found
The casement : “ Peradventure,” so she thought,
“ If I might see his face, and not be seen.”
And, lo, he sat on horseback at the door !
And near him the sad nuns with each a light
Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
To guard and foster her for evermore.
And while he spake to these his helm was lowered,
To which for crest the golden dragon clung
Of Britain ; so she did not see the face,
Which then was as an angel's ; but she saw,
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,

The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.
And even then he turned; and more and more
The moony vapour rolling round the King,
Who seemed the phantom of a giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him grey
And greyer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghost-like to his doom.

Then she stretched out her arms and cried aloud,
"O Arthur!" there her voice brake suddenly;
Then—as a stream that spouting from a cliff
Falls in mid air, but gathering at the base
Re-makes itself, and flashes down the vale—
Went on in passionate utterance.

"Gone—my lord!

Gone through my sin to slay and to be slain!
And he forgave me, and I could not speak.
Farewell! I should have answered his farewell.
His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the King,
My own true lord!—how dare I call him mine?
The shadow of another cleaves to me,
And makes me one pollution: he, the King,
Called me polluted: shall I kill myself?
What help in that? I cannot kill my sin,
If soul be soul; nor can I kill my shame;
No, nor by living can I live it down.
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,
The months will add themselves and make the years,
The years will roll into the centuries,
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.
I must not dwell on that defeat of fame.
Let the world be; that is but of the world.
What else? what hope? I think there was a hope,
Except he mocked me when he spake of hope;
His hope he called it; but he never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts.
And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin

And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
 Before high God. Ah, great and gentle lord,
 Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
 Among his warring senses, to thy knights—
 To whom my false, voluptuous pride, that took
 Full easily all impressions from below,
 Would not look up, or half-despised the height
 To which I would not or I could not climb—
 I thought I could not breathe in that fine air,
 That pure severity of perfect light—
 I wanted warmth and colour which I found
 In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou art,
 Thou art the highest and most human too,
 Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none
 Will tell the King I love him though so late?
 Now—ere he goes to the great battle? none:
 Myself must tell him in that purer life,
 But now it were too daring. Ah, my God,
 What might I not have made of thy fair world,
 Had I but loved thy highest creature here?
 It was my duty to have loved the highest:
 It surely was my profit had I known:
 It would have been my pleasure had I seen.

XXXIX.—THE BURIAL OF JACOB.

(REV. J. D. BURNS.)

Mr. Burns is author of "The Vision of Prophecy, and other poems."

It is a solemn cavalcade, and slow,
 That comes from Egypt; never had the land,
 Save when a Pharaoh died, such pomp of woe
 Beheld; never was bier by such a band
 Of princely mourners followed, and the grand
 Gloom of that strange funereal armament
 Saddened the wondering cities as it went.

In Goshen he had died, that region fair
 Which stretches east from Nilus to the wave

Of the great Gulf; and since he could not bear
 To lay his ashes in an alien grave,
 He charged his sons to bear them to the cave
 Where slumbered all his kin, that from life's cares
 And weariness his dust might rest with theirs.

* * * *

For seventy days through Egypt ran the cry
 Of woe, for Joseph wept: and now there came
 Along with him the rank and chivalry
 Of Pharaoh's court,—the flower of Egypt's fame;
 High captains, chief estates, and lords of name,
 The prince, the priest, the warrior, and the sage,
 Made haste to join in that sad pilgrimage.

* * * *

The hoary elders in their robes of state
 Were there, and sceptred judges; and the sight
 Of their pavilions pitched without the gate
 Was pleasant; chariots with their trappings bright
 Stood round,—till all were met, and every rite
 Was paid;—then at a signal the array
 Moved with a heavy splendour on its way.

Its very gloom was gorgeous; and the sound
 Of brazen chariots, and the measured feet
 Of stately pacing steeds upon the ground,
 Seemed, by its dead and dull monotonous beat,
 A burden to that march of sorrow meet;
 With music Pharaoh's minstrels would have come
 Had Joseph wished,—'twas better they were dumb,

* * * *

They pass by many a town then famed or feared,
 But quite forgotten now; and over ground
 Then waste, on which in after time were reared
 Cities whose names were of familiar sound
 For centuries,—Bubastus, and renowned
 Pelusium, whose glories in decay
 Gorged the lean desert with a splendid prey.

* * * *

The fiery sons of Ishmael, as they scour
 The stony glens of Paran with their hordes.

Watch their array afar, but dread their power :
 Here first against mankind they drew their swords
 In open warfare ; as the native lords
 Of the wild region held their free career,
 And fenced the desert with the Arab spear.

But unmolested now the mourners pass,
 Till distant trees, like signs of land, appear,
 And pleasantly they feel the yielding grass
 Beneath their feet, and in the morning clear
 They see with joy the hills of Canaan near ;
 The camels scent the freshness of the wells,
 Far hidden in the depth of leafy dells.

* * * *

At length they reach a valley opening fair
 With harvest field and homestead in the sweep
 Of olive-sprinkled hills, where they prepare
 The solemn closing obsequies to keep ;
 For an appointed time they rest, and weep
 With ceaseless lamentation, and the land
 Rings with a grief it cannot understand.

* * * *

The rites thus duly paid, they onward went
 Across the eastern hills, and rested not
 Till, slowly winding up the last ascent,
 They see the walls of Hebron, and the spot
 To him they bore so dear and unforgot,
 Where the dark cypress and the sycamore
 Weave their deep shadows round the rock-hewn door

Now Jacob rests where all his kindred are,—
 The exile from the land in which of old
 His fathers lived and died, he comes from far
 To mix his ashes with their mortal mould.
 There where he stood with Esau, in the cold
 Dim passage of the vault, with holy trust
 His sons lay down the venerable dust.

They laid him close by Leah, where she sleeps
 Far from her Syrian home, and never knows

That Reuben kneels beside her feet and weeps,
 Nor glance of kindly recognition throws
 Upon her stately sons from that repose;
 His Rachel rests far-sundered from his side,
 Upon the way to Bethlehem, where she died.

Sleep on, O weary saint! thy bed is blessed;
 Thou, with the pilgrim-staff of faith, hast passed
 Another Jordan into endless rest:
 Well may they sleep who can serenely cast
 A look behind, while darkness closes fast
 Upon their path, and breathe thy parting word,—
 “For Thy salvation I have waited, Lord!”

XL.—SHIPWRECK IN DUBLIN BAY.

(DRUMMOND.)

How beautifully still is all around!
 Calm as the couch where slumber seals the eye
 Of infant innocence, in deep repose
 These sandy ridges and the waters sleep,
 Wrapped in the golden effluence of day.
 Far different the scene, when wintry winds
 Rush from their frozen caves, and Eurus rides
 On the dark clouds, when by her powerful spell
 The attractive Moon has called around her throne
 The congregated floods. Then roars the might
 Of ocean, sheeted all in raging foam;
 The labouring vessels fly; the thundering surge
 Rolls o’er the piers; and mariners thank Heaven
 That they are not at sea.

Yet Memory weeps
 That night’s sad horrors, when a luckless bark
 Was hurled upon these sands. Elate with hope,
 Some hundred warriors, who in many a field
 Had gathered laurels, in this bark resought
 Their native Erin. Nearer as they drew,
 Each spell of country with magnetic power

Wrought in their souls, and all the joys of home
Rushed on their fancy. Some in thought embraced
Their happy parents, and the lover clasped
His fair one to his breast. Another morn,
And all these joys are real! Onward speed,
Thou fleet-winged bark! More fleet than sea-bird
skims

The flood, she sped. Soon Irin's shores arose ;—
Howth glimmered in the west, and Wicklow's hills
Were blue in the horizon. Then they hailed
Their own green island, and they chanted loud
Their patriot gratulations, till the sun
Gave them his last farewell. He sank in clouds
Of red portentous glare ; when dreary night
Condensed around them, and a mountain swell
Announced the coming tempest. Wrapped in sleet
And arrowy fire, it came. The cutting blast
Smote sore ;—yawned the precipitous abyss ;—
Roared the torn surges.—From his slippery stand
In vain the pilot cast a wistful look,
Some friendly light to spy ;—but all was dark ;
Nor moon, nor star, nor beacon-light, was seen ;
While in the yeasty foam, half-buried, toiled
The reeling ship. At length that dreadful sound
Which mariners most dread—the fierce, wild din
Of breakers, raging on the leeward shore,—
Appalled the bravest. On the sands she struck,
Shivering, as in the cold and deadly grasp
Of dissolution. Agonizing screams
Were heard within, which told that hope was fled.
Then might some counsel sage, perchance, have wrought
A great deliverance. But what shipwrecked crew
E'er list to counsel ? Where 'tis needed most,
'Tis most despised. In such a fearful hour,
Each better feeling dies, and cruel self
Sears all of human in the heart of man.
None counselled safety—but a fell design
Rose in the captain's breast, above the throng
To close the hatches, while himself and crew
Flee to the boat, and hope or chance to 'scape

Leave to the captives none. The recreant slaves
 Their ship deserting, in the faithful skiff,
 For once too faithful, sweep the foaming gulf,
 And reach the strand. But ah! the gallant throng,
 Locked in the dungeon-hold, around them hear
 The roaring cataracts;—their shrieks and groans,
 With threats and prayers, and mingled curses, speak
 The soul's last agonies. What boots their prayers,
 Their groans, or rage to madness by their wrongs
 Exasperated high? Will storms grow calm,
 Or warring surges hear the suppliant's voice,
 When man has steeled his heart? Oh! now to die
 Amid the strife of arms were ecstasy!
 Ay—e'en to perish in the conflict rude
 With seas and storms beneath the cope of heaven,
 Where their last breath might mingle with the winds!
 But thus to die inglorious! thus immured,
 As in some den of hell! They chafe in vain:—
 So chafes the lion in the hunter's trap;
 So in his coffin turns, with dire dismay,
 The wretch unwittingly entombed alive.
 Now torn and wrecked—deep-cradled in the sands,
 The vessel lies. Through all her yawning sides
 She drinks the flood. Loud o'er her roars the surge;
 But all within—is still.

XII.—THE BALLAD OF ROU.

(BULWER LYTTON.)

Rou was the name given by the French to Rollo, or Rolf-ganger, the ancestor
 of William the Conqueror, and the planter of the Norman settlement in
 France.

FROM Blois to Senlis, wave by wave, rolled on the Norman
 flood,
 And Frank on Frank went drifting down the weltering tide
 of blood;
 There was not left in all the land a castle wall to fire,
 And not a wife but wailed a lord, a child but mourned a sire.

To Charles the king, the mitred monks, the mailed barons
flew,
While, shaking earth, behind them strode the thunder
march of Rou.

"O king," then cried those barons bold, "in vain are mace
and mail;
We fall before the Norman axe, as corn before the hail."
"And vainly," cried the pious monks, "by Mary's shrine
we kneel;
For prayers, like arrows, glance aside, against the Norman
steel."
The barons groaned, the shavelings wept, while near and
nearer drew,
As death-birds round their scented feast, the raven flags of
Rou.

Then said King Charles, "Where thousands fail, what king
can stand alone?
The strength of kings is in the men that gather round the
throne.
When war dismisses my barons bold, 'tis time for war to
cease;
When Heaven forsakes my pious monks, the will of Heaven
is peace.
Go forth, my monks, with mass and rood, the Norman
camp unto,
And to the fold, with shepherd crook, entice this grisly Rou.
"I'll give him all the ocean coast, from Michael Mount to
Eure,
And Gille, my child, shall be his bride, to bind him fast
and sure;
Let him but kiss the Christian cross, and sheathe the
heathen sword,
And hold the lands I cannot keep, a fief from Charles his
lord."
Forth went the pastors of the Church, the shepherd's work
to do,
And wrap the golden fleece around the tiger loins of Rou.

Psalm-chanting came the shaven monks, within the camp
of dread ;

Amidst his warriors, Norman Rou stood taller by the
head.

Out spoke the Frank archbishop then, a priest devout and
sage,—

“ When peace and plenty wait thy word, what need of war
and rage ?

Why waste a land as fair as aught beneath the arch of blue,
Which might be thine to sow and reap ?—Thus saith the
king to Rou :

“ ‘ I’ll give thee all the ocean coast, from Michael Mount to
Eure,

And Gille, my fairest child, as bride, to bind thee fast and
sure ;

If thou but kneel to Christ our God, and sheathe thy
paynim sword,

And hold thy land, the Church’s son, a fief from Charles
thy lord.’ ”

The Norman on his warriors looked—to counsel they with-
drew ;

The saints took pity on the Franks, and moved the soul of
Rou.

So back he strode, and thus he spoke to that archbishop
meek :

“ I take the land thy king bestows, from Eure to Michael-
peak ;

I take the maid, or foul or fair, a bargain with the coast ;
And for thy creed, a sea-king’s gods are those that give the
most.

So hie thee back, and tell thy chief to make his proffer
true,

And he shall find a docile son, and ye a saint, in Rou.”

So o’er the border stream of Epte came Rou the Norman,
where,

Begirt with barons, sat the king, enthroned at green St.
Clair ;

He placed his hand in Charles's hand,—loud shouted all
the throng;

But tears were in King Charles's eyes—the grip of Rou was
strong.

“Now kiss the foot,” the bishop said, “that homage still is
due;”

Then dark the frown and stern the smile of that grim
convert, Rou.

He takes the foot, as if the foot to slavish lips to bring :

The Normans scowl ; he tilts the throne, and backward
falls the king !

Loud laugh the joyous Norman men—pale stare the Franks
aghast ;

And Rou lifts up his head as from the wind springs up the
mast :

“I said I would adore a God, but not a mortal too ;

The foot that fled before a foe let cowards kiss !” said Rou.

SECTION II.—DOMESTIC AND NATIONAL.

I.—LOCH-NA-GARR.

(BYRON.)

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses !
In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
For still they are sacred to freedom and love :
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war ;
Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-Garr.

Ah ! there my young footsteps in infancy wandered :
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ;
On chieftains long perished my memory pondered,
As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade :
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ;
For fancy was cheered by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-Garr.

"Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Loch-na-Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car ;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,—
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch-na-Garr.

"Ill-starred, though brave, did no visions foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause ?"

Ah ! were you destined to die at Culloden ?
 Victory crowned not your fall with applause :
 Still were you happy in death's earthly slumber,
 You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar ;
 The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch-na-Garr.

Years have rolled on, Loch-na-Garr, since I left you
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again ;
 Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
 England ! thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has roved on the mountains afar ;
 Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic !
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch-na-Garr.

II.—AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

(WASHINGTON ALLSTON.)

ALL hail ! thou noble land,
 Our fathers' native soil !
 O stretch thy mighty hand,
 Gigantic grown by toil,
 O'er the vast Atlantic wave
 to our shore ;
 For thou, with magic might,
 Canst reach to where the light
 Of Phœbus travels bright
 The world o'er !

The genius of our clime,
 From his pine-embattled steep
 Shall hail the great sublime ;
 While the Tritons of the deep
 With their conch the kindred
 league shall proclaim ;
 Then let the world combine—
 O'er the main our naval line,
 Like the milky-way, shall shine
 Bright in fame !

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England
 in our veins !
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains ?

While the language free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of Heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his
 host ;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking
 with the sun ;
Yet still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech —
“ We are one ! ”

III.—GREAT BRITAIN TO AMERICA.

(TUPPER.)

Martin Farquhar Tupper, author of "Proverbial Philosophy," was born in London in 1811. His prose works are numerous and popular; his poetry consists of short pieces.

Ho ! Brother, I'm a Britisher,
A chip of heart of oak,
That wouldn't warp or swerve or stir
From what I thought or spoke ;
And you—a blunt and honest man,
Straightforward, kind and true,—
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you're a Briton too.

I know your heart, an open heart,
I read your mind and will,—
A greyhound ever on the start
To run for honour still ;
And shrewd to scheme a likely plan,
And stout to see it done,—
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you and I are one !

There may be jealousies and strife,
For men have selfish ends,
But petty quarrels ginger life,
And help to season friends ;
And pundits who, with solemn scan,
Judge humans most aright,
Decide it, testy Jonathan,
That brothers always fight.

Two fledgeling sparrows in one nest
Will chirp about a worm,
Then how should eaglets meekly rest,
The children of the storm ?

No ! while their rustled pinions fan
The eyrie's dizzy side,
Like you and me, my Jonathan,
It's all for Love and Pride !

" God save the Queen " delights you still,
And " British Grenadiers ;"
The good old strains your heart-strings thrill,
And catch you by both ears ;
And we,—O hate us if you can,
For we are proud of you,—
We like you, Brother Jonathan,
And " Yankee Doodle " too !

There's nothing foreign in your face,
Nor strange upon your tongue ;
You come not of another race,
From baser lineage sprung ;
No, brother ! though away you ran,
As truant boys will do,
Still true it is, young Jonathan,
My fathers fathered you.

Time was,—it wasn't long ago,—
Your grandsire went with mine
To battle traitors, blow for blow,
For England's royal line ;
Or tripped to court to kiss Queen Anne,
Or worship mighty Bess !
And you and I, good Jonathan,
Went with them then, I guess.

Together both,—'twas long ago,—
Among the Roses fought ;
Or charging fierce the Paynim foe,
Did all knight-errants ought ;
As Cavalier or Puritan
Together prayed or swore ;
For John's own Brother Jonathan
Was only John of yore !

There lived a man, a man of men,
A king on fancy's throne ;
We ne'er shall see his like again,
The globe is all his own ;
And if we claim him of our clan,
He half belongs to you,
For Shakspeare, happy Jonathan,
Is yours and Britain's too !

There was another glorious name,
A poet for all time,
Who gained the double-first of fame,
The beautiful sublime ;
And let us hide him if we can,
More miserly than pelf,
Our Yankee brother Jonathan
Cries " halves " in Milton's self !

O Brother, could we both be one,
In nation and in name,
How gladly would the very sun
Lie basking in our fame !
In either world to lead the van,
And go-a-head for good,
While earth to John and Jonathan
Yields tribute gratitude !

Add but your stripes and golden stars
To brave St. George's cross,
And never dream of mutual wars,
Two dunces' mutual loss ;
Let us two bless when others ban,
And love when others hate,
And so, my cordial Jonathan,
We'll fit, I calculate.

What more ? I touch not holier strings,
A loftier strain to win ;
Nor glance at prophets, priests, and kings,
Or heavenly kith or kin.

As friend with friend, and man with man,
O let our hearts be thus,
As David's love to Jonathan,
Be Jonathan's to us !

IV.—THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

(ALARIC A. WATTS.)

Alaric A. Watts was born in London in 1799. He has been long connected with the newspaper press, and for some time edited the "United Service Gazette."

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes,
When first I clasped thee to my heart, and heard thy feeble
cries ;
For I thought of all that I had borne, as I bent me down to
kiss

Thy cherry lips and sunny brow, my first-born bud of bliss !

I turned to many a withered hope, to years of grief and
pain,

And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flashed o'er my boding
brain ;

I thought of friends, grown worse than cold—of persecuting
foes,

And I asked of Heaven if ills like these must mar thy youth's
repose !

I gazed upon thy quiet face, half-blinded by my tears,
Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening on my
fears ;

Sweet rays of hope, that fairer shone 'mid the clouds of
gloom that bound them,

As stars dart down their loveliest light when midnight skies
are round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's brief hour is o'er,
And a father's anxious fears for thee can fever me no more !
And for the hopes, the sun-bright hopes, that blossomed at
thy birth,

They too have fled, to prove how frail are cherished things
of earth !

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child ; but though brief
thy span below,

To me it was a little age of agony and woe ;

For, from thy first faint dawn of life, thy cheek began to
fade,

And my lips had scarce thy welcome breathed, ere my hopes
were wrapped in shade.

Oh, the child in its hours of health and bloom that is dear
as thou wert then,

Grows far more prized, more fondly loved, in sickness and
in pain ;

And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe, when every hope
was lost,

Ten times more precious to my soul, for all that thou hadst
cost !

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watched thee, day by
day,

Pale like the second bow of heaven, as gently waste away ;

And, sick with dark foreboding fears, we dared not breathe
aloud,

Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief, to wait death's
coming cloud !

It came at length : o'er thy bright blue eye the film was
gathering fast,

And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow—the deepest and
the last ;

In thicker gushes strove thy breath—we raised thy drooping
head :

A moment more—the final pang—and thou wert of the dead !

Thy gentle mother turned away to hide her face from me,
And murmured low of Heaven's behests, and bliss attained
by thee ;

She would have chid me that I mourned a doom so blest as
thine,

Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as wild as
mine !

We laid thee down in thy sinless rest, and from thine infant
brow

Culled one soft lock of radiant hair,—our only solace now ;
Then placed around thy beauteous corse flowers not more
fair and sweet—

Twin rose-buds in thy little hands, and jasmine at thy feet.

Though other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance as thou,
With all the beauty of thy cheek, the sunshine of thy brow,
They never can replace the bud our early fondness nurst :
They may be lovely and beloved, but not, like thee, the
FIRST !

The FIRST ! How many a memory bright that one sweet
word can bring,
Of hopes that blossomed, drooped, and died, in life's
delightful spring—
Of fervid feelings passed away—those early seeds of bliss
That germinate in hearts unseared by such a world as this !

My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest and my First !
When I think of what thou mightst have been, my heart is
like to burst ;
But gleams of gladness through my gloom their soothing
radiance dart,
And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried, when I turn
to what thou art !

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the stain of
earth,
With not a taint of mortal life except thy mortal birth,
God bade thee early taste the spring for which so many
thirst,
And bliss, eternal bliss, is thine, my fairest and my First !

SECTION III.—SACRED AND MORAL.

I.—THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD.

(YOUNG.)

Dr. Edward Young, author of the "Night Thoughts," was born in Hampshire in 1681, and died in 1765, at his rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire.

RETIRE;—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call home;—
Imagination's airy wing repress;
Lock up thy senses:—let no passion stir;—
Wake all to Reason;—let her reign alone:—
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done; and shall inquire no more.
In Nature's channel, thus the questions run.

What am I? and from whence? I nothing know,
But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal. Had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been: eternal there must be.
But what eternal?—Why not human race;
And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
That's hard to be conceived, since every link
Of that long-chained succession is so frail:
Can every part depend, and not the whole?
Yet, grant it true, new difficulties rise:
I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal too?—
Grant matter was eternal: still these orbs
Would want some other father. Much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.
Design implies intelligence and art:
That can't be from themselves—or man; that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?

And nothing greater, yet allowed, than man.—
 Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight ?
 Who bade brute matter's restive lump assume
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?
 Has matter innate motion ? then, each atom,
 Asserting its indisputable right
 To dance, would form a universe of dust.
 Has matter none ? then, whence these glorious forms,
 And boundless flights, from shapeless and reposed ?
 Has matter more than motion ? Has it thought,
 Judgment, and genius ? Is it deeply learned
 In mathematics ? Has it framed such laws,
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal ?—
 If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
 Who think a clod inferior to a man !
 If art, to form ; and counsel, to conduct—
 And that with greater far than human skill,
 Resides not in each block :—a GODHEAD reigns—
 And, if a God there is, that God how great !

II.—ODE OF THANKSGIVING.

(ADDISON.)

Dangers escaped during a storm in the Mediterranean called forth this
 beautiful hymn.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide ;
 Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
 And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
 Made every region please ;

The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise !

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free ;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will :
The sea that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee !

III.--THANATOPSIS; OR, A VIEW OF DEATH.

(BRYANT.)

William Cullen Bryant, one of the most popular, perhaps *the* most popular, of living American poets, was born in the State of Massachusetts in 1794. He studied for the profession of the law, but turned journalist, and in 1828 became co-editor of the *New York Evening Post*.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,—
Go forth under the open sky and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again:
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place

Shalt thou retire alone—nor could'st thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn declarations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages, glide away the sons of men,—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the grey-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side

By those who in their turn shall follow them.
 So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

IV.—FOREST HYMN.

(BRYANT.)

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
 Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the grey old trunks that high in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
 Acceptance in His ear.

Father! thy hand
 Hath reared these venerable columns, thou

Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was on their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,—
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
That run along the summit of these trees
In music;—thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt;—the barked trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship!—Nature here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around
From perch to perch the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that 'midst its herbs
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his feet
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,

Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation from the indwelling life,
A visible token of the upholding love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
For ever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo ! all grow old and die—but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms : upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them ; and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let *me* often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink,
And tremble, and are still. O God ! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire

The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
 With all the waters of the firmament
 The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
 Upon the continent and overwhelms
 Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

V.—ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

(TUPPER.)

ALL's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful,
 Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
 Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful,
 Courage for ever is happy and wise:
 All for the best,—if a man would but know it,
 Providence wishes us all to be blest;
 This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
 Heaven is gracious, and—All's for the best!

All for the best! set this on your standard,
 Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
 Who to the shores of Despair may have wandered,
 A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove.
 All for the best! be a man but confiding,
 Providence tenderly governs the rest,
 And the frail bark of His creature is guiding
 Wisely and warily all for the best.

All for the best ! then fling away terrors,
 Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
 And in the midst of your dangers or errors
 Trust like a child, while you strive like a man :
 All's for the best !—unbiassed, unbounded,
 Providence reigns from the East to the West ;
 And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
 Hope, and be happy, that All's for the best !

 VI.—MAN.

(YOUNG.)

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man !
 How passing wonder He who made him such !
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes !
 From different natures marvellously mix'd,
 Connection exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguished link in Being's endless chain !
 Midway from Nothing to the Deity !
 A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorb'd !
 Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
 A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost ! At home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
 And wondering at her own . How reason reels !
 O what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphantly distressed ! what joy, what dread !
 Alternately transported, and alarmed !
 What can preserve my life, or what destroy ?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

* * * * *

All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond

Is substance ; the reverse is folly's creed :
 How solid all, where change shall be no more !
 Yet man, fool man ! here buries all his thoughts ;
 Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
 Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
 Here pinions all his wishes ; winged by Heaven
 To fly at infinite ; and reach it there,
 Where seraphs gather immortality,
 On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
 What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
 In His full beam, and ripen for the just,
 Where momentary ages are no more !
 Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire !
 And is it in the flight of threescore years,
 To push eternity from human thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust ?
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
 Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
 At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
 Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
 To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, " That all men are about to live,"
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel : and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise—
 At least, their own ; their future selves applaud ;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
 Time lodged in their own hands is folly's rails ;
 That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they consign ;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone ;
 'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool ;
 And scarce in human wisdom, to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage : when young, indeed,
 In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool :
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal but themselves ;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; where, past the shaft, no trace is found.
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains ;
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel :
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death :
 E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

VII.—THE PULPIT.

(COWPER.)

William Cowper, author of "Table Talk," "The Task," "Tirocinium," and many minor poems, was born at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, in 1731 ; and died in 1800, after a life of much suffering.

I VENERATE the man whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
 Co-incident, exhibit lucid proof
 That he is honest in the sacred cause.
 To such I render more than mere respect,
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
 But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,
 In conversation frivolous, in dress
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ;
 Frequent in park with lady at his side,
 Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes !
 But rare at home, and never at his books,
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card ;
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round
 Of ladyships—a stranger to the poor ;

Ambitious of preferment for its gold ;
And well prepared, by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love of world,
To make God's work a sinecure ; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride :—
From such apostles, oh, ye mitred heads,
Preserve the Church ! and lay not careless hands
On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture ; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty man.
Behold the picture !—Is it like ?—Like whom ?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again ; pronounce a text ;
Cry—hem ; and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene !

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What !—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God ?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand ;
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life ?

He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
 His noble office, and, instead of truth,
 Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock !
 Therefore, avaunt all attitude, and stare,
 And start theatric, practised at the glass !
 I seek divine simplicity in him
 Who handles things divine ; and all besides,
 Though learned with labour, and though much admired,
 By curious eyes and judgments ill informed,
 To me is odious, as the nasal twang
 Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
 Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
 Through the pressed nostril spectacle bestrid.

VIII.—ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.

(MILTON.)

John Milton, the son of a London scrivener, was born in 1608. He engaged briskly in the religious and political controversies which agitated the latter part of the reign of Charles I., and the times of the Commonwealth ; and for several years after the execution of the king he acted as Latin Secretary to the Council of State. His noble poems, *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, were composed, in great part, after the Restoration of Charles II. in 1660. Milton had been blind for several years previous, and never recovered his sight. He died in 1674.

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
 Had in her sober livery all things clad :
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird—
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk—all but the wakeful nightingale ;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung :
 Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve :—" Fair consort ! the hour
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
 Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set

Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep.
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals inactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest.”
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:—
“My author and disposer, what thou bidd’st,
Unargued I obey: so God ordains.—
God is thy law; thou, mine: to know no more
Is woman’s happiest knowledge, and her praise!
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change—all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn—her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:—
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,

Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee, is sweet !”

IX.—SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

(MILTON.)

O THOU, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world !—at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads !—to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell,—how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till pride, and worse, ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King !
Ah ! wherefore ? he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was,
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks !
How due ! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice : lifted up so high,
I disdained subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude—
So burdensome ; still paying, still to owe !
Forgetful what from him I still received ;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged ; what burden then ?
Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition ! Yet why not ? some other Power

As great, might have aspired ; and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part ; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations armed.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?
Thou hadst : whom hast thou, then, or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?
Be, then, his love accursed ! since, love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe !
Nay, cursed be thou ! since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?
Which way I fly is Hell ! myself am Hell !
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven !
Oh, then, at last relent ! is there no place
Left for repentance ? none for pardon left ?
None left but by submission : and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue—
The Omnipotent ! Ah me ! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain ;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall ; only supreme
In misery.—Such joy ambition finds !
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state—how soon
Would height recall high thoughts ; how soon unsay
What feigned submission swore ! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void ;
For never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep—
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall ; so should I purchase dear

Short intermission bought with double smart !
 This knows my punisher ; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace!
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
 Of us outcast ! exiled ! his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So, farewell hope ! and with hope, farewell fear !
 Farewell remorse ! all good to me is lost.
 Evil, be thou my good ! by thee, at least
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold ;
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall know !

X.—SPEECH OF BELIAL IN COUNCIL.

(MILTON.)

ON the other side uprose
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane :
 A fairer person lost not Heaven ; he seemed
 For dignity composed, and high exploit :
 But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue
 Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels : for his thoughts were low ;
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Tim'rous and slothful ; yet he pleased the ear,
 And with persuasive accent thus began :
 " I should be much for open war, O peers,
 As not behind in hate ; if what was urged,
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success ;
 When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
 In what he counsels, and in what excels,
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 First, what revenge ? The towers of Heaven are filled

With armèd watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we, then?'
Say they who counsel war; 'we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?' Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What! when we fled amain, pursued, and struck
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us!—this Hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake!—that sure was worse

What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames ? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us ? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impending horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads : while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds ; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains ;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end ? This would be worse.
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades ; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view ? He from Heaven's height
All these our motions vain sees, and derides ;
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here
Chains and these torments ? Better these than worse,
By my advice, since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains : this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror. This is now
Our doom ; which if we can sustain and bear,

Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger ; and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished ; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour ; or, inured, not feel ;
Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain ;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light ;
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting ; since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counselled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth.

SECTION IV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—THE OCEAN.

(BYRON.)

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
THERE is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
THERE is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own ;
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown !

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake.
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
 These are thy toys; and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;—
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
 Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
 The image of Eternity,—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone!

II.—THE PASSIONS.

(COLLINS.)

William Collins, one of the most ill-fated of poets, was born in Chichester in 1721, and died in 1759. His odes and eclogues are highly prized. That on *The Passions* is one of the finest in the language.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Thronged around her magic cell,

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined :
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound ;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for Madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid ;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings :
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'Twas sad by fits—by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure !
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song.
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.

He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down ;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ;
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat.
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien ;
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed ;
Sad proof of thy distressful state !
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed :
And, now, it courted Love ; now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound.
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole ;
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay—
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing—
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh, how altered was its sprightlier tone !
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulders flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung—
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs, and silvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green ;

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last, came Joy's ecstatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

III.—THE VOICE AND PEN.

(D. F. M'CARTHY.)

D. F. M'Carthy is a native of Ireland, and a frequent contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*.

OH! the orator's Voice is a mighty power
As it echoes from shore to shore—
And the fearless Pen has more sway o'er men
Than the murderous cannon's roar.
What burst the chain far o'er the main,
And brightens the captive's den?
'Tis the fearless Voice and the Pen of Power—
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!
Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!

The tyrant knaves who deny our rights,
And the cowards who blanch with fear,

Exclaim with glee, "No arms have ye—
Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear!
Your hills are ours; with our forts and towers
We are masters of mount and glen."
Tyrants, beware! for the arms we bear
Are the Voice and the fearless Pen!

Though your horsemen stand with their bridles
in hand,
And your sentinels walk around—
Though your matches flare in the midnight air,
And your brazen trumpets sound;
Oh! the orator's tongue shall be heard among
These listening warrior men;
And they'll quickly say, "Why should we slay
Our friends of the Voice and Pen?"

When the Lord created the earth and sea,
The stars and the glorious sun,
The Godhead *spoke*, and the universe woke—
And the mighty work was done!
Let a word be flung from the orator's tongue,
Or a drop from the fearless Pen,
And the chains accursed asunder burst,
That fettered the minds of men!

Oh! these are the swords with which we fight,
The arms in which we trust;
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,
Which time cannot dim or rust!
When these we bore, we triumphed before,—
With these we'll triumph again;
And the world will say, "No power can stay
The Voice and the fearless Pen!"
Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!

IV.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

(GRAY.)

Thomas Gray was born in Cornhill, London, in 1716, and died in 1771. His *Elegy*, *The Progress of Poesy*, and *The Bard*, secure him undying fame.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way ;
 And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.—

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed !

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share !

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.—

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await, alike, the inevitable hour;
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave!

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
 vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust?
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul!

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air!

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest—
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
 Their glowing virtues, but their crimes confined,—
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way!

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelled by the unlettered
 muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 To teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned—
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,—
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires!

For thee, who mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, 'chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say—
“Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love!

One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

The next—with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne:
Approach, and read—for thou canst read—the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

V.—NAPOLEON'S LAST REQUEST.

(ANON.)

AH! bury me deep in the boundless sea,
Let my heart have a limitless grave,
For my spirit in life was as fierce and free
As the course of the tempest wave;

And as far from the reach of mortal control
 Were the depths of my fathomless mind,
 And the ebbs and the flows of my single soul
 Were tides to the rest of mankind.
 Then my briny pall shall engirdle the world,
 As in life did the voice of my fame,
 And each mutinous billow that skyward curls
 Shall to fancy re-echo my name :—
 That name shall be storied in record sublime,
 In the uttermost corners of earth ;
 And renowned till the wreck of expiring time,
 Be the glorified land of my birth.
 Yes, bury my heart in the boundless sea,—
 It would burst from a narrower tomb ;
 Should less than an ocean my sepulchre be,
 Or if wrapped in less horrible gloom.

VI.—HYMN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

(COLERIDGE.)

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, one of the most profound of English thinkers, was born in Devonshire in 1772. He died in 1834.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course ? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !
 The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful Form !
 Risest from forth the silent sea of pines,
 How silently ! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity !
 O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody

So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, oh wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
"Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?"

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—

God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
 God! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
 Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
 That as I raise my head, a while bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud
 To rise before me—Rise, oh, ever rise!
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth!
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
 Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

VII.—TO THE COMET OF 1811.

(HOGG.)

STRANGER of heaven! I bid thee hail!
 Shred from the pall of glory riven,
 That flashest in celestial gale,
 Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
 From angel's ensign-staff unfurled?

Art thou the standard of his wrath,
Waved o'er a sordid, sinful world?

No; from that pure, pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,¹
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years?
Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain?

And when thou scal'st the Milky Way,
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue!

Oh, on thy rapid prow to glide!
To sail the boundless skies with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!

To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll?

Stranger of heaven! oh, let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream;
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam!

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the grey portals of the morn!

¹ This was by some considered the same comet which appeared at the birth of Christ.

VIII.—THEME FOR A POET.

(P. J. BAILEY.)

Philip James Bailey, author of *Festus*, *The Mystic*, &c., was born in Nottingham in 1816.

THYSELF, thy race, thy love,
 The faithless and the full of faith in God;
 Thy race's destiny, thy sacred love.
 Every believer is God's miracle.
 Nothing will stand whose staple is not love;
 The love of God, or man, or lovely woman:
 The first is scarcely touched, the next scarce felt,
 The third is desecrated; lift it up,
 Redeem it, hallow it, blend the three in one
 Great holy work. It shall be read in Heaven
 By all the saved of sinners of all time.
 Preachers shall point to it, and tell their wards
 It is a handful of eternal truth.
 Make ye a heartful of it; men shall will
 That it be buried with them in their hands.
 The young, the gay, the innocent, the brave,
 The fair, with soul and body both all love,
 Shall run to it with joy; and the old man,
 Still hearty in decline, whose happy life
 Hath blossomed downwards, like the purple bell-
 flower,
 Closing the book, shall utter lowly,
 Death, thou art infinite, it is life is little.
 Believe thou art inspired, and thou art.
 Look at the bard and others; never heed
 The petty hints of envy. If a fault
 It be in bard to deem himself inspired,
 'Tis one which hath had many followers
 Before him. He is wont to make, unite,
 Believe; the world to part, and doubt, and narrow.
 That he believes, he utters. What the world
 Utters, it trusts not. But the time may come
 When all, along with those who seek to raise

Men's minds, and have enough of pain, without
Suffering from envy, may be God-inspired
To utter truth, and feel like love for men.
Poets are henceforth the world's teachers. Still
The world is all in sects, which makes one loathe it

IX.—THE SONG OF STEAM.

(ANON.)

HARNESS me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned at the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length,

And I rushed to my throne with thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er
The mountains steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power—
The world! the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queenly west,
Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice;
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of the god-like mind;
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel,
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;

And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you "may go and play,"
While I manage the world by myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.

X.—JUGURTHA'S PRISON THOUGHTS.

(WOLFE.)

Jugurtha became king of Numidia, in Africa, by the murder of his two cousins, who were nearer to the throne than he. The Romans, in consequence, declared war against him. Having been overpowered by the Consul Marius, he was taken prisoner in 106 B.C., and two years afterwards died of starvation in a dungeon in Rome.

The Rev. Charles Wolfe was born in Dublin, in 1791, and after a brief but promising career as a poet and as a clergyman, died of consumption in 1823. His poems, essays, and sermons, have been collected under the title of "Wolfe's Remains."

WELL—is the rack prepared—the pincers heated?
Where is the scourge? How!—not employed in Rome!
We have them in Numidia. Not in Rome?
I'm sorry for it; I could enjoy it now;
I might have felt them yesterday; but now,—
Now I have seen my funeral procession:
The chariot-wheels of Marius have rolled o'er me;
His horses' hoofs have trampled me in triumph,—
I have attained that terrible consummation.
My soul could stand aloof, and from on high
Look down upon the ruins of my body,
Smiling in apathy: I feel no longer;
I challenge Rome to give another pang.—
Gods! how he smiled, when he beheld me pause
Before his car, and scowl upon the mob;
The curse of Rome was burning on my lips,
And I had gnawed my chain, and hurled it at them,

But that I knew he would have smiled again.—
 A king! and led before the gaudy Marius,
 Before those shouting masters of the world,
 As if I had been conquered; while each street,
 Each peopled wall, and each insulting window,
 Pealed forth their brawling triumphs o'er my head.
 Oh! for a lion from thy woods, Numidia!—
 Or, had I, in that moment of disgrace,
 Enjoyed the freedom but of yonder slave,
 I would have made my monument in Rome.
 Yet am I not that fool, that *Roman* fool,
 To think disgrace entombs the hero's soul,—
 For ever damps his fires and dims his glories;
 That no bright laurel can adorn the brow
 That once has bowed; no victory's trumpet-sound
 Can drown in joy the rattling of his chains:
 No;—could one glimpse of victory and vengeance
 Dart preciously across me, I could kiss
 Thy footstep's dust again; then all in flame,
 With Massinissa's energies unquenched,
 Start from beneath thy chariot-wheels, and grasp
 The gory laurel reeking in my view,
 And force a passage through disgrace to glory—
 Victory! Vengeance! Glory!—Oh, these chains!
 My soul's in fetters, too; for, from this moment,
 Through all eternity I see but—death;
 To me there's nothing future now, but death:
 Then come and let me gloom upon the past.—

*

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Sleep!

I'll sleep no more, until I sleep for ever:
 When I slept last, I heard Adherbal scream.
 I'll sleep no more! I'll *think* until I die:
 My eyes shall pore upon my miseries,
 Until my miseries shall be no more.—
 Yet wherefore did he scream? Why, I have heard
 His *living* scream,—it was not half so frightful.
 Whence comes the difference? When the man was living,
 Why, I did gaze upon his couch of torments
 With placid vengeance, and each anguished cry

Gave me stern satisfaction. Now he's dead,
 And his lips move not; yet his voice's image
 Flashed such a dreadful darkness o'er my soul,
 I would not mount Numidia's throne again,
 Did every night bring such a scream as that.
 Oh, yes, 'twas I that caused that *living* one,
 And therefore did its *echo* seem so frightful.
 If 'twere to do again, I would not kill thee;
 Wilt thou not be contented?—But thou say'st,
 "My father was to thee a father also;
 He watched thy infant years, he gave thee all
 That youth could ask, and scarcely manhood came
 Than came a kingdom also: yet didst thou—"—
 Oh, I am faint!—they have not brought me food—
 How did I not perceive it until now?
 Hold,—my Numidian cruse is still about me—
 No drop within—Oh, faithful friend! companion
 Of many a weary march and thirsty day,
 'Tis the first time that thou hast failed my lips.—
 Gods! I'm in tears!—I did not think of weeping.
 Oh, Marius, wilt thou ever feel like this?—
 Ha! I behold the ruins of a city;
 And on a craggy fragment sits a form
 That seems in ruins also: how unmoved,
 How stern he looks! Amazement! it is Marius!
 Ha! Marius, think'st thou now upon Jugurtha?
 He turns! he's caught my eye! I see no more!

XI.—THE GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

(WORDSWORTH.)

The following extract from the "Excursion" details with remarkable "philosophical truth and poetical beauty" the mode in which abstract ideas came to be regarded by the imaginative Greek as tangible forms, and the fancies of the mind turned into the shapes of gods and goddesses.

William Wordsworth was a native of Cockermouth, in Cumberland. He was an intimate friend of Coleridge and Southey, and on the death of the latter in 1843 he succeeded to the Laureateship. Born 1770; died 1850.

THE lively Grecian, in a land of hills,
 Rivers and fertile plains, and sounding shores,
 Under a cope of sky more variable,
 Could find commodious place for every god.

Promptly received, as prodigally brought,
 From the surrounding countries, at the choice
 Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,
 As nicest observation furnished hints
 For studious fancy, his quick hand bestowed
 On fluent operations a fixed shape;
 Metal or stone, idolatrously served.
 And yet—triumphant o'er this pompous show
 Of art, this palpable array of sense,
 On every side encountered; in despite
 Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets
 By wandering rhapsodists; and in contempt
 Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
 Amid the wrangling schools—a SPIRIT hung,
 Beautiful region, o'er thy towns and farms,
 Statues and temples, and memorial tombs.

* * * *

In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched
 On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
 With music lulled his indolent repose;
 And in some fit of weariness, if he,
 When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
 Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched
 Even from the blazing chariot of the sun
 A beardless youth, who touched a golden lute
 And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
 The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
 Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
 Called on the lovely wanderer, who bestowed
 That timely light, to share his joyous sport.
 And hence a beaming goddess with her nymphs,
 Across the lawn and through the darksome grove
 (Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
 By echo multiplied from rock or cave)
 Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and stars
 Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
 When winds are blowing strong. The traveller slaked
 His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thanked
 The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills

Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
 Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
 Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.
 The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their wings,
 Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom they wooed
 With gentle whisper. Withered boughs grotesque,
 Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,
 From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
 In the low vale or on steep mountain side;
 And sometimes intermixed with stirring horns
 Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard,—
 These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood
 Of gamesome deities; or Pan himself,
 The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god.

XII.—THE CITY PIGEON.

(WILLIS.)

Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove!
 Thy daily visits have touched my love.
 I watch thy coming, and list the note
 That stirs so low in thy mellow throat;
 And my joy is high
 To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
 And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves?
 Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
 When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?

How canst thou bear
 This noise of people, this sultry air?

Thou alone of the feathered race
 Dost look unscared on the human face;
 Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
 Dost love with man in his haunts to be;

And the "gentle dove"
 Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!
 Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word!

Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh and wild
In the prisoned thoughts of the city child;
And thy glossy wings
Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance. Thou art set apart
Wisely by Him who has tamed thy heart,
To stir the love for the bright and fair,
That else were sealed in this crowded air;

I sometimes dream
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come, then, ever, when daylight leaves
The page I read, to my humble eaves,
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
And murmur thy low sweet music out!

I hear and see
Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee!

XIII.—THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

(LONGFELLOW.)

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall,
An ancient time-piece says to all—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

Half way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

By day its voice is low and light;
But, in the silent dead of night,

Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber-door—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood;
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning time-piece never ceased—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient time-piece told—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair—

“For ever—never!
Never—for ever!”

All are scattered now and fled—
 Some are married, some are dead;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 “Ah! when shall they all meet again?”
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient time-piece makes reply—
 “For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!”

Never *here*, for ever *there*,
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time shall disappear;
 For ever *there*, but never *here*!
 The horologe of Eternity
 Saith this incessantly—
 “For ever—never!
 Never—for ever!”

XIV.—THE SONG OF THE COSSACK TO HIS HORSE.

This “Song of the Cossack” was translated by “Father Prout” (Rev. Francis Mahony) from the French of Beranger.

COME, arouse thee up, my gallant horse, and bear thy
 rider on!
 The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow, of the dweller on
 the Don.
 Pillage and Death have spread their wings! ’tis the hour to
 hie thee forth,
 And with thy hoofs an echo wake to the trumpets of the
 North!
 Nor gems nor gold do men behold upon thy saddle-tree;
 But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for
 thee.
 Then fiercely neigh, my charger grey!—thy chest is proud
 and ample!
 Thy hoofs shall prance o’er the fields of France, and the
 pride of her heroes trample!
 Europe is weak—she hath grown old—her bulwarks are laid
 low;
 She is loath to hear the blast of war—she shrinketh from a foe!

Come, in our turn, let us sojourn in her goodly haunts of joy—
In the pillared porch to wave the torch, and her palaces
destroy!

Proud as when first thou slak'dst thy thirst in the flow of
conquered Seine,

Aye, shalt thou lave, within that wave, thy blood-red flanks
again.

Then fiercely neigh, my gallant grey!—thy chest is strong
and ample!

Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the
pride of her heroes trample!

Kings are beleaguered on their thrones by their own vassal
crew;

And in their den quake noblemen, and priests are bearded
too;

And loud they yelp for the Cossacks' help to keep their
bondsmen down,

And they think it meet, while they kiss *our* feet, to wear a
tyrant's crown!

The sceptre now to my lance shall bow, and the crosier and
the cross

Shall bend alike, when I lift my pike, and aloft **THAT**
SCEPTRE toss!

Then proudly neigh, my gallant grey!—thy chest is broad
and ample!

Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the
pride of her heroes trample!

In a night of storm I have seen a form!—and the figure was
a **GIANT**,

And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent, and his look
was all defiant;

Kingly his crest—and towards the West with his battle-axe
he pointed;

And the "form" I saw *was* **ATTILA**! of this earth the scourge
anointed.

From the Cossacks' camp let the horseman's tramp the
coming crash announce;

Let the vulture whet his beak sharp set, on the carrion field
to pounce;

And proudly neigh, my charger grey !—oh ! thy chest is broad
and ample !

Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the
pride of her heroes trample !

What boots old Europe's boasted fame, on which she builds
reliance,

When the North shall launch its *avalanche* on her works of
art and science ?

Hath she not wept her cities swept by our hordes of tramp-
ling stallions,

And tower and arch crushed in the march of our barbarous
battalions ?

Can *we* not wield our fathers' shield ? the same war-hatchet
handle ?

Do our blades want length, or the reapers strength, for the
harvest of the Vandal ?

Then proudly neigh, my gallant grey, for thy chest is strong
and ample ;

And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and
the pride of her heroes trample !

SECTION V.—THE DRAMA.

I.—BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

(SHAKSPERE.)

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, in 1564, and died in 1616. He has been deservedly called the "Prince of Dramatists."

Cas. THAT you have wronged me doth appear in this :
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted of.

Bru. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember !
Did not great Julius bleed for Justice' sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man in all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours

For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret till your proud heart
break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved
me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am armed so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;

For I can raise no money by vile means:

I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,—

Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool

That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is aweary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief or blood ill-tempered vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !—

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

II.—MERCY.

(SHAKSPERE.)

THE quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes .
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings.
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, man,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

III.—HAMLET ON DEATH.

(SHAKSPERE.)

To be, or not to be, that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?—To die—to sleep—
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
To sleep !—perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub.—
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause.—There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his *quietus* make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death
 That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns), puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

IV.—SHYLOCK, BASSANIO, AND ANTONIO.

(SHAKSPERE.)

Shy. THREE thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no. My meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards; sailors, but men. There be land rats and water rats, land thieves and water thieves; I mean pirates: and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here? *[Enter Antonio.]*

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. *[Aside.]* How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him, for he is a Christian: But more, for that in low simplicity He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him.

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating on my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross

Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me.—But, soft; how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possessed,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see.—But hear you:
Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. Three thousand ducats—'tis a good round sum
Three months from twelve; then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
On the Rialto, you have rated me
About my monies and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine;
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
“Shylock, we would have monies:” you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
“Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?” Or
Shall I bend low, and, in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this:—

"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and, for these courtesies,
I'll lend you this much monies?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends—for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies; and you'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith;
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me.
I'd rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham! what these Christians are
Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect
The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain

By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu:
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight:
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.— [Exit Shylock.]

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.

V.—SHYLOCK JUSTIFYING HIS REVENGE.

(SHAKSPERE.)

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million! laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies! And what's his reason? I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands? organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you stab us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that! If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a

Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example?
 Why, revenge! The villany you teach me I will execute;
 and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

VI.—ANTONY AND VENTIDIUS.

(DRYDEN.)

Vent. Are you Antony?
 I'm liker what I was, than you to him
 I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant. I would be private: leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,
 And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me!

Where have you learned that answer? Who am I?

Vent. My emperor; the man I love next heaven:
 If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin.
 You're all that's good and god-like.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me, then?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming
 To say I would not; but I dare not leave you:
 And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
 So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
 For if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;
 And if a foe, too much.

Vent. Look, emperor; this is no common dew;
[Weeping.]

I have not wept this forty years; but now
 My mother comes afresh into my eyes.
 I cannot help her softness.

Ant. By Heaven, he weeps! poor, good old man, he
 weeps!

The big round drops course one another down
 The furrows of his cheeks.—Stop them, Ventidius,

Or I shall blush to death : they set my shame,
That caused them, full before me.

Vent. I'll do my best.

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends :
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine.—Nay, father!

Vent. Emperor.

Ant. Emperor! why, that's the style of victory ;
The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so ; but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium! oh!—

Vent. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies ; a lump of lead by day,
And, in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.

Vent. Out with it ; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame.

I lost a battle,—

Vent. So has Julius done.

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou
think'st ;

For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly ;

But Antony—

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony—

Well, thou wilt have it—like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought ; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.

Vent. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee : I have been a man, Ventidius.

Vent. Yes, and a brave one ; but—

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.
In the full vintage of my flowing honours,
Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it,

And purple greatness met my ripened years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
The wish of nations; and the willing world
Received me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains
And worked against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turned her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days and my luxurious nights
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorced for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who laboured to be wretched. Pr'ythee curse me.

Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done, too conscious of your failings;
And, like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.

Ant. I know thou wouldst.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Vent. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.

Vent. You would be lost, then?

Ant. I am.

Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have to the utmost. Dost thou think me desperate

Without just cause? No; when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Vent. Cæsar thinks not so:

He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.

You would be killed like Tully, would you? Do,
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.

Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led them, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks, and chopt hands: there's virtue in
them.

They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than your trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I said in Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring them hither;
There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised
aids,
To double my despair? They're mutinous.

Vent. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me. Oh trifier!

Vent. They petition
You would make haste to head them.

Ant. I'm besieged.

Vent. There's but one way shut up. How came I hither?

Ant. I will not stir.

Vent. They would, perhaps, desire
A better reason.

Ant. I never used
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her? Then she new-names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free license
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra: she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you Powers,
To whom you have intrusted human kind!
See Europe, Africa, Asia, put in balance,
And all weighed down by one light, worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love!—plain arrogance, plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor,
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without a stain to honour!

Vent. You may kill me;
You have done more already;—called me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For showing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done? But had I been
That name, which I disclaim to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so called.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir,
Pray, kill me: yet you need not; your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage. Pr'ythee forgive me:
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I used,
Nor durst another man have ventured it;
But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Framed in the very pride and boast of nature;
So perfect, that the gods, who formed you, wondered
At their own skill, and cried—A lucky hit
Has mended our design. Their envy hindered,
Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,
When Heaven would work for ostentation's sake,
To copy out again.

VII.—CATO'S SENATE.

(ADDISON.)

Cato. FATHERS, we once again are met in council,
Cæsar's approach has summoned us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold, aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes.
Pharsalia gave him Rome: Egypt has since
Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fixed
To hold it out and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought

By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Sempronius. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,
Or share her fate! the corpses of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here deliberating in cold debates
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us!

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is towering frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter
Might not the impartial world with reason say,
We lavished at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Lucius. My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on
Already have our quarrels filled the world [peace.
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half-unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheathe the sword and spare mankind.

It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
 The gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle
 (Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair),
 Were to refuse the awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
 Already have we shown our love to Rome;
 Now let us show submission to the gods.
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
 Arms have no further use: our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
 And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
 Unprofitably shed: what men could do
 Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft
 Conceal a traitor—Something whispers me
 All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident:
 Immoderate valour swells into a fault;
 And fear, admitted into public councils,
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desperate: we have bulwarks round us;
 Within our walls are troops inured to toil
 In Afric's heats, and seasoned to the sun:
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
 While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
 But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
 No, let us draw her term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last.
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
 And let me perish; but in Cato's judgment,
 A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
 Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

VIII.—CATO ON THE SOUL.

(ADDISON.)

IT must be so!—Plato, thou reason'st well!
 Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?—
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an Hereafter,
 And intimates Eternity to man.
 Eternity!—thou pleasing—dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.—
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above—
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works—He must delight in virtue:
 And that which He delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? This world—was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.—

[Laying his hand on his sword]

Thus I am doubly armed. My death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This, in a moment brings me to an end;
 But *this*, informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

IX.—EXPULSION OF CATILINE FROM THE SENATE.

(CROLY.)

Catiline conspired with many of the most worthless characters in Rome to overthrow the government and rule the state. The conspiracy being detected by Cicero, the consul, Catiline was driven from the senate and from the city, and was killed at the battle of Pistoria in 63 B.C.

SCENE.—*Senate in session; a consul in the chair; lictors present.
CICERO concluding his speech.*

Cicero. OUR long dispute must close. Take one proof
more

Of this rebellion. Lucius Catiline
Has been commanded to attend the senate.
He dares not come! I now demand your votes!
Is he condemned to exile?

(Enter Catiline hastily, and as he seats himself on one side, all the senators go over to the other.)

Cic. *(Turning to Catiline.)* Here I repeat the charge, to
gods and men,

Of *treasons* manifold;—that but this day
He has received despatches from the rebels;
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
To seize the province,—nay, he has levied troops,
And raised his rebel standard; that but now
A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystic rites and oaths,
Pledged round the body of a murdered slave.
To these he has no answer.

Catiline. Conscript fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that plebeian talk; 'tis not my trade:
But here I stand for *right*!—Let him show proofs!—
For Roman right! though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master,—judges, Romans, slaves!
His charge is *false*! I *dare* him to his proofs.
You have my answer: let my actions speak!

Cic. *(Interrupting.)* Deeds shall convince you! Has the
traitor done?

Cat. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
 And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong;
 Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
 Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
 Wrongs me not half so much as *he* who shuts
 The gates of honour on me,—turning out
 The Roman from his birthright,—and for what?
 To fling your offices to every slave: (*Looking round him.*)
 Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb;
 And having wound their loathsome track to the top
 Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,
 Hang hissing at the nobler men below.

Cic. This is his answer! Must I bring more proofs?
 Fathers, you know there lives not one of us,
 But lives in peril of his midnight sword.
 Lists of proscription have been handed round,
 In which your properties are made
 Your murderer's hire.

(*A cry without, "More prisoners!" Enter an officer with letters for Cicero, who, after looking at them, sends them round the senate.*)

Cic. Fathers of Rome! if men can be convinced
 By proof, as clear as daylight, here it is!
 Look on these letters! Here's a deep-laid plot
 To wreck the provinces; a solemn league,
 Made with all form and circumstance. The time
 Is desperate,—all the slaves are up,—Rome shakes!—
 The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
 We stand even here! The name of Catiline
 Is foremost in the league. He was their king.
 Tried and convicted Traitor! Go from Rome!

Cat. (*Rising haughtily.*) Come, consecrated lictors, from
 your thrones! (*To the senate.*)

Fling down your sceptres!—take the rod and axe,
 And make the murder, as you make the law!

Cic. (*To an officer, and interrupting Catiline.*) Give up
 the record of his banishment.

(*The officer gives it to the consul.*)

Cat. (*With indignation.*) Banished from Rome! What's
 banished, but set free

From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished? I thank you for't! It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour,—
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities!
But here I stand and scoff you!—here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your consul's merciful; for this, all thanks!
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

Consul. (Reads.) "Lucius Sergius Catiline! by the decree of the senate, you are declared an enemy and alien to the state, and banished from the territory of the commonwealth!" *(Turning to the lictors.)*

Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple!

Cat. "Traitor!" I go,—but I return! This trial!
Here I devote your senate!—I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
And make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus! all shames and crimes;
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

X.—CLARENCE'S DREAM.

(SHAKSPEARE.)

George, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward IV., died in the Tower of London in 1478. Shakspeare adopts the rumour that the Duke of Gloucester assisted the murderers in despatching his unfortunate brother; some alleged that he was the sole executioner.

METHOUGHT that I had broken from the Tower,
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;
 And in my company my brother Gloster:
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches; thence we looked toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 O then methought what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.
 And often did I strive
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
 But smothered it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

—My dream was lengthened after life ;
Oh, then began the tempest of my soul !
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger-soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
Who cried aloud,—“ What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ? ”
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud,—
“ Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury ;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torment ! ”
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howléd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell ;
Such terrible impression made my dream.
Oh, Brackenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward’s sake ; and see how he requites me !—
O Heaven ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :
O spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

XI.—CASSIUS ROUSING BRUTUS AGAINST CÆSAR.

(SHAKSPERE.)

Cas. Well ; honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar said to me : " Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?" Upon the word,
Accoutr'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roared ; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried,—“ Help me, Cassius, or I sink !”
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him !

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :
His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan ;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried,—“ Give me some drink, Titinius,”
As a sick girl. Ye gods ! it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men, at some time, are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar ! What should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together ; yours is as fair a name :
 Sound them ; it doth become the mouth as well :
 Weigh them ; it is as heavy : conjure with them ;
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. (*Shout.*)
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !

When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with *one* man ?
 When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walks compassed but *one* man ?
 Now is it Rome, indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man ?
 Oh ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

XII.—SCENE FROM WILLIAM TELL.

(KNOWLES.)

Mr. James Sheridan Knowles was born in Cork in 1794. His fame rests on his dramatic works, *Virginius*, *The Hunchback*, *William Tell*, &c., &c.

GESLER, TELL, and ALBERT: VERNER, SARNEM, and SOLDIERS.

Sarnem. DOWN, slave !
 Behold the Governor. *Down ! DOWN !* and beg
 For mercy !
Gesler. Does he hear ?—Thy name ?
Tell. My name ?
 It matters not to keep it from thee now :
 My name is TELL.

Ges. What! *he* so famed 'bove all his countrymen
 For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat!
 And such a master of his bow, 'tis said
 His arrows never miss!—(*Aside.*) Indeed!—I'll take
 Exquisite vengeance:—Mark! I'll spare thy life,
 The boy's, too. Both of you are free,—on *one*
Condition.

Tell. Name the trial you
 Would have me make. (*Tell looks on Albert.*)

Ges. You look upon your boy,
 As though, instinctively, you guessed it.

Tell. Look
 Upon my boy!—What mean you? Look upon
 My boy, as though I guessed it! Guessed the trial
 You'd have me make! Guessed it
 Instinctively! You do not mean—no—no—
 You would not have me make a trial of
 My skill upon my child! Impossible!
 I do not guess your meaning.

Ges. I would see
 Thee hit an apple at the distance of
 A hundred paces.

Tell. Is my boy to hold it?

Ges. It is to rest upon his head.

Tell. Great heaven,
 Thou hear'st him!

Ges. Thou dost hear the choice I give,—
 Such trial of the skill thou'rt master of,
 Or death to both of you, not otherwise
 To be escaped.

Tell. O monster!
 Ferocious monster! Make
 A father murder his own child!

Ges. Take off
 His chains, if he consents.

(*GESLER signs to his officers, who proceed to take off TELL's chains, TELL all the while unconscious of what they do.*)

Tell. With his own hand!
 Murder his child with his own hand!
 The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!

(*His chains fall off.*) What's that you
Have done to me? (*To the guard.*)
Villains! put on my chains again!

My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's!—

I'll not
Murder my boy for Gesler.

Ges. Dost thou consent?

Tell. Give me my bow and quiver!

Ges. For what?

Tell. To shoot my boy!

Alb. No, father, no!

To save me!—You'll be sure to hit the apple.
Will you not save me, father?

Tell. Lead me forth,—

I'll make the trial!

Alb. Thank you!

Tell. Thank me!—Do

You know for what?—I will not make the trial,
To take him to his mother in my arms,
And lay him down a corpse before her!

Ges. Then

He dies this moment; and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.

Alb. Father—

Tell. Speak not to me.

Let me not hear thy voice,—thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be;—earth should be dumb!
And heaven,—unless its thunders muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me
My bow and quiver!

Ges. That is your ground. Now shall they measure
thence

A hundred paces. Take the distance.

Tell. Is

The line a true one?

Ges. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

Tell. I will be thankful, Gesler!—Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun. (*To the attendant.*)

Ges. And what of that?

What matter, whether to or from the sun?

Tell. I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I cannot see to shoot against the sun:
I will not shoot against the sun!

Ges. Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless
my mercy.

Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm about to shoot at.

Ges. Show me
The basket. There! (*Gives a very small apple.*)

Tell. You've picked the smallest one.

Ges. I know I have.

Tell. Oh, do you? But you see
The colour of 't is dark,—I'd have it light,
To see it better.

Ges. Take it as it is:
Thy skill will be the greater, if thou hit'st it.

Tell. True,—true,—I didn't think of that;—I wonder
I did not think of that. Give me some chance
To save my boy,—(*Throws away the apple*) I will not
murder him,

If I can help it,—for the honour of
The form thou wear'st, if all the heart is gone.

Ges. Well, choose thyself.

(*Hands a basket of apples. Tell takes one.*)

Tell. Have I a friend among
The lookers on?

Verner. Here, Tell!

Tell. I thank thee, Verner! Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees;—and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me,—
Thus, Verner: charge him to keep steady,—tell him
I'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.

Alb. May I not speak with him before I go?

Tell. My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)

Alb. My father! (*Running into Tell's arms.*)

Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I?—Go now,
My son, and keep in mind that I can shoot.
Go, boy,—be thou but steady, I will hit
The apple. Go:—God bless thee!—Go.

My bow! (*Sarnem gives the bow.*)

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant. No,
I'm sure of thee,—I know thy honesty;
Thou'rt stanch,—stanch:—I'd deserve to find thee
treacherous,

Could I suspect thee so. Come, I will stake
My all upon thee! Let me see my quiver. (*Retires.*)

Ges. Give him a single arrow. (*To an attendant.*)

Tell. Is't so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent, the feather jagged;
That's all the use 'tis for. (*Breaks it.*)

Ges. Let him have

Another. (*Tell examines it.*)

Tell. Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take. 'Tis heavy in the shaft:
I'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me see
my quiver.

Bring it! 'tis not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that! What is't you fear? I'm but
A naked man, a wretched naked man!
Your helpless thrall, alone in the midst of you,
With every one of you a weapon in
His hand. What can I do in such a strait
With all the arrows in that quiver? Come,
Will you give it me or not?

Ges. It matters not.
Show him the quiver.

(*Tell kneels and picks out an arrow, then secretes
one in his vest.*)

Tell. I'm ready! Keep silence, for (*To the people*)
Heaven's sake! and do not stir, and let me have

Your prayers,—your prayers:—and be my witnesses,
That, if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it.
Now, friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless
And silent!

(Tell shoots; and a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd.)

Ver. (Rushing in with Albert.) Thy boy is safe! no
hair of him is touched!

Alb. Father, I'm safe!—your Albert's safe! Dear
father,

Speak to me! speak to me!

Ver. He cannot, boy!

Open his vest, and give him air.

(Albert opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops; Tell starts, fixes his eyes on Albert, and clasps him to his breast.)

Tell. My boy! my boy!

Ges. For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

Liberty

Would, at thy downfall, shout from every peak!

My country then were free!

XIII.—TELL TO HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

(KNOWLES.)

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again!—O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are, how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine; whose smile
Makes glad—whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,

I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice!—I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow,
O'er the abyss. His broad expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath
And round about; absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. I could not shoot—
'Twas Liberty! I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away!

Heavens! with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And think the land was free. Yes, it was free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free—
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys without asking leave;
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun.
How happy was I then! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, I have often sat
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake—
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.
—On the wild jutting cliff, o'ertaken oft
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along;
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
Then I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just

Have wished me there ;—the thought that mine was free
 Has checked that wish ; and I have raised my head,
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
 Blow on ! This is the land of liberty !

XIV.—HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN.

(W. S. LANDOR.)

SCENE IN THE TOWER.—ANNE BOLEYN and a CONSTABLE of the Tower.

Anne Boleyn. Is your liege ill, sir, that you look so
 anxious ?

Constable of the Tower. Madam !

Anne. I would not ask what you may wish
 To keep a secret from me ; but indeed
 This right, I think, is left me ; I would know
 If my poor husband is quite well to-day.

Constable. Pardon me, gracious lady ! what can prompt
 To this inquiry ?

Anne. I have now *my* secret.

Constable. I must report all questions, sayings, doings,
 Movements, and looks of yours. His Highness may
 Be ruffled at this eagerness to ask
 About his health.

Anne. I am used to ask about it.
 Besides, he may remember—

Constable. For your Highness
 Gladly will I remind our sovran lord
 Of any promise.

Anne. Oh, no ! do not that !
 It would incense him : he made only one,
 And Heaven alone that heard him must remind him.
 Last night, I do suspect, but am not sure,
 He scarcely was what kings and husbands should be.
 A little wine has great effect upon
 Warm hearts (and Henry's heart *was* very warm)
 And upon strong resentments : I do fear
 He has those too. But all his friends must love him.

He may have passed (poor Henry !) a bad night,
Thinking upon his hasty resolution.

Constable. Lady ! I grieve to tell you, worse than that ;
Far worse !

Anne. Oh, mercy, then ! the child ! the child !
Why not have told me of all this before ?
What boots it to have been a guiltless wife,
When I, who should have thought the first about it,
Am an ill mother ? Not to think of thee,
My darling ! my Elizabeth ! whose cradle
Rocks in my ear and almost crazes me.
Is she safe ? Tell me, tell me, is she living ?

Constable. Safe, lady, and asleep in rosy health,
And radiant (if there yet be light enough
To show it on her face) with pleasant dreams,
Such as young angels come on earth to play with.

Anne. Were I but sure that I could dream of her
As I, until last autumn, oft have done,
Joyously, blithely, only waking up
Afraid of having hurt her by my arms
Too wildly in my rapture thrown around her,
I would lay down my weary head, and sleep,
Although the pillow be a little strange,
Nor like a bridal or a childbed pillow.

Constable. O lady ! spare those words !

Anne. Why spare them, when
Departure from this world would never be
Departure from its joys ? the joys of heaven
Would mingle with them scarcely with fresh sweetness

Constable (*falling on his knees*). My queen !

Anne. Arise, sir constable !

Constable. My queen !

Heaven's joys lie close before you.

Anne. And you weep !
Few days, I know, are left me ; they will melt
All into one, all pure, all peaceable :
No starts from slumber into bitter tears ;
No struggles with sick hopes and wild desires ;
No cruel father cutting down the tree
To crush the child that sits upon its bough

And looks abroad, too tender for suspicion,
 Too happy even for hope, maker of happiness.
 I could weep too, not sinfully, at this.
 Thou knowest, O my God, thou surely knowest
 'Tis no repining at thy call or will.

(Constable, on his knees presents the Writ of Execution.)

I can do nothing now. Take back that writing,
 And tell them so, poor souls ! Say to the widow,
 I grieve, and can *but* grieve for her ; persuade her
 That children, although fatherless, are blessings ;
 And teach those little ones, if e'er you see them,
 They are not half so badly off as some.

Fold up the paper ; put it quite aside ;

I am no queen ; I have no almoner.

Ah, now I weep indeed ! Put, put it by.

Many—I grieve (yet, *should* I grieve ?) to think it,

Many will often say, when I am gone,

They once had a young queen to pity them.

Nay, though I mentioned I had nought to give,

Yet dash not on your head, nor grapple so

With those ungentle hands, while I am here,

A helpless widow's innocent petition.

Smooth it ; return it with all courtesy :

Smooth it, I say again : frame some kind words,

And see they find their place, then tender it.

What ! in this manner gentlemen of birth

Present us papers ? turn they thus away,

Putting their palms between their eyes and us ?

Sir ! I was queen—and you were kind unto me

When I was queen no longer : why so changed ?

Give it—but what is now my signature ?

Ignorant are you, or incredulous,

That not a clasp is left me ? not a stone,

The vilest ; not chalcedony, not agate.

Promise her all my dresses, when—no, no—

I am grown superstitious ; they might bring

Misfortune on her, having been Anne Boleyn's.

Constable. Lady ! I wish this scroll could suffocate

My voice. One order I must disobey,—

To place it in your hand and mark you read it.

I lay it at your feet, craving your pardon
And God's, my lady !

Anne. Rise up ; give it me ;
I know it ere I read it, but I read it
Because it is the king's, whom I have sworn
To love and to obey.

Constable (aside). Her mind's distraught !
Alas, she smiles !

Anne. The worst hath long been over ;
Henry loves courage ; he will love my child
For this ; although I want more than I have ;
And yet how merciful at last is Heaven,
To give me but thus much for her sweet sake !

SECTION VI.—COMIC.

I.—EVIDENCE OF SAM. WELLER IN THE TRIAL OF
BARDELL v. PICKWICK.

(DICKENS.)

Judge. CALL Samuel Weller. What's your name, sir?

Samuel. Sam Weller, my lord.

Judge. Do you spell it with a "v" or with a "w"?

Sam. That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord; I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a "v."

Voice. Quite right too, Samivel, quite right; put it down a "we," my lord, put it down a "we."

Judge. Who is that that dares to address the court? Usher.

Usher. Yes, my lord.

Judge. Bring that person here instantly?

Usher. Yes, my lord.

Judge to Sam. Do you know who that was, sir?

Sam. I rayther suspect it wur my father, my lord.

Judge. Do you see him here now?

Sam. No, I don't, my lord, (looking straight up into the gas).

Judge. If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly.

Counsellor Buzfuz. Now, Mr. Weller.

Sam. Now, sir, (*bowing*).

Buz. I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller.

Sam. I mean to speak up, sir. I am in the service of that ere gen'lman, and a wery good service it is.

Buz. Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose.

Sam. O quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said, ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes.

Judge. You must not tell us what the soldier or any other man said; it is not evidence.

Sam. Wery good, my lord.

Buz. Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant? Eh! Mr. Weller?

Sam. Yes, I do, sir.

Buz. Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was.

Sam. I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that ere morning, gen'l'men o' the jury, and that wur a wery partic'lar and uncommon circumstance with me in those days.

Judge. You had better be careful, sir.

Sam. So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord; and I wur wery careful o' that ere suit of clothes, wery careful indeed, my lord.

Buz. Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller—eh—do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?

Sam. Certainly not. I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there.

Buz. Now attend, Mr. Weller. You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?

Sam. Yes, I have a pair of *eyes*, and that's just it. If they wur a pair of patent, double, million, magnifyin' gas microscopes o' hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see thro' a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only *eyes*, you see, my wision's limited.

Buz. Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please.

Sam. If you please, sir.

Buz. Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house in November last?

Sam. O yes, wery well.

Buz. O you *do* remember *that*, Mr. Weller; well, I thought we should bring you to something at last.

Sam. I rayther thought that too, sir.

Buz. Well, I suppose you went up to have a talk about the trial—eh, Mr. Weller?

Sam. I went up to pay the rent, but we *did* get a talking about the trial.

Buz. O! you did get a talking about the trial. Now what passed about the trial? Will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?

Sam. With all the pleasure in life, sir. After a few unimportant obserwations from the two wirtuous females, as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a wery great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg, them two gen'l'men as is settin' near you now.

Buz. The attorneys for the plaintiff,—well, they spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?

Sam. Yes; they said wot a wery gen'rous thing it wur o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out o' Mr. Pickwick.

Buz. to Judge. You are quite right, my lord. It is perfectly useless attempting to get any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking any more questions. Stand down, sir (*to Sam.*)

Sam. Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anything?

II.—MR. GREGSBURY AND NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

(DICKENS.)

MR. GREGSBURY is a Member of Parliament, in want of a secretary.

Nicholas. I BROUGHT this card from the General Agency Office, sir, wishing to offer myself as your secretary.

Mr. Gregsbury. You have no connection with any of those rascally newspapers, have you?

N. I have no connection, I am sorry to say, with anything at present.

Mr. G. Well. Now, what can you do?

N. I suppose that I can do what usually falls to the lot of other secretaries.

Mr. G. What's that?

N. A secretary's duties are rather difficult to define, perhaps. They include, I presume, correspondence.

Mr. G. Good.

N. The arrangement of papers and documents.

Mr. G. Very good.

N. Occasionally, perhaps, the writing from your dictation; and possibly the copying of your speech for some public journal, when you have made one of more than usual importance.

Mr. G. Certainly. What else?

N. Really I am not able at this moment to recapitulate any other duty of a secretary, beyond the general one of making himself as agreeable and useful to his employer as he can, consistently with his own respectability, and without overstepping that line of duties which he undertakes to perform, and which the designation of his office is usually understood to imply.

Mr. G. This is all very well, Mr.—what is your name?

N. Nickleby.

Mr. G. This is all very well, Mr. Nickleby, and very proper, so far as it goes—so far as it goes; but it doesn't go far enough. There are other duties, Mr. Nickleby, which a secretary to a parliamentary gentleman must never lose sight of. I should require to be *crammed*, sir.

N. I beg your pardon.

Mr. G. To be *crammed*, sir.

N. May I beg your pardon again, if I inquire what you mean?

Mr. G. My meaning, sir, is perfectly plain. My secretary would have to make himself master of the foreign policy of the world, as it is mirrored in the newspapers; to run his eye over all accounts of public meetings, all leading articles, and reports of the proceedings of public bodies; and to make notes of anything which it appeared to him might be made a point of, in any little speech upon the question of some petition lying on the table, or anything of that kind. Do you understand?

N. I think I do, sir.

Mr. G. Then it would be necessary for him to make himself acquainted from day to day with newspaper paragraphs on passing events—such as, “Mysterious disappearance, and supposed suicide of a pot-boy,” or anything of that sort, upon which I might found a question to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Then he would have to copy the question, and as much as I remembered of the answer (including a little compliment about my independence and good sense), and to send the MS. in a frank to the local paper, with, perhaps, half a dozen lines of leader to the effect that I was always to be found in my place in Parliament, and never shrunk from the discharge of my responsible and arduous duties, and so forth. You see?

N. (*Bows.*)

Mr. G. Besides which, I should expect him now and then to go through a few figures in the printed tables, and to pick out a few results, so that I might come out pretty well on timber-duty questions, and finance questions, and so on; and I should like him to get up a few little arguments about the disastrous effects of a return to cash payments and a metallic currency, with a touch now and then about the exportation of bullion, and the Emperor of Russia, and bank notes, and all that kind of thing, which it's only necessary to talk fluently about, because nobody understands 'em. Do you take me?

N. I think I understand.

Mr. G. With regard to such questions as are not political, and which one can't be expected to care a screw about, beyond the natural care of not allowing inferior people to be as well off as ourselves—else, where are our privileges?—I should wish my secretary to get together a few little flourishing speeches of a patriotic cast. For instance, if any preposterous bill were brought forward for giving poor grubbing wretches of authors a right to their own property, I should like to say that I for one would never consent to opposing an insurmountable bar to the diffusion of literature among the *people*—you understand?—that the creations of the pocket, being man's, might belong to one man or one family; but that the creations of the brain, being God's,

ought, as a matter of course, to belong to the people at large; and if I was pleasantly disposed, I should like to make a joke about posterity, and say that those who wrote for posterity should be content to be rewarded by the approbation of posterity. It might take with the House, and could never do me any harm, because posterity can't be expected to know anything about me, or my jokes either. Don't you see?

N. I see *that*, sir.

Mr. G. You must always bear in mind, in such cases as this, where our interests are not affected, to put it very strong about the *people*, because it comes out very well at election time; and you could be as funny as you liked about the authors, because, I believe, the greater part of them live in lodgings, and are not voters. This is a hasty outline of the chief things you'd have to do, except waiting in the lobby every night, in case I forgot anything, and should want fresh cramming; and now and then, during great debates, sitting in the front row of the gallery, and saying to the people about, "You see that gentleman, with his hand to his face and his arm twisted round the pillar?—that's Mr. Gregsbury—the celebrated Mr. Gregsbury"—with any other little eulogium that might strike you at the moment. And for salary—and for salary, I don't mind saying at once, in round numbers, to prevent any dissatisfaction—though it's more than I have been accustomed to give—fifteen shillings a week, and find yourself. There.

N. Fifteen shillings a week is not much.

Mr. G. Not much!—fifteen shillings a week not much, young man!—fifteen shillings a—

N. Pray do not suppose that I quarrel with the sum, for I am not ashamed to confess that whatever it may be in itself, to me it is a great deal. But the duties and responsibilities make the recompense small; and they are so very heavy that I fear to undertake them.

Mr. G. Do you decline to undertake them, sir?

N. I fear they are too great for my powers, however good my will may be.

Mr. G. That is as much as to say that you had rather not accept the place, and that you consider fifteen shillings a week too little (*ringing bell*). Do you decline it, sir?

N. I have no alternative but to do so.

Mr. G. Door, Matthews.

N. I am sorry I have troubled you unnecessarily, sir.

Mr. G. I am sorry you have. Door, Matthews.

N. Good morning.

Mr. G. Door, Matthews.

III.—COLONEL DIVER AND MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

(DICKENS.)

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT has just arrived in New York by an emigrant ship, when he becomes acquainted with COLONEL DIVER, the proprietor of a newspaper.

Colonel Diver. WHAT is your name?

Martin Chuzzlewit. Martin Chuzzlewit.

C. D. My name is Colonel Diver, sir. I am the editor of the "New York Rowdy Journal," sir. The "New York Rowdy Journal" is, as I expect you know, the organ of our aristocracy in our city.

M. C. Oh, there is an aristocracy here, then? Of what is it composed?

C. D. Of intelligence, sir—of intelligence and virtue; and of their necessary consequence in this republic—*dollars*, sir. You have heard of Jefferson Brick, my war correspondent, sir? England has heard of Jefferson Brick,—Europe has heard of Jefferson Brick. Let me see. When did you leave England, sir?

M. C. Five weeks ago.

C. D. Five weeks ago! Now, let me ask you, sir, which of Mr. Brick's articles had become at that time the most obnoxious to the British Parliament and the Court of St. James's.

M. C. Upon my word, I—I—

C. D. I have reason to know, sir, that the aristocratic circles of your country quail before the name of Jefferson Brick. I should like to be informed, sir, which of his sentiments has struck the deadliest blow at the hundred heads of the hydra of corruption now grovelling in the dust be-

neath the lance of reason, and spouting up to the universal arch above us its sanguinary gore.

M. C. Really, I can't give any satisfactory information about it; for the truth is, that I—

C. D. Stop!—that you never *heard of* Jefferson Brick, sir; that you never *read* Jefferson Brick, sir; that you never saw the “Rowdy Journal,” sir; that you never knew, sir, of its mighty influence on the Cabinets of—eh—Europe—yes?

M. C. That's what I was about to observe, certainly.

C. D. Oh, you Europeans There's to-day's “Rowdy,” sir; you'll find Jefferson Brick at his usual post, in the van of human civilization and moral purity.

M. C. Why, it's horribly personal.

C. D. We're independent here, sir; we do as we like.

M. C. If I may judge from this specimen, there must be a few thousands here rather the reverse of independent, who do as they don't like.

C. D. Well, they yield to the mighty mind of the popular instructor, sir. They *rile* up sometimes; but in general we have a hold upon our citizens, both in public and private life, which is as much one of the ennobling institutions of our happy country as—

M. C. Nigger slavery itself.

C. D. En—tirely so.

M. C. Pray, may I venture to ask, with reference to a case I observe in this paper of yours, if the popular instructor often deals in—I am at a loss how to express it without giving offence—in forgery? In forged letters, for instance, solemnly purporting to have been written at recent periods by living men?

C. D. Well, sir, it—it does now and then.

M. C. And the popular instructed, — what do they do?

C. D. Buy 'em, buy 'em, by hundreds of thousands. We air a smart people here, and can appreciate smartness.

M. C. Is *smartness* American for *forgery*?

C. D. Well, I expect it's American for a good many things which you call in Europe by other names. But you can't help yourselves in Europe; we can.

M. C. And do sometimes. You help yourselves with very little ceremony too.

C. D. At all events, whatever name we choose to employ I suppose the art of forgery was not invented here, sir?

M. C. I suppose not.

C. D. Nor any other kind of smartness, I reckon.

M. C. Invented! no, I suppose not.

C. D. Well, then, we got it all from the old country, and the old country's to blame for it, and not the new one. There's an end of that. An' how's the unnat'—ral old parent by this time? Progressin' back'ards, I expect, as usual. And how's Queen Victoria?

M. C. In good health, I believe.

C. D. Queen Victoria will not shake in her royal shoes at all, when she hears to-morrow named. No.

M. C. Not that I am aware of. Why should she?

C. D. She won't be taken with a cold chill when she realizes what is being done in these diggings. No.

M. C. No; I think I may be pretty sure of that.

C. D. Well, sir, I tell you this—There aint a en—ginewith its biler bust in this glorious, free United States, so fixed and nipped and frizzled to a most e—tarnal smash as that young critter, in her luxurious lo—cation in the Tower of London, will be, when she reads the next double extra "Rowdy Journal."

M. C. Well, I must say that I never heard of Queen Victoria reading the what-d'ye-call-it-journal, and I should scarcely think it probable.

C. D. It is sent to her, sir. It is sent to her—per mail.

M. C. But if it is addressed to the Tower of London, it would hardly come to hand, I fear; for she don't live there.

C. D. I have always remarked that it is a very extraordinary circumstance, which I impute to the natur' of British institootions, and their tendency to suppress that popular inquiry and information which *air* so widely diffused even in the trackless forests of the vast continent of the Western Ocean; that the knowledge of Britishers on such points is not to be compared to that possessed by our in—telligent and locomotive citizens. This is interesting, and confirms my observation. When you say, sir, that your queen does not reside in the Tower of London, you fall into an error not

uncommon to your countrymen, even when their abilities and moral elements air such as to command respect. But sir, you *air* wrong; she does live there—that is, when she is at the Court of St. James's, of course. For if her location was in Windsor Pavilion, it could not be in London at the same time. Your Tower of London, sir, being located in the immediate neighbourhood of your parks, your drives, your triumphant arches, your opera, and your royal Almacks, nat'—rally suggests itself as the place for holding a luxurious and thoughtless court, and consequently the court is held there.

M. C. Have you been in England?

C. D. In print I have, sir; not otherwise. We air a reading people here, sir. You will meet with much information among us here that will surprise you, sir.

M. C. I have not the least doubt of it.

IV.—THE MOST HORRIBLE BATTLE.

(W. IRVING.)

“Now had the Dutchmen snatched a huge repast,” and, finding themselves wonderfully encouraged and animated thereby, prepared to take the field. Expectation, says the writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript—Expectation now stood on stilts. The world forgot to turn round, or rather stood still, that it might witness the affray; like a fat round-bellied alderman, watching the combat of two chivalric flies upon his jerkin. The eyes of all mankind, as usual in such cases, were turned upon Fort Christina. The sun, like a little man in a crowd at a puppet-show, scampered about the heavens, popping his head here and there, and endeavouring to get a peep between the unmannerly clouds that obtruded themselves in his way. The historians filled their ink-horns—the poets went without their dinners, either that they might buy paper and goose quills, or because they could not get anything to eat. Antiquity scowled sulkily out of its grave, to see itself outdone—while even Posterity stood mute, gazing in gaping ecstasy of retrospection on the

eventful field. The immortal deities who whilom had seen service at the "affair" of Troy—now mounted their feather-bed clouds, and sailed over the plain, or mingled among the combatants in different disguises, all itching to have a finger in the pie. Jupiter sent off his thunderbolt to a noted coppersmith, to have it furbished up for the direful occasion. The noted bully, Mars, stuck two horse-pistols into his belt, shouldered a rusty firelock, and gallantly swaggered along as a drunken corporal; while Apollo trudged in the rear, as a bandy-legged fifer, playing most villanously out of tune.

On the other side, the ox-eyed Juno, who had gained a pair of black eyes over night, in one of her curtain lectures with old Jupiter, displayed her haughty beauties on a baggage-waggon. Minerva, as a brawny gin-suttler, tucked up her skirts, brandished her fists, and swore most heroically, in exceeding bad Dutch (having but lately studied the language), by way of keeping up the spirits of the soldiers; while Vulcan halted as a club-footed blacksmith, lately promoted to be a captain of militia. All was silent horror, or bustling preparation: War reared his horrid front, gnashed loud his iron fangs, and shook his direful crest of bristling bayonets. And now the mighty chieftains marshalled out their hosts. Here stood stout Risingh, firm as a thousand rocks—incrusted with stockades, and intrenched to the chin in mud batteries. His artillery consisted of two swivels and a carronade, loaded to the muzzle, the touch-holes primed, and a whiskered bombardier stationed at each, with lighted match in hand, waiting the word. His valiant infantry lined the breast-work in grim array, each having his mustaches fiercely greased, and his hair pomatumed back, and queued so stiffly, that he grinned above the ram-parts like a grisly death's head.

Then came on the intrepid Peter—his brows knit, his teeth set—his fists clenched—almost breathing forth volumes of smoke, so fierce was the fire that raged within his bosom. His faithful squire, Van Corlear, trudged valiantly at his heels, with his trumpet gorgeously bedecked with red and yellow ribands, the remembrances of his fair mistresses at the Manhattoes. Then came waddling on the sturdy chivalry

of the Hudson with a host of worthies, whose names are too crabbed to be written, or if they could be written, it would be impossible for man to utter them—all fortified with a mighty dinner, and, to use the words of a great Dutch poet,—

“Brimful of wrath and cabbage!”

For an instant the mighty Peter paused in the midst of his career, and mounting on a stump, addressed his troops in eloquent Low Dutch, exhorting them to fight like *duyvels*, and assuring them, that, if they conquered, they should get plenty of booty—if they fell they should be allowed the unparalleled satisfaction, while dying, of reflecting that it was in the service of their country—and after they were dead, of seeing their names inscribed in the temple of renown, and handed down, in company with all the other great men of the year, for the admiration of posterity. Finally, he swore to them, on the word of a governor (and they knew him too well to doubt it for a moment), that if he caught any mother’s son of them looking pale, or playing craven, he would curry his hide till he made him run out of it, like a snake in spring-time. Then lugging out his trusty sabre, he brandished it three times over his head, ordered Van Corlear to sound a tremendous charge, and shouting the word, “St. Nicholas and the Manhattoes!” courageously dashed forward. His warlike followers, who had employed the interval in lighting their pipes, instantly stuck them in their mouths, gave a furious puff, and charged gallantly, under cover of the smoke. And now commenced the horrid din, the desperate struggle, the maddening ferocity, the frantic desperation, the confusion and self-abandonment of war. Dutchman and Swede commingled, tugged, panted, and blowed. The heavens were darkened with a tempest of missives. Bang! went the guns—whack! struck the broadswords—thump! fell the cudgels—crash! went the musket-stocks—blows—kicks—cuffs—scratches—black eyes and bloody noses swelling the horrors of the scene! Thick-thwack, cut and hack, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, hurly-burly, head over heels, rough and tumble!—Dunder and blexam! swore the Dutchmen—Splitter and splutter! cried the Swedes—Storm the works! shouted Hardkopig Peter—

Fire the mine! roared stout Risingh—Tantararara! twanged the trumpet of Anthony Van Corlear—until all voice and sound became unintelligible—grunts of pain, yells of fury, and shouts of triumph, commingled in one hideous clamour. The earth shook, as if struck with a paralytic stroke—trees shrunk aghast, and withered at the sight—rocks burrowed in the ground like rabbits,—and even Christina Creek turned from its course, and ran up a mountain in breathless terror!

V.—THERE'S NOTHING IN IT.

(MATTHEWS.)

Sir CHARLES COLDSTREAM and Sir ADONIS LEECH.

Sir Charles. My dear Leech, you began life late—you are a young fellow—forty-five—and have the world yet before you. I started at thirteen, lived quick, and exhausted the whole round of pleasure before I was thirty. I've tried everything, heard everything, done everything, know everything, and here I am, a man at thirty-three, literally used up.

Leech. Nonsense, man!—used up, indeed!—with your wealth, with your little heaven in Spring Gardens, and your paradise here at Kingston-upon-Thames,—with twenty estates in the sunniest spots in England—not to mention that Utopia, within four walls, in the *Rue de Provence*, in Paris. Oh, the nights I've spent there!

Sir C. I'm dead with *ennui*.

Leech. *Ennui*! hear him! poor Cræsus!

Sir C. Cræsus!—no, I'm no Cræsus. My father—you've seen his portrait, good old fellow—he certainly did leave me a little matter of £12,000 a year; but after all—

Leech. Oh, come!—

Sir C. Oh, I don't complain of it.

Leech. I should think not.

Sir C. Oh no; there are some people who can manage to do on less—on credit.

Leech. I know several.—My dear Coldstream, you should try change of scene.

Sir C. I have tried it—what's the use?

Leech. But I'd gallop all over Europe.

Sir C. I have—there's nothing in it.

Leech. Nothing in all Europe!

Sir C. Nothing—oh, dear, yes! I remember at one time, I did somehow go about a good deal.

Leech. You should go to Switzerland.

Sir C. I have been—nothing there—people say so much about everything—there certainly were a few glaciers, some monks, and large dogs, and thick ankles, and bad wine, and Mont Blanc; yes, and there was ice on the top, too; but I prefer the ice at Gunter's—less trouble, and more in it.

Leech. Then if Switzerland wouldn't do, I'd try Italy.

Sir C. My dear Leech, I've tried it over and over again, and what then?

Leech. Did not Rome inspire you?

Sir C. Oh, believe me, Leech, a most horrible hole! People talk so much about these things—there's the Colosseum, now—round, very round, a goodish ruin enough, but I was disappointed with it; Capitol—tolerable high; and St. Peter's—marble, and mosaics, and fountains, dome certainly not badly scooped, but there was nothing in it.

Leech. Come, Coldstream, you must admit we have nothing like St. Peter's in London.

Sir C. No, because we don't want it; but if we wanted such a thing, of course we should have it. A dozen gentlemen meet, pass resolutions, institute, and in twelve months it would be run up; nay, if that were all, we'd buy St. Peter's itself, and have it sent over.

Leech. Ha, ha! well said, you're quite right.—What say you to beautiful Naples—*la Belle Napoli*?

Sir C. Not bad,—excellent water-melons, and goodish opera. They took me up to Vesuvius—a horrid bore; it smoked a good deal, certainly, but altogether a wretched mountain; saw the crater—looked down, but there was nothing in it.

Leech. But the bay?

Sir C. Inferior to Dublin.

Leech. The Campagna.

Sir C. A great swamp!

Leech. Greece?

Sir C. A morass!

Leech. Athens?

Sir C. A bad Edinburgh!

Leech. Egypt?

Sir C. A desert!

Leech. The Pyramids?

Sir C. Humbugs!—nothing in any of them! Have done —you bore me.

Leech. But you enjoyed the hours we spent in Paris, at any rate?

Sir C. No; I was dying for excitement. In fact, I've no appetite, no thirst; everything wearies me—no, they fatigue me.

Leech. Fatigue you!—I should think not, indeed; you are as strong as a lion.

Sir C. But as quiet as a lamb—that was Tom Cribb's character of me: you know I was a favourite pupil of his. I'd give a thousand pounds for any event that would make my pulse beat ten to the minute faster. Is it possible that you cannot invent something that would make my blood boil in my veins—my hair stand on end—my heart beat—my pulse rise—that would produce an excitement—an emotion—a sensation?

VI.—THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

(HOOD.)

How hard, when those who do not wish to lend, less lose,
their books,

Are snared by anglers—folks that fish with literary Hooks—
Who call and take some favourite tome, but never read it
through;

They thus complete their set at home, by making one at you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft, last winter sore was
shaken;

Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left, nor could I save my
"Bacon;"

And then I saw my "Crabbe," at last, like Hamlet, backward go;

And, as the tide was ebbing fast, of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Mallet" served to knock me down, which makes me thus a talker;

And once, when I was out of town, my "Johnson" proved a "Walker."

While studying, o'er the fire one day, my "Hobbes," amidst the smoke,

They bore my "Colman" clean away, and carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more than Bramah's patent worth,

And now my losses I deplore, without a "Home" on earth!

If once a book you let them lift, another they conceal;

For though I caught them stealing "Swift," as swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf, where late he stood elated;

But what is strange, my "Pope" himself is excommunicated.

My little "Suckling" in the grave is sunk to swell the ravage;

And what was Crusoe's fate to save, 'twas mine to lose,—a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put my frozen hands upon;

Though ever since I lost my "Foote," my "Bunyan" has been gone.

My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went oppressed; my "Taylor," too, must fail;

To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest, in vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see the "Hood" so late in front;

And when I turned to hunt for "Lee," O! where was my "Leigh Hunt?"

I tried to laugh, old care to tickle, yet could not "Tickle"
touch;
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle,"—and surely
Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed, my sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid," nor even use my
"Hughes;"

My classics would not quiet lie, a thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry, my "Livy" has eloped.

My life is ebbing fast away,—I suffer from these shocks;
And though I fixed a look on "Gray," there's gray upon my
locks.

I'm far from "Young," am growing pale, I see my "Butler" fly;
And when they ask about my ail, 'tis "Burton," I reply.

They still have made me slight returns, and thus my griefs
divide;

For O, they cured me of my "Burns," and eased my "Aken-
side."

But all I think I shall not say, nor let my anger burn;
For, as they never found me "Gay," they have not left me
"Sterne."

VII.—GOODY GRIM v. LAPSTONE.

(SMITH. *Matthews "At Home."*)

WHAT a profound study is the law! and how difficult to fathom! Well, let us consider the law; for our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and numbers; according as the statutes declare—*considerandi*, *considerando*, *considerandum*—and are not to be meddled with by those who don't understand them.

Law always expresses itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders; except, indeed, when a woman happens accidentally to be slain, then a verdict is always brought in, *man-slaughter*. The essence of the law is altercation; for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. "Your son follows the law, I think, Sir Thomas?" "Yes, madam;

but I am afraid he will never overtake it: a man following the law, is like two boys running round a table; *he* follows the law, and the law follows *him*." However, if you take away the whereofs, whereases, wherefores, and notwithstanding, the whole mystery vanishes; it is then plain and simple. Now the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts:—the first is the beginning, or *incipiendum*; the second, the uncertainty, or *dubitandum*; the third, delay, or *puzzle-endum*; fourthly, replication without endum; and fifthly, *monstrum et horrendum*: all which are clearly exemplified in the following case—GOODY GRIM *against* LAPSTONE. This trial happened in a certain town, which, for reasons, shall be nameless, and is as follows:—Goody Grim inhabited an alms-house, No. 2; Will Lapstone, a superannuated cobbler, lived in No. 3; and a certain Jew pedlar, who happened to pass through the town where those alms-houses were situated, could only think of number One. Goody Grim was in the act of killing one of her own proper pigs; but the animal, disliking the ceremony, burst from her hold—ran through the semi-circular legs of the aforesaid Jew—knocked him in the mud—ran back to Will Lapstone's, the cobbler, upset a quart bottle full of gin belonging to the said Lapstone, and took refuge in the cobbler's state bed.

The parties, being, of course, in the most opulent circumstances, consulted counsel learned in the law. The result was, that Goody Grim was determined to bring an action against Lapstone "for the loss of her pig with a curly tail;" and Lapstone to bring an action against Goody Grim "for the loss of a quart bottle full of Hollands gin;" and Mordecai to bring an action against them both "for de losh of a tee-totum dat fell out of his pocket in de rencounter." They all delivered their briefs to counsel, before it was considered they were all parties, and no witnesses. But Goody Grim, like a wise old lady as she was, now changed her battery, determined to bring an action against Lapstone, and bind over Mordecai as an evidence.

The indictment set forth, "That he, Lapstone, not having the fear of the assizes before his eyes, but being moved by pig, and instigated by pruinence. did on the first day of

April, a day sacred in the annals of the law, steal, pocket, hide, and crib, divers, that is to say, five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails; and did secrete the said five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails, in the said Lapstone's bed, against the peace of our Lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity."

Mordecai was examined by Counsellor Puzzle.

Puzzle. Well, sir, what are you?

Mordecai. I sells old clo' and sealing-vax and puckles.

P. I did not ask you what you sold; I ask you what you are?

M. I am about five and forty.

P. I did not ask your age; I ask what you are?

M. I am a Jew.

P. Why couldn't you tell me that at first? Well, then, sir, if you are a Jew, tell me what you know of this affair.

M. As I vas a valking along—

P. Man—I didn't want to know where you were walking.

M. Vell, vell, vell! As I vas a valking along—

P. So you will walk along in spite of all that can be said.

M. Plesh ma heart, you frighten me out of ma vits—As I vas a valking along, I seed de unclean animal coming tovars me—and so, says I—Oh! Father Abraham, says I—

P. Father Abraham, sir, is no evidence.

M. You must let me tell ma story ma own vay, or I cannot tell it at all. As I vas a valking along, I seed de unclean animal coming tovars me—and so, says I—Oh, Father Abraham, says I, here comes de unclean animal tovars me; and he runned between ma legs, and upshet me in de mut.

P. Now, do you mean to say, upon your oath, that that little animal had the power to upset you in the mud?

M. I vill tak ma oash dat he upshet me in de mut.

P. And pray, sir, on what side did you fall?

M. On de mutty side.

P. I mean on which of your own sides did you fall?

M. I fell on ma left side.

P. Now, on your oath, was it your left side?

M. I vill tak ma oash it vas ma left side.

P. And, pray, what did you do when you fell down?

M. I got up again as fast as I could.

P. Perhaps you could tell me whether the pig had a curly tail?

M. I vill tak ma oash his tail vas so curly as ma peerd.

P. And, pray, where were you going when this happened?

M. I vas going to de sign of de Goose and Gridiron.

P. Now, on your oath, what has a goose to do with a gridiron?

M. I don't know, only it vas de sign of de house. And all more vat I know vas, dat I lose an ivory tee-totum out of ma pocket.

P. Oh, you lost a tee-totum, did you? I thought we should bring you to something at last. My Lord, I beg leave to take an exception to this man's evidence! he does not come into court with clean hands.

M. How de mischief should I, ven I have been polish-ing ma goods all morning?

P. Now, my Lord, your Lordship is aware that the word tee-totum is derived from the Latin terms of *te* and *tutum*, which mean, "keep yourself safe." And this man, but for my sagacity, observation, and so forth, would have kept himself safe; but now he has, as the learned Lord Verulam expresses it, "let the cat out of the bag."

M. I vill tak ma oash I had no cat in ma bag.

P. My Lord, by his own confession, he was about to vend a tee-totum. Now, my Lord, and gentlemen of the jury, it is my duty to point out to you, that a tee totum is an unlawful machine, made of ivory, with letters printed upon it, for the purpose of gambling! Now your Lordship knows that the Act, commonly known by the name of the "Littlego Act," expressly forbids all games of chance whatever; whether put, or whist, or marbles, or swabs, or dumps, or chuck-farthing, or tee-totum, or what not. And, therefore, I do contend that this man's evidence is *contra bonos mores*, and he is, consequently, *non compos testimonice*.

Counsellor Botherem then rose up,—“My Lord, and gentlemen of the jury, my learned friend, Puzzle, has, in a most facetious manner, endeavoured to cast a slur on the highly

nonourable evidence of the Jew merchant. And I do contend, that he who buys and sells, is, *bona fide*, inducted into all the mysteries of merchandise; ergo, he who merchandizes, is, to all intents and purposes, a merchant. My learned friend, in the twistings and turnings of his argument, in handling the tee-totum, can only be called *obiter dictum*;—he is playing, my Lord, a losing game. Gentlemen! he has told you the origin, use, and abuse of the tee-totum; but gentlemen! he has forgot to tell you what that great luminary of the law, the late learned Coke, has said on the subject, in a case exactly similar to this, in the 234th folio volume of the Abridgment of the Statutes, page 1349, where he thus lays down the law, in the case of Hazard *versus* Blacklegs—‘*Gamblendum consistet, enactum gamblendi, sed non evendum macheni placendi.*’ My Lord, I beg leave to say, that, if I prove my client was in the act of vending, and not playing with the said instrument—the tee-totum—I humbly presume that all my learned friend has said will come to the ground.”

Judge. Certainly, brother Botherem, there’s no doubt the learned sergeant is incorrect! The law does not put a man *extra legium* for merely spinning a tee-totum.

Botherem. My Lord, one of the witnesses has owned that the pig had a curly tail. Now, my Lord, I presume if I prove the pig had a straight tail, the objection must be fatal.

Judge. Certainly; order the pig into court.

Here the pig was produced; and, upon examination, it was found to have a straight tail, which finished the trial. The learned judge, in summing up the evidence, addressed the jury:—“Gentlemen of the jury, it is wholly unnecessary to recapitulate the evidence; for the removal of this objection removes all ground of action. And notwithstanding the ancient statute, which says, ‘*Serium pigum, et boreum pigum, et vendi curlum tailum,*’ there is an irrefragable proof, by ocular demonstration, that Goody Grim’s grunter had a straight tail; and, therefore, the prisoner must be acquitted.”

This affair is thrown into Chancery, and it is expected it will be settled about the end of the year 1950.

VIII.—SIR PETER AND LADY TEAZLE.

(SHERIDAN.)

Sir Peter. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I won't bear it.

Lady Teazle. Very well, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, just as you please; but I know I ought to have my own way in everything; and, what's more, I will.

Sir Pet. What, madam! is there no respect due to the authority of a husband?

L. Teaz. Why, don't I know that no woman of fashion does as she's bid after her marriage? Though I was bred in the country, I'm no stranger to that. If you wanted me to be obedient, you should have adopted me, and not married me—I'm sure you were old enough.

Sir Pet. Ay, there it is—madam, what right have you to run into all this extravagance?

L. Teaz. I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of quality ought to be.

Sir Pet. Madam, I'll have no more sums squandered away upon such unmeaning luxuries; you have as many flowers in your dressing-rooms as would turn the Pantheon into a green-house.

L. Teaz. La, Sir Peter, am I to blame that flowers don't blow in cold weather? You must blame the climate, and not me. I'm sure, for my part, I wish it were spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

Sir Pet. Madam, I should not wonder at your extravagance if you had been bred to it. Had you any of these things before you married me?

L. Teaz. Dear Sir Peter, how can you be angry at those little elegant expenses?

Sir Pet. Had you any of those little elegant expenses when you married me?

L. Teaz. Very true, indeed; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again.

Sir Pet. Very well, very well, madam; you have entirely forgot what your situation was when I first saw you.

L. Teaz. No, no, I have not; a very disagreeable situation it was, or I'm sure I never would have married you.

Sir Pet. You forget the humble state I took you from—the daughter of a poor country 'squire. When I came to your father's, I found you sitting at your tambour, in a linen gown, a bunch of keys at your side, and your hair combed smoothly over a roll.

L. Teaz. Yes, I remember very well: my daily occupations were, to overlook the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir Pet. Oh, I am glad to find you have so good a recollection.

L. Teaz. My evening's employments were, to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; play at Pope Joan with the curate; read a sermon to my aunt Deborah; or perhaps be stuck up at an old spinnet, to thrum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Pet. Then you were glad to take a ride out behind the butler, upon the old docked coach-horse.

L. Teaz. No, no; I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Pet. I say you did. This was your situation. Now, madam, you must have your coach, vis-à-vis, and three powdered footmen to walk before your chair; and in summer two white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens; and, instead of your living in that hole in the country, I have brought you home here, made a woman of fortune of you, a woman of quality—in short, I have made you my wife.

L. Teaz. Well, and there is but one thing more you can now add to the obligation, and that is—

Sir Pet. To make you my widow, I suppose.

L. Teaz. Hem!—

Sir Pet. Very well, madam, very well; I am much obliged to you for the hint.

L. Teaz. Why, then, will you force me to say shocking things to you? But now we have finished our morning conversation, I presume I may go to my engagements at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Pet. Lady Sneerwell—a precious acquaintance you

have made of her too, and the set that frequent her house. Such a set! Many a wretch who has been drawn upon a hurdle, has done less mischief than those barterers of forged lies, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

L. Teaz. How can you be so severe? I am sure they are all people of fashion, and very tenacious of reputation.

Sir Pet. Yes, so tenacious of it, they'll not allow it to any but themselves.

L. Teaz. I vow, Sir Peter, when I say an ill-natured thing, I mean no harm by it, for I take it for granted they'd do the same by me.

Sir Pet. They've made you as bad as any of them.

L. Teaz. Yes, I think I bear my part with a tolerable grace.

Sir Pet. Grace, indeed!

L. Teaz. Well but, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come.

Sir Pet. Well, I shall just call in to look after my own character.

L. Teaz. Then, upon my word, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. *[Exit Lady Teazle.]*

Sir Pet. I have got much by my intended expostulation. What a charming air she has! and how pleasantly she shows her contempt of my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, 'tis some pleasure to tease her a little; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing everything to vex and plague me.







